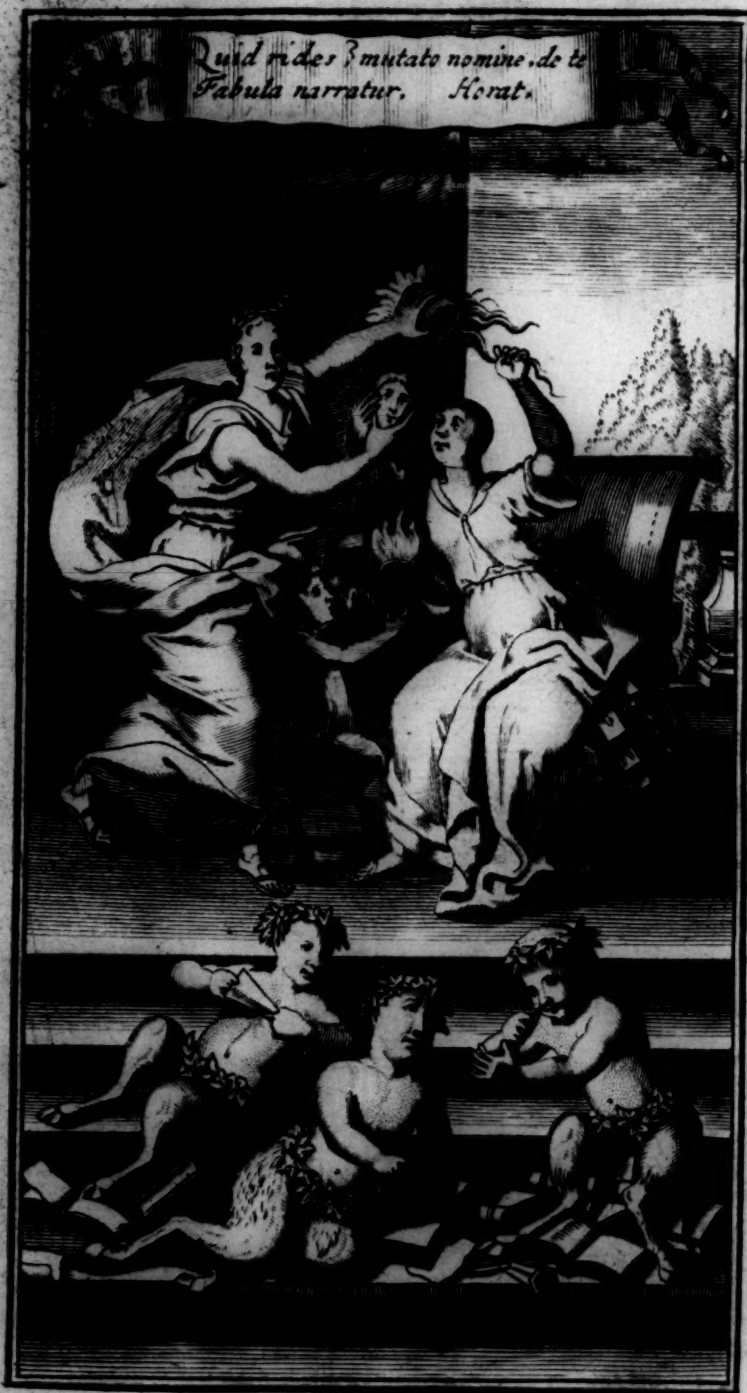
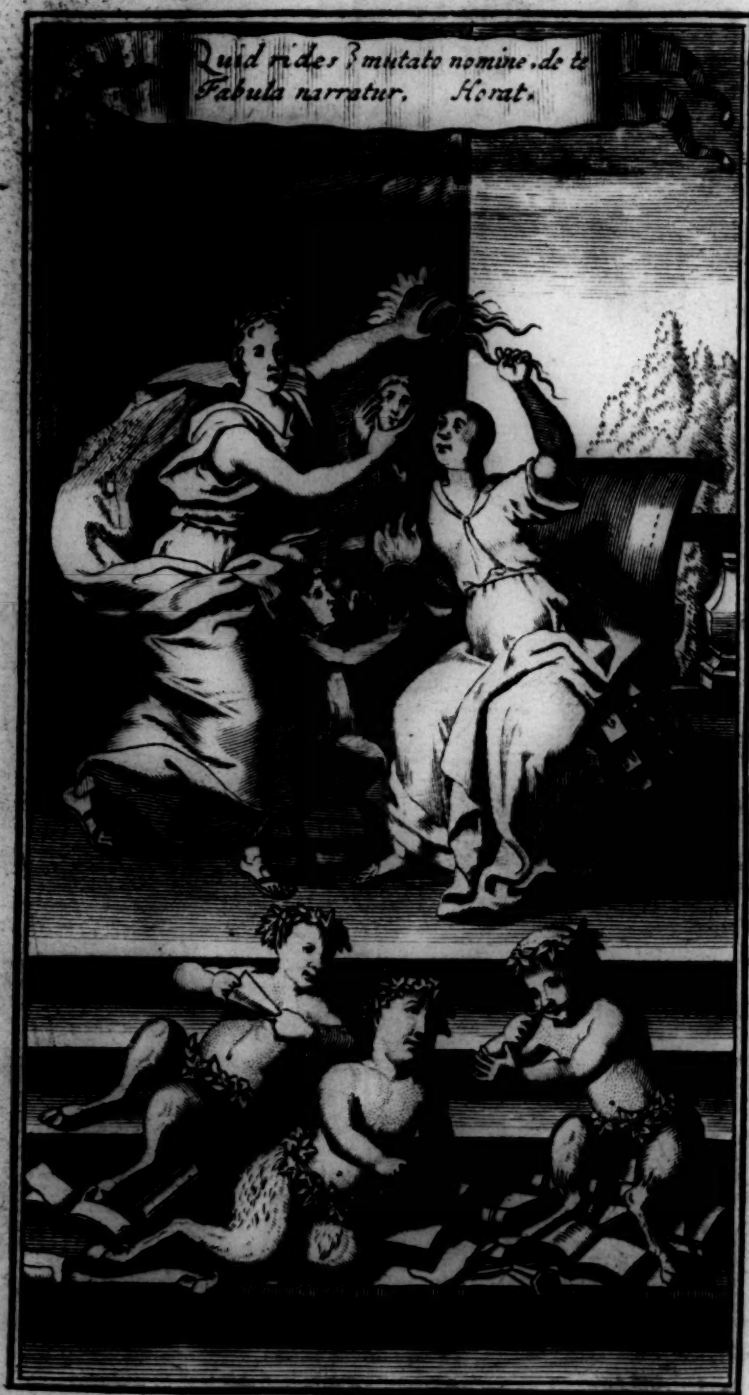


*Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur. Horat.*



*Whilst you another's failings do condemn,
You justify your Laughter by your Name,*

*Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur. Horat.*



*Whilst you another's failings do condemn,
You justify your Laughter by your Name,*

THE
ENGLISH THEOPHRASTUS:
OR THE R
Manners of the Age.
BEING THE
Modern Characters
OF THE
Court, the Town, and the City.

*Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
Gaudia, Discursus, nostri est Farrago Libelli.*

— *Quis enim Virtutem amplectitur ipsam?* Juven.
Id.

The Third Edition.
With the Addition of 37 New Characters.

L O N D O N :
Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys,
between the two Temple-Gates in Fleet-
street, 1708.

The PREFACE.

Rule, that a Disease well known is half Cur'd, holds as true in the Distempers of the Mind, as in the Indispositions of the Body. Therefore the Philosophers of all Ages have bestow'd their Thoughts and Application on the Search of Humane Imperfections, in order to rectify them. But tho' their ends have been the same, yet different have been the Methods they have pursued to attain those Ends. Some, with a Supercilious Gravity, have magisterially inveigh'd against the Vices of Mankind; whilst others, by the nipping Strokes of a Side-wind Satyr, have endeavour'd to tickle Men out of their Follies. The former have generally been abandon'd to the ill-bred Teachers of Musty Morals in Schools, or to the sower Pulpit-Orators; whereas the latter have been admitted to the Cabinets of Princes, the Toilets of the Fair Sex, the Conversation of the Polite, and, in short, have been caress'd and admir'd by those very People they most abus'd. What Lady, nay, what Eloping Lady, has not been entertain'd with the

Sixth

The PREFACE.

Sixth Satyr of Juvenal? What Usurer, what Lecher, what Sot, or what Glutton, has not been pleas'd with Horace's Reflexions on Avarice, Lasciviousness, Drunkenness and Intemperance? How often has My Lord Pliant, laugh'd at the Picture of which he was himself the Original? The Reason of all this is plain, as long as the Satyr is not directly and bluntly levell'd at us; our Self-love waves the Application, and makes us find a secret Satisfaction in seeing others ridicul'd; and the

Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te Fabula nar ratur---

will be ever applicable to corrupt Nature.

Upon this Consideration, the Modern Moralists have cast their Observations on Men and Manners, into a more entertaining Form, than the rugged Philosophers of Old; or rather, to do the Ancients Justice, most of the Moderns have Copied after those excellent Patterns, they have found in Antiquity, such as Theophrastus, Lucian, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, &c. Thus

THE PREFACE.

the Duke of Rochefoucault, Mr. St. Evremont, and Mr. La Bruyere among the French, have furnish'd the present Age with Maxims and Reflexions, which are read with Admiration by all the Judicious. These three Authors I have taken to Pieces, and selected such Thoughts out of them, for the Ground-Work of this Book, as are of general Application to Mankind; and as Entertaining and Instructive to an English, as to a French Reader; For, by the by, I cannot but take Notice, that in every one of these Authors, especially La Bruyere, there are abundance of Characters, which tho' Masterly and excellent, are so calculated for the Meridian of Paris, that they look very dull and faint when view'd here in London; Not to mention how miserably that noble Author has been abus'd by his Translators. To these Reflexions and Characters, I have added Abundance of fine Thoughts out of the Emperor Antoninus, Mr. Pascal, and Gratian; and as many, if not more, out of our English Authors, who are no way inferi-
our

The PREFACE.

our to those illustrious Foreigners, in point of Solidity, Acuteness, Penetration and Delicacy: Such as the Lord Bacon, Mr. Cowley, Sir Roger L'Estrange, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Temple, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Brown, and some others, whose Names not occurring to my memory, I cannot acknowledge my Obligation to them, for enriching this Collection. The Thoughts of English Growth are distinguish'd by an Asterisk; (thus*) and because there are not a few Original Reflexions, I have mark'd them with inverted Comma's (thus ") in the margin. To these, I believe, no Man has a better Title than my self; but however, if any Person will claim a Right to any of them, he is heartily welcome.

THE

The CONTENTS,

Alphabetically Digested.

A

A dmiration	_____	Page	64
Advice	_____		62
Afflictions	_____		66
Ages of Life	_____		69
Ambition	_____		64
Assurance	_____		101
Avarice	_____		71
Authority	_____		155
Authors	_____		1

B

B antering	_____		245
Bashfulness	_____		101
Beau	_____		53
Beauty	_____		85
Behaviour	_____		81
Benefits	_____		87
Business	_____		96

C

C alumny	_____		131
Chance	_____		182
Cheats	_____		98
		Children	

The CONTENTS.

Children	Page 270
Church, Church-men	140
Civility	103
Clemency	100
Confidence	102
Constancy	124, 125
Conversation	103
Contradiction	293
Counsel	62
Countenance	195
Country-Squire	59
Courage	120
Court, Courtiers	113, 121
Cowardise	120
Crimes	196
Criticks	1
Cunning	129
Custom	128

D

D Earth	248
Deceit	98
Defects	170
Designs	135
Detraction	131
Devotion	140
Dignities	155
Disimulation	333

E

E Education	151
Elevation	155
Eloquence	334
Enemies	

CONTENTS.

Enemics	Page 186
Envy	163
Esteem	314, 338
Exaggeration	167
Examples	168

F

Failings	170
Families	174
Favourites	221
Fidelity	177
Flattery	ibid.
Folly	350
Fortune	182
Friends, Friendship	186

G

Genility	291
Gesture	195
Good-Nature	100
Gratitude	87
Greariness	155
Government	221

H

Happiness	201
Harm	126
Hatred	196
Health	197
Heart	277
Honey	81
Honour	

The CONTENTS.

Honour	Page 198
Hope	200
Homeliness	198
Humour	198
Hypocrisy	198

I

Idleness	208
Jealousie	208
Ignorance	212
Ills	126
Imitation	168
Inconstancy	124
Infidelity	172
Ingratitude	172
Injuries	296
Interest	208
Intrigues	28
Justice, Injustice	209

K

Navery	98
Kings	248
Knowledge	212

L

Laughter	248
Learning	248
Liberality	248
Life	248, 258
Love	28, 263

Managing

The CONTENTS.

M		Page
Managing		275
Marriage, Matrimony		270
Masters		174
Memory		277
Merit		281
Mind		275
Misfortunes		201
Moderation		281
N		
Nature		289
Nobility		291
O		
Obstinacy		293
Offences		296
P		
Palate		336
Passions		297
Peace		349
Philosophy		300
Play-house		301
Pleasures		301
Poets		103
Politeness		177
Praise		176
Pretender		303
Pride		Primacy

The CONTENTS.

Primacy	_____	Page 307
Princes	_____	221
Prodigality	_____	260
Pursuits	_____	307

R

R Aillery	_____	245, 313
Rashness	_____	310
Reason	_____	311
Religion	_____	140
Reputation	_____	314 338
Resolution	_____	125
Revenge	_____	196
Riches	_____	71

S

S Atyr	_____	177
Secrets	_____	102
Self-Love	_____	325
Servants	_____	174
Shifts	_____	129
Silence, Speaking	_____	334
Skill	_____	350
Sincerity	_____	332
Slander	_____	131
Sloth	_____	206
Society	_____	103
Success	_____	135

T

T Ale-Bearers	_____	131
Taste	_____	336
Time	_____	248
		Treachery

The CONTENTS

Treachery	_____	Page 129
Tricks	_____	Ibid.
Truth	_____	336

V

Vanity	_____	338
Vice	_____	344
Virtue	_____	277
Understanding	_____	335
Undertakings	_____	347
Vulgar	_____	

W

Walks	_____	348
War	_____	349
Weakness	_____	350
Will's Coffee-house	_____	350
Wisdom	_____	350
Wits, Wit	_____	350
Women	_____	350
Worth	_____	350

I

T H E
MANNERS
Of the A G E.

Authors, Wits, Poets, Criticks, Will's Coffee-House, Play-House, &c.

" **E**UBULUS fancying himself Inspir'd,
" stands up for the Honour of Poetry,
" and is mightily provok'd to hear the
" Sacred Name of P O E T, turn'd into
" Scandal and Ridicule ; He tells you what a profound Veneration the *Athenians* had for their
" Dramatick Writers ; how greatly *Terence* and
" *Virgil* were honour'd in *Rome* ; the first, by *Scipio* and *Lælius*, the other by *Augustus* and *Mæcenas* ; how much *Francis* the First, and Cardinal
" *Richlieu*, encourag'd the Wits of *France* ; and
" drawing his Argument more home, he relates
" to you, how in this Island the *Buckinghams*, the
" *Orrerys*, the *Roscommons*, the *Normanbys*, the *Dorsets*, the *Hallifax's*, and several other Illustrious
" Persons, have not only encouraged Poetry, but
" ennobled the Art it self by their Performances.
" True, *Eubulus* ; we allow Poetry to be a Divine

B

h " Art,
m

" Art, and the Name of Poet to be Sacred and Honourable, when a *Sophocles*, a *Terence*, a *Virgil*, a *Corneille*, a *Boileau*, a *Shakespear*, a *Waller*, a *Dryden*, a *Wycherly*, a *Congreve*, or a *Garth*, bears it : But then we intend it as a Scandal, when we give it to *Mævius*, *Chapelain*, *Ogilby*, *W—*, *D—*, *D—*, *S—*, and *your self*.

" I question whether some Poets allow any other Poets to have Perform'd better than themselves, in that kind of Poetry which they profess. Sir *R— B—*, I suppose, tho' he has declaim'd against Wit, yet is not so conceited, as to Vie with *Horace* and *Juvenal* for Satyr ; but as to *Heroick Poetry*, methinks he Reasons thus with himself, *Homer* has writ the *Ilias* and the *Odyssæis*, and *Virgil* only the *Aeneid* ; I have writ *Prince Arthur*, and *King Arthur* ; am I not then equal to *Homer*, and Superior to *Virgil* ? No, *B—re*, we judge of Poetry as we do of Metals, not by the Lump, but the intrinsic Value. New-cast your Poems, purge 'em of their Dross, reduce 'em to the Bulk of the *Dispensary*, and if then they weigh in the Balance with *that*, we will allow you a Place among the First-Rate *Heroick-Poets*.

" The *Wits* of mean Descent and scanty Fortune, are generally apt to Reflect on Persons of Quality and Estates, whom they rashly tax with Dullness and Ignorance, a *Normanby*, a *Dorset*, a *Spencer*, a *Hallifax*, a *Boyle*, a *Stanhope*, and a *Codrington*, (to pass over abundance more) are sufficient to convince the World, that either an illustrious Birth, or vast Riches, are not incompatible with deep Learning and Sterling-Wit.

" *Rapin*, *St. Evremont*, and some other French Criticks, do the English wrong, in the Judgments
" they

" they pass upon their Plays: The *English* Criticks
 " are even with them, for generally they judge as
 " ill of *French* Poetry.

" There is a great reach of Discernment, a deep
 " Knowledge, and abundance of Candor requir'd,
 " to qualify a Man for an equal Judge of the Poe-
 " try, and ingenious Compositions of two Nations,
 " whose Tempers, Humours, Manners, Customs
 " and Tastes, are so vastly different as the *French* are
 " from the *English*: *Rapin*, *St. Evremont* and *Rymer*,
 " are candid, judicious, and learned Criticks, I own
 " it; but yet neither the two first are sufficiently
 " acquainted with *England*, nor the latter with
 " *France*, to enter equally into the Genius of both
 " Nations; and consequently they cannot pass a
 " Just Sentence upon the Performances of their re-
 " spective Writers.

" 'Tis a great piece of Injustice in us, to charge
 " the *French* with Fickleness; for, to give them
 " their due, They are ten times more constant in
 " their Judgments than we; Their *Cid* and *Ipbige-
 " nia* in *Aulis*, are Acted at this very day, with as
 " much applause, as they were thirty Years ago:
 " All *London* has admir'd the *Mourning Bride* one
 " Winter, and endeavour'd to find Fault with it the
 " next.

" *Philo* comes piping hot out of the College, and
 " having his Head full of Poetical Gingles, writes
 " an *Elegy*, a *Panegyrick*, or a *Satyr*, upon the least fri-
 " volous Occasion: This brings him acquainted
 " with all the *Second-Rate Wits*; One of these in-
 " troduces him at *Will's*, and having a Play upon
 " the Stocks, and ready to be Launch'd, he pre-
 " vails with *Philo* to write him a *Song*, a *Dialogue*,
 " a *Prologue* and *Epilogue*; in short, the Trimming
 " of his Comedy. By this time, *Philo* begins to

" think himself a great Man, and nothing less than
 " the writing of a Play, can satisfy his towering
 " Ambition; well, the Play is writ, the Players up-
 " on the Recommendation of those that lick'd it
 " over, like their Parts to a Fondness, and the Co-
 " medy, or Tragedy, being supported partly by its
 " real Merit, but most powerfully by a *Toasting*, or
 " *Kit-cat Club*, comes off with universal Applause.
 " How slippery is Greatness? *Philo* puff'd up with
 " his Success, writes a second Play, scorns to im-
 " prove it by the Correction of better Wits, brings
 " it upon the Stage, without securing a Party to
 " protect it, and has the Mortification to hear it
 " *Hist* to Death. Pray, how many *Philos* do we
 " reckon in Town since the Revolution?

† The Title Page of a Book should promise some-
 thing, but the Book it self should perform more :
 But for the generality we have very specious Titles,
 and frivolous Treatises.

" The Reason we have had so many ill
 " Plays of late, is this, The extraordinary Success
 " of the worst Performances, encourages every
 " Pretender to Poetry to Write; Whereas the in-
 " different Reception some excellent Pieces have
 " met with, discourages our best Poets from Wri-
 " ting.

" After all, one of the boldest Attempts of Hu-
 " man Wit, is to write a taking Comedy: For, how
 " many different sorts of People, how many va-
 " rious Palates must a Poet please, to gain a gene-
 " ral Applause? He must have a *Plot* and *Design*,
 " *Coherence*, and *Unity of Action, Time and Place*,
 " for the Criticks, *Polite Language* for the Boxes,
 " *Repartee, Humour*, and *Double Entendres* for the
 " Pit; and to the Shame of our Theatres, a mix-
 " ture of Farce for the Galleries. What Man of
 " Sense

"Sense now, will venture his Reputation upon these hard Terms?

"The Poet often arrogates to himself the Applause, which we only give to Mrs. Barry or *Bracegirdle's* inimitable Performances: But then he must take as often upon his Account the Hises, which are only intended for *Cæsonia*, and *Corinna's* abominable Acting. One makes amends for t'other.

"Many a pert Coxcomb might have past for a Wit, if his Vanity had not brought him to *Will's*.

"The same thing that makes a Man appear with Assurance at Court; quallifies him also to appear unconcern'd among Men of Sense at *Will's*: I mean *Impertinence*.

"As some People Write, so others talk themselves out of their Reputation.

† Many a Man has past for a Wit in Conversation, that utterly undid himself by setting up for an Author: Puff'd up with the Indulgence of his Friends, he Launch'd out into the Ocean of Mankind: And being read by some with Envy, by others without partiality, his Reputation was Shipwrack'd at once.

* The Name of a Wit, is little better than a Slander, since it is generally given by those that have none, to those that have little.

"How strangely some Words lose their Primitive Sense! By a Critick, was originally understood a good Judge; with us now a-days, it signifies no more than a Fault-finder.

* A Critick, in the Modern Acceptation, seldom rises, either in Merit, or Reputation; for it argues a mean grov'ling Genius, to be always finding Fault; whereas, a candid Judge of Things, not only im-

proves his Parts, but gains every Body's Esteem.

* None keep generally worse Company than your Establish'd *Wits*, for there are a sort of Coxcombs, that stick continually to them like Burs, to make the Town think from their Company, that they are Men of Parts.

* *Criticks* are useful, that's most certain, so are Executioners and Informers: But what Man did ever envy the condition of *Jack-Ketch*, or *Jack P——r*.

* How can we love the Man, whose Office is to torture and execute other Men's Reputation.

* After all, a *Critick* is the last Refuge of a pretender to *Wit*.

" 'Tis a great piece of Assurance in a profess'd *Critick* to write *Plays*, for if he does, he must expect to have the whole Club of *Wits*, scanning his Performances with utmost Severity, and magnifying his *Slips* into *prodigious Faults*.

* I don't wonder Men of Quality and Estate resort to *Will's*, for really they make the best Figure there, an indifferent thing from 'em, passes for a Witty Jest, and sets presently the whole Company a Laughing. Thus we admire the pert Talk of Children, because we expected nothing from 'em.

† 'Tis not enough for a Man to say he endeavoured to please, he should be able to do it. *Criticks* will Discount nothing with us for our bare Good-will.

* *Wits* are generally the most dangerous Company a Woman can keep, for their Vanity makes them brag of more Favours than they Obtain.

* A Witty Man is a good Companion, but an ill Confident.

" Some Women care not what becomes of their Honour, so they may secure the Reputation of their *Wit*.
" Those

" Those People generally talk *most*, who have
 " the least to say ; go to *Will's*, and you'll hardly
 " hear the Great *Wycherly* speak two Sentences in
 " a quarter of an Hour, whilst *Blatero*, *Hamilus*, *Ter-*
 " *pinus*, and twenty more egregious Coxcombs, dea-
 " sen the Company with their political Nonsense.

" There are at *Will's* some *Wit-carriers*, whose
 " business is, to export the fine Things they hear,
 " from one Room to another, next to a Reciting
 " Poet ; these Fellows are the most exquisite Plague
 " to a Man of Sense.

" In spite of the intrinsic Merit of *Wit*, we
 " find it seldom brings a Man into the Favour, or
 " even Company of the *Great*, and the *Fair*, unless
 " it be for a Laugh and away ; neither thought on,
 " but when present ; nor then never, for the sake
 " of the Man of *Wit*, but their own Diversion.
 " The infallible way to ingratiate ones self with
 " Quality, is that dull and empty Entertainment,
 " called *Gaming*, for *Picket*, *Ombre*, and *Basset*, keep
 " always Places even for a *quondam Foot-man*, or a
 " *Drawer* at the *Assemblies*, *Apartments*, and *Visiting-*
 " *days*. If you lose, you oblige with your Money ;
 " if you Win, you command with your Fortune ;
 " the *Lord* is your Bubble, and the *Lady* what you
 " please to make her.

† There is a great deal of difference between
 Writing well, and Talking well ; The Style of an
 Oratour is of another Nature, than that of a well-
 bred Conversation ; this must be easie in the Deli-
 very, proper in the Phrase, but as short as may be ;
 the other admits of more various Decorations, a
 loftier Phrase, and a larger extent.

* *Flattery* of our *Wit*, has the same Power over
 Us, which *Flattery* of Beauty has over a Woman ;
 it keeps up that good Opinion of our selves which

is necessary to beget *Assurance*; and *Assurance* produces success both in *Fortune* and *Love*.

* Some Men take as much Pains to persuade the World, that they have *Wit*, as *Bullies* do that they have *Courage*; and generally with the same Success; for they seldom deceive any one but themselves.

* Some pert *Coxcombs*, so violently affect the Reputation of *Wits*, that not a *French Journal*, *Mercury*, *Farce*, or *Opera*, can escape their Pillaging; yet the utmost they arrive at, is but a sort of *Zack-a-Lanthon Wit*, that like the Sun-shine which wanton Boys with fragments of Looking-glass reflect in Men's Eyes, dazles the Weak-sighted, and troubles the strong. These are the *Muses Black-Guard*, that like those of our Camp, tho' they have no share in the Danger or Honour, yet have the greatest in the Plunder; that indifferently strip all that lie before 'em, dead or alive; Friends or Enemies: Whatever they light on, is *Terra incognita*, and they claim the right of Discoverers, that is, of giving their Names to it.

* I think the *Learned* and *Unlearned Blockhead* pretty equal: For 'tis all one to me, whether a Man talk *Nonsense* or *Unintelligible Sense*.

* There is nothing of which we assent to speak with more Humility and Indifference than our own *Sense*; yet nothing of which we think with more Partiality and Presumption. There have been some so bold, as to assume the Title of the *Oracles* of Reason to themselves, and their own Writings; and we meet with others daily, that think themselves *Oracles of Wit*. These are the most vexatious Animals in the World, that think they have a privilege to torment and plague every Body; but those most, who have the best Reputation for their Wit and Judgment.

† There's

The Manners of the Age.

9

† There's somewhat that borders upon *Madness* in every exalted *Wit*.

* One of the most remarkable Fools that resort to *Will's*, is the *Fop-Poet*, who is one that has always more *Wit* in his Pockets than any where else, yet seldom or never any of his own there. *Æsop's* Daw was a Tipe of him, for he makes himself fine with the Plunder of all Parties: He is a smuggler of *Wit*, and steals *French Fancies*, without paying the Customary Duties: Verse is his *Manufacture*; for it is more the Labour of his *Fingers*, than his Brain: He spends much time in *writing*, but ten times more in *reading* what he has written: He asks your opinion, yet for fear you should not jump with him, tells you his own first: He desires no Favour, yet is disappointed if he is not Flatter'd, and is always offended at the Truth. He is a *Poetical Haberdasher of small Wares*, and deals very much in *Novels, Madrigals, Funeral and Love Odes, Panegyricks, Elegies*, and other Toys of *Parnassus*, which he has a Shop so well furnish'd with, that he can fit you with all sorts in the twinkling of an Eye. He talks much of *Wycherly, Garth and Congreve*, and protests, he can't help having some Respect for them, because they have so much for him and his Writings, otherwise he could make it appear, that they understand little of Poetry in comparison of himself, but he forbears 'em, meerly out of Gratitude and Compassion. He is the *Oracle* of those that want *Wit*, and the *Plague* of those that have it; for he haunts their Lodgings, and is more terrible to them than their Duns.

* *Brutus*, for want of *Wit*, sets up for *Criticism*; yet has so much ambition to be thought a *Wit*, that he lets his Spleen prevail against Nature,

ture, and turns Poet. In this Capacity, he is as just to the World as in the other injurious. For, as the *Critic* wrong'd every Body in his Censure; and snarl'd and grin'd at their Writings, the *Poet* gives 'em Opportunity to do themselves Justice, to return the Complement, and laugh at, or despise his. He takes his *Malice* for a *Muse*, and thinks himself *Inspir'd*, when he is only *Possess'd* and blown up with a Flatus of *Envy* and *Vanity*. His Works are *Libels* upon others, but *Sayters* upon himself; and while they bark at Men of *Sense*, call him Fool that writ 'em. He has a very great Antipathy to his own Species, and hates to see a Fool any where but in his Glass; for, as he says, *they provoke him, and offend his Eyes*. His Fund of Criticism, is a set of Terms of Art, pick'd out of the *French Criticks*; or their Translators; and his *Poetical Stock*, is a common place of certain *Forms* and *Manners* of Expression. He writes better in *Verse* than *Prose*; for in that, there is *Rhime*, in this, neither *Rhime* nor *Reason*. "He rails both at the *French Writers* "whom he does not understand, and at those *English* "Authors, whose Excellencies he cannot reach; "with him *Voiture*, is flat and dull; *Corneille*, a "stranger to the Passions; *Racine*, Starch'd and Affect'd. *Moliere*, *Fejune*, *la Fountane*, a poor Teller "of Tales; and even the Divine *Boileau*, little "better than a Plagiary. "As for the *English Poets*, "he treats almost with the same freedom; *Shake-* "spear with him has neither Language nor Man- "ners; *Ben. Johnson*, is a Pedant; *Dryden*, little "more than a tolerable Versifier; *Congreve*, a labori- "ous Writer; *Garth*, an indifferent imitator of *Boi-* "leau. He traduces *Oldham*, for want of Breeding "and good Manners, without a grain of either, and "steals his own Wit to bespatter him with, but "like

The Manners of the Age.

11

“like an ill Ghymist, he lets the *Spirit* fly off in the
“drawing over, and retains only the *Pblegm*. He
“Censures *Cowley* for too much Wit, and corrects
“him with none. He is a great Admirer of the
“incomparable *Milton*, but while he fondly endea-
“vours to imitate his *Sublime*, he is blown up with
“*Bombast*, and puffy Expressions. He is a great
“stickler for *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*,
“and the rest of the Ancients; but his ill and
“lame Translations of ’em, ridicule those he would
“commend. He ventures to write for the Play-
“Houses, but having his stol’n, ill-patch’d, fustian
“Plays damn’d upon the Stage, he ransacks *Bosus*,
“*Rapin* and *Dacier*, to arraign the ill Taste of the
“Town. To compleat himself in the Formalities
of *Parnassus*, he falls in Love, and tells his Mistress
in a very pathetick Letter, he is oblig’d to her bright
Beauty for his Poetry; but if this Damsel prove no
more indulgent than his Muse, his Amour is like
to conclude but unluckily.

Demetrius, before the Curle of Poetry had seiz’d
him, was in a pretty way of *Thriving Business*, but
having lately sold his Chambers in one of the Inns of
Court, and taken a Lodging near the Play-house,
is now in a fair way of *Starving*. This Gentleman
is frequently possess’d with Poetick Raptures; and all
the Family complains, that he disturbs ’em at Mid-
night, by reciting some incomparable sublime Fu-
stian of his own Composing. When he is in Bed,
one wou’d imagine he might be quiet for that
Night, but ’tis quite otherwise with him; for when
a new Thought, as he calls it, comes into his Head,
up he gets, sets it down in Writing, and so gra-
dually encreases the detested Bulk of his Poetick
Fooleries, which, Heaven avert it! he threatens to
Print. *Demetrius* having had the Misfortune of
mis-

miscarrying upon the State, endeavours to preserve his unlawful Title to Wit, by bringing all the Dramatick Poets down to his own Level. And wanting Spirit to set up for a Critick, turns Spy and Informer of *Parnassus*. He frequents *Apollo's* Court at *Will's*, and picks up the freshest Intelligence, what Plays are upon the Stocks, what ready to be Launch'd; and if he can be inform'd, from the *Establish'd Wits*, of any remarkable Fault in the new Play upon the Bills, he is indefatigably industrious in whispering it about, to bespeak its Damnation before its Representation.

* *Circulio* is a Semi-Wit, that has a great Veneration for the *Moderns*, and no less a Contempt for the *Ancients*: but his own ill Composures destroy the force of his Arguments, and do the *Ancients* full Justice. This Gentleman having had the good Fortune to write a very Taking, *undigested medly of Comedy and Farce*, is so puff'd up with his Success, that nothing will serve him, but he must bring this new *fantastick way of writing*, into Esteem. To compass this noble Design, he tells you what a Coxcomb *Aristotle* was with his Rules of the *three Unities*; and what a Company of Senseless Pedants the *Scaligers*, *Rapins*, *Bossu's*, and *Daciers* are. He proves that *Aristotle* and *Horace*, knew nothing of Poetry; that common Sense and Nature were not the the same in *Athens* and *Rome*, as they are in *London*; that *Incoherence*, *Irregularity* and *Nonsense* are the Chief Perfections of the *Drama*, and, by a necessary Consequence, that the *Silent Woman*, is below his own Performance.

"No new Doctrine in Religion, ever got any considerable Footing, except it was grounded on *Miracles*; Nor any New Hypothesis was ever established in Natural Philosophy, unless it was confirm'd
by

by Experience. "The same Rule holds, in some measure, in all Arts and Sciences, particularly in Dramatick Poetry. It will be a hard matter for any Man to trump up any new set of Precepts, in opposition to those of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, except by following them, he writes several approv'd Plays. The great Success of the first part of the *T—p* was sufficient, I must confess, to justify the Author's Conceit; but then the *Explosion* of the second, ought to have cur'd him of it.

"Writers, like Women, seldom give one another a good Word; that's most certain. Now if the Poets and Critick of all Ages have allowed *Sophocles*, *Euripides* and *Terence*, to have been good Dramatick Writers, and *Aristotle* and *Horace* to have been judicious Criticks, ought not their Censure to weigh more with Men of Sense, than the Fancies of a Modern Pretender. To be plain, whoever Disputes *Aristotle's* and *Horace's* Rules, does as good as call the *Scaligers*, *Vossii*, *Rapins*, *Bossu's*, *Daciers*, *Corneilles*, *Roscommons*, *Nor-manby's*, and *Rymers*, Blockheads: A Man must have a great deal of Assurance, to be so free with such illustrious Judges.

"Of all the modern Dramatick Poets, the Author of the *Trip to the Jubille* has the least Reason to turn into Ridicule *Aristotle* and *Horace*, since 'tis to their Rules which he has, in some measure, followed; that he owed the great success of that Play. Those Rules are nothing but a strict imitation of Nature, which is still the same in all Ages and Nations: And because the Characters of *Wildair*, *Angelica*, *Standard* and *Smugler* are natural, and well pursued, they have justly met with Applause; but then the Characters of *Lurewel* and

Clincher

"*Chincher Sen.* being out of Nature, they have as
 "justly been condemn'd by all the Good Judges.

* Some *Schollars*, tho' by their constant Conversation with Antiquity, they may know perfectly the Sense of the Learned Dead, and be perfect Masters of the Wisdom, be thoroughly informed of the State, and nicely skill'd in the Policies of Ages long since past; yet by their retired and unactive Life, and their neglect of Business, they are such strangers to the Domestick Affairs and Manners of their own Country and Times, that they appear like the Ghosts of old *Romans* rais'd by Magick. Talk to them of the *Assyrian* or *Persian* Monarchies, of the *Grecian* or *Roman* Common-wealths, they answer like Oracles; they are such finished Statesmen, that we should scarce take 'em to have been less than Privy-Councillors to *Semiramis*, Tutors to *Cirus* the Great, and old Cronies of *Solon* *Licurgus*, and *Numa Pompilius*. But ingage them in a Discourse that concerns the present Times, and their Native Country, and they hardly speak the Language of it; ask them how many Kings there have been in *England* since the Conquest, or in what Reign the Reformation happen'd, and they'll be puzzled with the Question; they knew all the minutest Circumstances of *Cataline's* Conspiracy, but are hardly acquainted with the late Plot. They'll tell you the Names of such *Romans* as were called to an Account by the Senate for their *Briberies*, *Extortions* and *Depredations*, but know nothing of the four impeached Lords; they talk of the ancient way of Fighting, and warlike Engines, as if they had been Lieutenant Generals under *Alexander*, *Scipio*, *Annibal* or *Julius Caesar*; but are perfectly ignorant of the modern military Discipline, Fortification and Artillery; and of the very Names of
Nassau,

Nassau, Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, Eugene, Villeroy and Catinat. They are excellent Guides, and can direct you to every Alley, and Turning in old Rome, yet lose their way home in their own Parish. They are mighty Admirers of the Wit and Eloquence of the Ancients; yet had they lived in the Time of Demosthenes and Cicero, would have treated them with as much supercilious Pride and Disrespect as they do now the Moderns. They are great Hunters of Ancient Manuscripts, and have in great Veneration any thing that has escaped the Teeth of Time; and if Age has obliterated the Characters, 'tis the more valuable for not being legible.

These Superstitious bigotted Idolaters of Time past, are Children in their Understanding all their Lives, for they hang so incessantly upon the leading-strings of Authority, that their Judgements, like the Limbs of some Indian Penitents, become altogether cramped and motionless for want of use. In fine, they think it a disparagement of their Learning to talk what other Men understand, and will scarce believe, that two and two make four, under a Demonstration from *Euclid*, or a Quotation from *Aristotle*.

The World shall allow a Man to be a wise Man, a good Naturalist, a good Mathematician, Politician or Poet, but not a *Schollar*, or Learned Man, unless he be a Philologer, and understands Greek and Latin. But for my part, I take these Gentlemen have just inverted the Use of the Term, and given that to the Knowledge of Words, which belongs more properly to Things. I take Nature to be the Book of Universal Learning, which he that reads best in all, or any of its Parts, is the greatest Schollar, the most Learned Man; and 'tis as ridiculous for a Man to count himself more learned than another, if he have no greater Extent
of

of Knowledge of things, because he is more vers'd in Languages, as it would be for an old Fellow to tell a young One, his own Eyes were better than the other's, because he reads with Spectacles, the other without.

† To be a good Master in any one Thing requires so much Time and Study, that but few Geniuses are capable of more.

* *Impertinence* is a Failing that has its Root in Nature, but is not worth laughing at, till it has received the finishing strokes of *Art*. A Man thro' natural Defects may do abundance of incoherent foolish Actions, yet deserves Compassion and Advice rather than Derision. But to see Men spending their Fortunes, as well as Lives, in a Course of regular Folly, and with an industrious, as well as expensive Idleness, running thro' tedious Systems of Impertinence, would have split the Sides of *Heraclitus*, had it been his Fortune to have been a Spectator. It's very easy to decide which of these Impertinents is the most signal: the Virtuoso is manifestly without a Competitor. For our Follies are not to be measured by the Degree of Ignorance that appears in 'em, but by the study, labour and expence they cost us to finish and compleat 'em.

So that the more Regularity and Artifice there appears in any of our Extravagancies, the greater is the Folly of 'em. Upon this score it is, that the last mentioned deservedly claim the Preference to all others. They have improved so well their Amusements into an Art, that the credulous and ignorant are induced to believe there is some secret Vertue, some hidden Mystery in those darling Toys of theirs: When all their Bustling amounts to no more than a learned impertinence, and all they teach Men, is but a specious Method of throwing away both Time and Money.

*

† There

† There are more Piracies committed upon the Press than upon the Sea.

"The *Illusions* of Poetry are fatal to none but the Poets themselves: *Sidonius* having lately miscarry'd upon the Stage, gathers fresh Courage, and is now big with the hopes of a Play, writ by an ancient celebrated Author, new vampt and furbish'd up after the laudable Custom of our modern Wirlings. He reckons how much he shall get by his Third Day; nay, by his Sixth; how much by the Printing, how much by the Dedication, and, by a modest Computation, concludes the whole Sum will amount to two hundred Pounds, which are to be distributed among his trusty Duns. But mark the fallacy of *Vanity* and *Self-conceit*: The Play is acted, and casts the Audience into such a Lethargy, that they are fain to damn it with *Tawning*, being, in a manner, depriv'd of the Use of their *hissing* Faculty. Well, says *Sidonius*, (after having recover'd from a profound Consternation) Now must the important Person stand upon his own Leggs. Right, *Sidonius*, but when do you come on again, that *Covent Garden* Doctors may prescribe your Play instead of Opium?

† The Indulgence of a Man's Friends, though otherwise Men of good understanding, cannot support a Book against the Vogue of the World.

"The Town is not one jot more diverted by the Division of the Play-houses: The Players perform better, 'tis true; but then the Poets write worse; will the uniting of *Drury-Lane* and *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* mend Matters? No, — for then what the Town should get in Writing, they would lose in Acting.

* A Dramatick Poet has as hard a Task on't to manage, as a passive obedience Divine that preaches before

before the Commons on the 30th of *January*.

To please the *Pit* and *Galleries*, he must take care to lard the Dialogue with store of luscious Stuff, which the Righteous call Baudy ; to please the new Reformers he must have none, otherwise gruff *Jeremy* will lash him in a third *View*.

* I very much Question, after all, whether *Collier* would have been at the Pains to lash the Immoralities of the Stage, if the Dramatick Poets had not been guilty of the *abominable Sin* of making familiar, now and then, with the Back-slidings of the *Cassock*.

* The *Gripping Usurer*, whose daily Labour, and nightly Care and Study, is to oppress the Poor, or over-reach his Neighbour, to betray the Trusts his Hypocrisy procured ; in short, to break all the Positive Laws of Morality, crys out, Oh ! Diabolical, at a poor harmless *Double Entendre* in a Play.

" 'Tis preposterous to pretend to reform the
" Stage before the Nation, and particularly the
" Town, is reform'd. The Business of a Dramatick
" Poet is to Copy Nature, and represent things as
" they are. Let our Peers give over *whoring* and
" *drinking* ; the Citizens *Cheating* ; the Clergy, their
" *Quarrels*, *Corvetuousness* and *Ambition* ; the Law-
" yers, their *ambi-dextrous dealings* ; and the Women
" *intriguing*, and the Stage will reform of Course.

" Formerly Poets made Players, but now a days 'tis
" generally the Player that makes the Poet. How
" many Plays would have expired the very first
" Night of their appearing upon the Stage, but
" for *Battexton*, *Barry*, *Bracegirdle*, or *Wilk's* inimi-
" table Performance.

" Whoever goes about to expose the Follies of
" others upon the Stage, runs great hazard of expo-
" sing

"sing himself first; and of being made Ridiculous, to those very People he endeavours to make so.

"I doubt whether a Man of Sense would ever give himself the Trouble of Writing for the Stage, if he had before his Eyes the fatigue of Rehearsals, the Pangs and Agonies of the first day his Play is Acted; the Disappointments of the Third, and the Scandal of a Damn'd Poet.

"The Reason why in *Shakespear* and *Ben. Johnson's* Time, Plays had so good Success, and that we see now so many of 'em miscarry, is, because then the Poets wrote better than the Audience judg'd; whereas now a days the Audience judge better than the Poets write.

* He that pretends to confine a Damsel of the Theatre to his own Use, who by her Character is a Person of an extended Qualification, acts as unrighteous, at least, as unnatural, a Part, as he that would Debauch a Nun. But after all, such a Spark rather consults his *Vanity* than his *Love*, and would be thought to ingross what all the young Coxcombs of the Town admire and covet.

"Is it not a kind of Prodigy, that in this wicked and censorious Age, the shining *Daphne* should preserve her Reputation in a Play-House?

The Character of a Player was Infamous amongst the *Romans*, but with the *Greeks* Honourable: What is our Opinion? We think of them like the *Romans*, and live with them like the *Greeks*.

"Nothing so powerfully excites Love in us Men, as the view of those Limbs of Women's Bodies, which the Establish'd Rules of Modesty

"bid 'em keep from our Sight. No wonder then
 "if *Aglaura*, *Cæsonia*, *Floria*, and, in general, all
 "the Women on our Stages, are so fond of acting
 "in Men's Cloaths.

"*Cæsonia* is Young, I own it: but then *Cæso-*
 "nia has an *African* Nose, hollow Eyes, and a
 "French Complexion; so that all the time she
 "acted in her Sex's Habit, her Conquests never
 "extended further than one of her Fellow-Play-
 "ers, or a Cast-Poet. Mark the Miracles of
 "Fancy: *Cæsonia* acts a Boy's Part, and *Tallus*
 "one of the first *Patricians*, falls desperately in
 "Love with her, and presents her with two Hun-
 "dred great *Sesterces* (a Gentlewoman's Portion)
 "for a Night's Lodging.

"One would imagine our Matrons should be
 "mighty Jealous of their Husbands Intriguing
 "with Players: But no, they bear it with a Chri-
 "stian Patience. How is that possible? Why, they
 "Intrigue themselves, either with *Roscins* the Tra-
 "gedian, *Flagillus* the Comedian, or *Bathillus*
 "the Dancer.

Nothing surprizes me more, than to see Men
 Laugh so freely at a Comedy, and yet account it
 a silly weakness to Weep at a Tragedy. For is it less
 natural for a Man's Heart to relent upon a Scene of
 Pity, than to be transported with Joy upon one
 of Mirth and Humour? Or is it only the altera-
 tion of the Features of one's Face, that makes us
 forbear Crying? But this Alteration is undoubt-
 edly as great in an immoderate Laughter, as in a
 most desperate Grief; and good Breeding teaches
 us to avoid the one as well as the other, before
 those for whom we have a Respect. Or is it
 painful to us to appear tender-hearted, and express
 grief upon a Fiction? But without quoting great
 Wits,

Wits, who account it an equal Weakness, either to weep or laugh out of Measure, can we expect to be tickled by a Tragical Adventure? And besides, is not Truth as naturally represented in that, as in a Comical one; Therefore, as we do not think it ridiculous to see a whole Audience laugh at a merry jest or humour acted to the Life, but on the contrary, we commend Skill both of the Poet and the Actor; so the great Violence we use upon our selves to contain our Tears, together with the forc'd a-wry Smiles with which we strive to conceal our Concern, do forcibly evince, that the natural effect of a good *Tragedy*, is to make us all weep by consent, without any more ado than to pull out our Handkerchiefs to wipe off our Tears. And if it were once agreed amongst us, not to resist those tender Impressions of *Pity*, I dare engage that we would soon be convinc'd, that by frequenting the Play-house we run less danger of being put to the expence of Tears, then of being almost frozen to Death by many a cold, dull, insipid Jest.

We must make it our main Business and Study to *think and write well*, and not labour to submit other People's Palates and Opinions to our own; which is the greater difficulty of the two.

One should serve his time to learn how to make a *Book*, just as some Men do learn how to make a Watch, for there goes something more than either Wit or Learning to the setting up for an *Author*. A *Lawyer* of this Town was an able, subtle and experienc'd Man in the way of his Business, and might, for ought I know, have come to be *Lord Chief Justice*, but he has lately miscarried in the Good Opinion of the World, only by Printing some *Essays* which are a Master-piece—in *None*sence.

It is a more difficult matter to get a Name by a *Perfect Composure*, than make an *indifferent* one valued by that Reputation a Man has already got in the World.

† An Author may write beyond Censure, but not beyond Envy.

There are some things which admit of no *mediocrity*; such as *Poetry*, *Painting*, *Musick* and *Oration* ——— What Torture can be greater than to hear Doctor *F* ——— declaim a flat Oration with formality and Pomp, or *D* — read his *Pyndaricks* with all the Emphasis of a *Dull Poet*.

We have not as yet seen any excellent Piece, but what is owing to the Labour of one single Man: *Homer*, for the purpose, has writ the *Iliad*; *Virgil*, the *Aeneid*; *Livy*, his *Decads*; and the *Roman* Orator his *Orations*; but our *Modern*, several *Hands* present us often with nothing but a *Variety of Errors*.

There is in the Arts and Sciences such a *Point of Perfection*, as there is one of *Goodness* or *maturity* in Fruits; and he that can find, and relish it, must be allowed to have a *True Taste*; but, on the contrary, he that neither perceives it, nor likes any thing on this side, or beyond it, has but a defective *Palate*. Hence I conclude, that there is a bad *Taste*, and a good one, and that the disputing about *Tastes* is not altogether unreasonable.

The Lives of *Heroes* have enricht *History*, and *History* in requital has embellished and heightened the Lives of *Heroes*, so that it is no easie matter to determine which of the two is more beholden to the other: Either *Historians*, to those who have furnished them with so great and noble a Matter to work upon; or those great Men, to those Writers that have convey'd their Names and Achievements

chievements down to the *Admirations of after Ages.*

There are many of our *Wits* that feed for a while upon the *Ancients*, and the best of our Modern Authors: and when they have squeezed out, and extracted Matter enough to appear in Print, and set up for themselves, most ungratefully abuse them, like Children grown strong and Lusty by the good milk they have sucked, who generally beat their Nurses.

A Modern Author proves both by Reasons and Examples, that the *Ancients* are inferior to us; and fetches his Arguments from his own particular Taste, and his Examples from his own *Writings*. He owns, That the *Ancients*, tho' generally uneven and uncorrect, have yet here and there some fine Touches, and, indeed, these are so fine, that the quoting of them is the only thing that makes his *Criticisms* worth a Man's reading 'em.

Some great Men pronounce for the *Ancients* against the *Moderns*: But their own Composures are so agreeable to the Taste of Antiquity, and bear so great a resemblance with the Patterns they have left us, that they seem to be Judges in their own Case, and being suspected of Partiality, are therefore *exceptionable*.

† There is a fashion for Wit as well as Cloaths, therefore the present is no proper Judge of what is past, nor should pretend to give Laws for what is to come.

It is the Character of a *Pedant*, to be unwilling either to ask a Friend's Advice about his Work, or to alter what he has been made sensible to be a fault.

We ought to read our *Writings* to those only, who have Judgment enough to correct what is amiss, and esteem what deserves to be commended.

An *Author* ought to receive, with an equal Modesty, both the Praise and Censure of other People upon his own Works.

A great facility in submitting to other People's Censure, is sometimes as faulty as a great roughness in rejecting it: for there is no Composure so every way accomplish'd, but what would be parted and clipped to nothing, if a Man would follow the Advice of every finical scrupulous Critick, who often would have the best things left out, because, forsooth, they are not agreeable to his dull Palate.

The great Pleasure some People take in *Criticizing* upon the *small Faults* of a Book so vitiates their Taste, that it renders them unfit to be affected with its *Beauties*.

The same niceness of Judgment which makes some Men write Sense, makes them very often shy, and unwilling to appear in Print.

Among the several *Expressions* we may use for the same Thought, there is but an individual one which is good and proper; any other but that is flat and imperfect, and cannot please an ingenious Man, that has a Mind to explain what he thinks; And it is no small wonder to me to Consider, what Pains, even the best of Writers are sometimes at, to seek out that Expression, which being the most simple and natural, ought consequently to have presented it self without Study.

'Tis to no great purpose that a Man seeks to make himself admir'd by his Composures: Blockheads, indeed, may oftentimes admire him, but then they are but Blockheads: and as for *Wits*, they have in themselves the Seeds, or Hints, of all the Good and Fine things that can possibly be thought of, or said;
and

and therefore they seldom admire any thing, but only approve of what hits their Palate.

The being a *Critick* is not so much a Science, as a sort of laborious, and painful Employment, which requires more strength of Body than delicacy of Wit, and more Assiduity than Natural Parts.

As some merit Praise for writing well, so do others for not writing at all.

That *Author*, who chiefly endeavours to please the Taste of the Age he lives in, rather consults his private interest, than that of his *Writings*. We ought always to have Perfection in prospect as the chief thing we aim at, and that Point once gain'd, we may rest assured that unbyass'd *Posterity* will do us Justice, which is often deny'd us by our *Contemporaries*.

'Tis Matter of Discretion in an *Author*, to be extreamly reserv'd and modest when he speaks of the Work he is upon, for fear he should raise the World's Expectation too high: For it is most certain, that our Opinion of an extraordinary Promise, goes always further than the Performance, and a Man's Reputation cannot be much lessen'd by such a Disparity.

The Name of the *Author* ought to be the last Thing we enquire into, when we judge of the Merit of an Ingenious Composure; but contrary to this Maxim, we generally judge of the *Book* by the *Author*, instead of judging of the *Author* by the *Book*.

† Here is a Physician writes a Criticism upon Poetry: another Gentleman of the Faculty writes two Folio's in Heroicks, a third oblig'd the World with a Treatise of State Affairs: Their Wit has doubtless carry'd 'em out of the way, for Practice
was

was more necessary to 'em than Applause; and he that views 'em by those Lights, will call in Question their Skill as Doctors; they should be Famous for Physick, not for Fables.

As we see Women, that without the Knowledge of Men do sometimes bring forth inanimate and formless Lumps of Flesh, but to cause a natural and perfect Generation, they are to be husbanded by another kind of Seed; even so it is with Wit, which if not applied to some certain study that may fix and restrain it, runs into a thousand Extravagancies, and is eternally roving here and there in the inextricable Labyrinth of restless Imagination.

If every one who hears or reads a good Sentence or Maxim, would immediately consider how it does any way touch his own private concern, he would soon find, that it was not so much a good Saying, as a severe Lash to the ordinary Bestiality of his Judgment; but Men receive the Precepts and Admonitions of Truth as generally directed to the common Sort, and never particularly to themselves, and instead of applying them to their own manners, do only very ignorantly and unprofitably commit them to Memory, without suffering themselves to be at all instructed, or converted by them.

We say of some Compositions, that they stink of Oil, and smell of the Lamp, by Reason of a certain rough harshness that the laborious handling imprints upon those, where great Force has been employed: but besides this, the sollicitude of doing well, and a certain striving and contending of a Mind too far strain'd, and over-bent upon its undertaking, breaks and hinders it self, like Water that by force of its own pressing Violence and Abundance cannot find a ready issue through the neck of a Bottle, or narrow sluice.

Hu.

Humour, Temper, Education, and a thousand other Circumstances, create so great a difference betwixt the several Palates of Men, and their Judgments, upon ingenious Composures, that nothing can be more chimerical and foolish in an Author than the Ambition of a general Reputation.

As Plants are suffocated and drown'd with too much nourishment, and Lamps with too much Oyl, so is the active part of the Understanding with too much Study and Matter, which being embarrassed and confounded with the Diversity of things, is deprived of the force and power to disengage it self; and by the Pressure of this weight, it is bow'd, subjected, and rendred of no use.

* Studious, and inquisitive Men, commonly at forty or fifty at the most, have fixed and settled their Judgments in most Points, and as it were made their last Understanding, supposing they have thought, or read, or hear'd, what can be said on all sides of Things, and after that, they grow positive and impatient of Contradiction, thinking it a disparagement to them to alter their Judgment.

All Skillful Masters ought to have a care not to let their Works be seen in *Embryo*, for all Beginnings are defective, and the Imagination is always prejudiced. The remembring to have seen a thing imperfect, takes from one the Liberty of thinking it pretty when it is finish'd.

† This Man writes a Book out of Lucre of selling the Copy: That has nothing in his Eye but a flattering Dedication: Neither of them are disappointed, tho' the Bookseller is half Undone by them.

† If Men of Quality were as able to Judge as they are to Reward, it would be an Advantage to their Purfes, as well as their Reputations.

Many fetch a tedious Compass of Words, without ever coming to the Knot of the Business: They make a Thousand Turnings and Windings, that tire themselves and others, without ever arriving at the Point of Importance. That proceeds from the Confusion of their Understanding, which cannot clear it self. They lose Time and Patience in what ought to be let alone, and then they have no more to bestow upon what they have omitted.

It is the Knack of Men of Wit to find out Evasions; With a touch of Gallantry, they extricate themselves out of the greatest Labyrinth. A graceful Smile will make them avoid the most dangerous Quarrel.

Women, Love, Intrigues, &c.

THE Men and the Women seldom agree upon the Estimate of the Merit of a *Woman*: their Interests are too opposite: The *Women* displease one another by the same Charms that captivate Mens Hearts, and the same thing that excites great Passions in these, raises Aversion and Antipathy amongst the Others.

If *Women* expect their Lovers, they always dress to the best Advantage, but if they are surprized by their Visits, they presently forget the irregularity of their Dress, and mind themselves no longer. But with Persons that are indifferent, they have leisure to reflect on the Disorder of their *Negligence*, and either dress themselves before them, or disappear for a Moment, and come in again with all their Attire.

† A Fine Face is the finest of Sights, and the Voice of her one Loves, the sweetest Harmony in the World.

Agreeableness is arbitrary, but *Beauty* is something more real, and independent upon the Palate and Opinion.

Caprice, in *Women*, is generally an attendant of *Beauty*, to be, as it were, its Antidote against the further Mischief it might do to the Men.

Women engage themselves to the *Men* by the Favours they grant them; *Men*, on the contrary, disengage themselves from the *Women* by the Favours they receive.

† A Woman will think her self slighted if she is not courted, yet pretends to know her self too well to believe your flattery.

When *Women* cease to love their Gallants, they forget even the Favours they have granted them.

A *Woman* that has but one Gallant, thinks her self to be no *Coquet*; She that has several, concludes her self no more than a *Coquet*.

Many a *Woman* prevents being thought a *Coquet*, by her Constancy to one, that passes for a Fool for her ill Choice.

There are few Love Intrigues that are kept Secret; and a great many Ladies are as well known by their *Gallants*, as by their *Husbands*.

The difference betwixt an *Amorous Lady*, and a *Coquet*, is, that the first is for being Lov'd, and the other only for passing for Handsom and Lovely. The one designs to engage us, and the other only to please us: The *Intriguing Woman* passes from one Amour to another successively; the *Coquet* has several *Amusements* at once; Passion and Pleasure are predominant in the first, Vanity and
Levity

Levity in the other. Gallantry is a Weakness of the Heart, or, perhaps, a Defect of Constitution: But a Coquetish Humour is an Irregularity, or Debauchery of the Mind. To conclude, an Amorous Woman makes her self to be Fear'd, and a Coquet to be Hated. From these two Characters we may frame another, the worst of the three——

A Weak Woman is she whom we tell of her Faults, who reproaches her self with them; whose Inclination is in a perpetual Conflict with her Reason; who desires to mend, who shall never mend, at least, but very late.

A Woman is Inconstant, when she ceases to Love; Fickle, when she begins to Love another; Light, when she does not know her self whether she Loves or no; Indifferent, when she loves nothing.

A great many Ladies take abundance of Pains to conceal their Amours under a great deal of Reserve and Modesty, that get no more by their continued Affectations, than to make People say at last, Lord! I took her for a Saint.

The Shyness and Reserve of handsome Women, is only a more artificial Paint which they use to set off their Beauty.

There are Women that love their Money better than their Friends; and their Lovers better than their Money.

'Tis strange to find in some Womens Hearts something more quick and strong than the love of Men; I mean Ambition, and the Passion of Gaming. Such Women make Men chaste, they have nothing of their Sex but the Petticoat.

Women run into Extreams, and are generally either better or worse than Men.

There

There is no such thing as *Principles* in *Women*? They conduct themselves by the Heart, and depend for their Manners, upon those they love.

Women go further in *Love* than *Men*, but *Men* out-strip them in *Friendship*.

'Tis the *Men's* fault that *Women* hate one another.

A *Man* is more reserved, and secret in his Friend's Concern, than his own; a *Woman*, on the contrary, keeps her own Secret better than another's.

There is never so strong a *Lov*e in a young *Lady's* Breast, but what may receive some Addition either from Ambition or Interest.

† Love, in its Infancy, lessens every Fault; in its Declension, it not only aggravates 'em, but multiplies 'em.

How many *Maids* are there in the World that never reaped any other Advantage from a great *Beauty*, than the Expectation of a Rich Husband?

There is a time when *Maids*, even those that have the most considerable Fortunes, ought seriously to think of bestowing themselves, lest their Refusal of the first Offers, be attended with a long and bitter Repentance. The Reputation of their *Riches* does generally decrease with that of their *Beauty*, but, on the contrary, every thing is favourable to a young *Lady*, and *Men* are content to heighten all the Advantages that can most stir up their Passion, and make her worthy of their Applications and Desires.

Handsome *Ladies* do generally Justice upon themselves for the ill Treatments they have done to some of their *Lovers*, by marrying either ugly, old, or, at least, undeserving *Husbands*.

Most

Most *Women* judge of the *Merit* and *Personal Accomplishments* of *Men*, by the *Impression* they make upon them; and will scarce allow any to that *Man*, whom they can see without *Concern*.

When a *Man* is at a loss to know whether *Age* has made any considerable *Alteration* in his *Person*, he may consult the *Eyes* and *Tone* of the *Voice* of those young *Women* he accosts; he will soon learn what he is afraid to know; But this is an unpleasant way of *Learning*.

A *Woman* that is always casting her *Eyes* upon the same *Man*, or that turns them away continually from him, gives us an equal *Suspicion* of what she feels.

It is easie for a *Woman* to say what she does not feel; but it is yet more easie for a *Man* to say what he does feel.

It happens sometimes, that while the *Woman* dissembles a true *Passion*, the *Man* dissembles a false one.

Chastity, in most *Women*, is but the *Love* of their own *Quiet*, and a tenderness of their *Reputation*.

† Nothing can provoke a *Woman* more, than the preferring another before her.

Vanity, *Shame*, and especially a suitable *Constitution*, are generally the *Causes* of the *Courage* of *Men*, and the *Virtue* of *Women*.

A *Coquet Humour* is the very *Nature* and *Property* of *Women*. And if some do not practice it, 'tis because they are restrain'd either by *Fear*, or better *Sense*.

There can be no such thing as *Rules* in the *Mind* or *Heart* of *Women*, if their *Constitution* be not consenting.

The

The Affliction of *Women* upon their dead Lovers, proceeds not so much from the Love they had from them, as from a Desire to get others by a shew of Tenderneſs and Humanity.

There are few *Honest Women*, but what are weary of their Trade of being ſo.

The generality of *Honest Women*, are like hidden Treasures, which are ſafe only becauſe no body ſeeks after them.

Moſt *Women* yield rather out of *Weakneſs*, than *Love*; and this is the Reason, that a bold daring Fellow ſooner gains their Favour, than a Faint-hearted, tho' more accompliſh'd Competitor.

† Beauty is a real Merit in a Woman, but there muſt be a prodigious quantity of Virtue to make an ugly Woman ſupportable.

A *Lady's* firſt Intrigue is ſeldom taken Notice of before ſhe has a ſecond.

There are ſome *Women* that never had an Intrigue, but there is ſcarce any that never had but one.

A *Woman* in *Love* will ſooner forgive a great *Indiſcretion*, than a ſmall *Infidelity*.

† Love is like an Excentric Star, regular only to its ſelf.

Women are ſeldom acquainted with all their *Coquet Humours*.

† Coynels, in moſt *Women*, is but Affectation, a Virtue of only Decency.

Women are never abſolutely reſerv'd, except where they have an Aversion,

Women can more eaſily conquer their *Paſſion* than their *Coquet Humour*.

Youth without *Beauty* in a *Woman*, signifies as little as *Beauty* without *Youth*.

Women often think to be in *Love*, where there is no such thing, the Diversion of an *Intrigue*, the Commotions that an *Amour* raises in their Breasts, the natural Inclination to the pleasure of being Courted, and the Trouble of Denying, makes them fancy, that what they feel is *Passion*, when, in Truth, it is nothing but a *Coquet Humour*.

A *Woman's* Resentment against a *Man* that brags of her *Favours*, is not so much an Argument of her *Vertue*, as an Inclination to be kind to one that could keep *Counsel*.

Women are pleased with Courtship, and the most disdainful cannot but be Complaisant to those that tell them they are *Handsom*.

Nothing is so unaccountable as the Caprices of *Women*: For it frequently happens, that the first Applications of a new Face, gain more upon them, than the long Services of a Constant Old one.

There is no *Court*, but where *Women* have Credit and Interests; no *State Intrigues*, but they have a hand in them.

† A *Man* may easily impose upon a *Woman* by a pretended *Passion*, provided he have no real one for another.

† *Love* magnifies and approaches all the good Qualities of the Object belov'd, but turns the Tube upon its failings, so that they not only seem less, but at a greater distance.

Suppose a *Man* that is indifferent for all *Women*, have a mind to pretend a *Passion*, the Question is, Whether he will sooner impose upon that *Woman* that has a Kindness for him, than her that has none?

The

The greatest Concern of a *Woman* in Love, is not to persuade her own Passion, as to be satisfied of that of the Person she loves.

Women are cured of their natural *Laziness* either by *Vanity* or *Love*.

Laziness, on the contrary, in *Women* naturally brisk and airy, is the Fore-runner of *Love*.

A Man breaks out into a Passion against an unfaithful *Mistress*, and then forgets her; a *Woman*, on the contrary, makes but little Noise at the Infidelity of her *Lower*, but keeps a long while her *Resentments*.

* *Women* are seldom Cheated, but they are accessary to it: For did they not flatter themselves, Men could not so easily Impose upon them.

* He that Marries for Riches, is agreeably disappointed, if he meets with a good Wife: But that unexpected Happiness is seldom his Lot.

† To be often in Love, shews *Levity* of Mind, but to be never so, *Stupidity*.

" *Women* are neither those Angels, nor those Devils, we make 'em; for bating *Propagation*, they differ but little from Men in any thing.

† A *Woman* is oftner unhappy in the Person she chuses, than in the Favour she grants.

† 'Tis a hard matter to prevail with a *Woman* to own she loves you; but when she has once done it, she has no further Secret to keep from you.

" *Modesty*, in a *Woman*, supposes all other *Vertues*; *Immodesty*, all other *Vices*.

" *Women* generally take greater Care of their

* *Reputation* than *Men* of theirs: Why then do we
 "account 'em the *weaker Sex*?

* *Women* complain of their Lovers Inconstancy without Reason. Their Humours, their Faces, their Charms, daily change: Why should Men be debar'd the same Privilege?

"An *Amour* without any Disturbance, is too
 "like *Marriage*: There must be *Quarrels*, to make
 "way for the Pleasure of Reconcilements: There
 "must be Difficulties, for the Transport of over-
 "coming them: There must be Mystery, not to
 "divide with any the sweetness of a tender Com-
 "merce. But now-a-days, as Men and Women
 "manage the Matter, the Spirit of Love is quite
 "lost: The Spark sees the Lady at the Play, writes
 "her a *Billet-Doux*, makes an Appointment in the
 "Pit, or near *Rosamond's Pound*: She meets him
 "in a Mask; they go to *Philips's*, and from thence
 "to the *World's-End*, or to a private Lodging
 "in *Plumb-Tree Street*, and there's an end of an
 "Intrigue, which, in three days, becomes Town-
 "Talk.

† When a Woman has granted that *one Thing*,
 she afterwards can hardly refuse *any thing*.

* We don't always love the Woman we think Handsom, tho' we seldom love a Woman but we think her Handsom.

* *Love* is the most unaccountable of all Passions, for it is never so violent, but one unexpected Action may turn it to *Hatred*.

* *Jealousie*, in a Husband, generally ripens into *Cuckoldom*.

* Women can't endure a *Jealous Husband*, yet are well enough pleas'd with a *Jealous Lover*.

† Quar-

† Quarrelling Lovers should never take amiss the bitter Reproaches that can be used: For that intemperance of their Speech, is a Mark of the greatness of their Value for each other.

* A Jealous Husband, who finds out his Wife, gets this by the Bargain, That it cures him of his Jealousie, which is one of the worst Torments a Man can have; and who would not bear with a sawcy Companion, to get rid of the Devil.

* Women will chuse to Intrigue with a Man that wants Sense, rather than with one that wants *Manners and Discretion*.

* Women are generally undone by their own Sex, more than by ours.

† The weakest Judgments have the strongest Passions.

" Why do you wonder at *Cesius's* marrying
" *Glyceria*: 'tis true, she has improved her *Fortune*,
" by the *Venture* of her Reputation; but has not
" *Cesius* done the same? And is he not as vile a
" Wretch, as she a mercenary Jilt? Methinks
" they are extreemly well Match'd.

" The predominant Passion in a Woman, is the
" vanity of being talk'd of: *Cesonia* is so far from
" being displeas'd to find her Name in the
" *Tunbridge* Lampoon, that she disperses it her-
" self.

† Women would be an useful, as well as agreeable Amusement to Mankind, if they did not make so deep an Impression.

" Most Women are as eager to marry a *Fool*, as
" most Men to marry a *Fortune*.

" A Woman is never indifferent as long as she
 " complains of the Falshood of her Lover; for if
 " she did not retain an Affection for the Vow-
 " breaker, she would not be uneasy at his Perfidy-
 " pfulness.

" 'Tis hard to determine which is more trouble-
 " some to undergo to a Man of Sense, either the
 " extream Reserve and Shyness of some Women
 " before they yield; or their Fondness, after they
 " have yielded.

† The Reason why Women have a greater share
 in *State Intrigues in France*, than they generally
 have in *England*, is, because *France* is Govern'd
 by *Men*, and *England* by *Laws*; the former, they
 know how to manage; the latter, they are not bred
 to understand.

† Women are generally cheated in their first In-
 trigue, as Men are commonly bubbled when they
 first enter upon Play.

" To give a true Reason of *Constancy* and *Incon-*
 " stancy, is more the Business of an *Anatomist*, or
 " *Naturalist*, than of a *Moral Philosopher*, for they
 " rather depend upon the Frame of the *Body*, than
 " the Constitution of the *Mind*.

† The best Stomachs can eat longest of the same
 Dish, for which Reason, perhaps, Women are gene-
 rally more *Constant* than Men.

† What Women call *Inconstancy* in us, is not
 an Argument of *Levity*, but their insufficiency to
 Please.

† Love is often begun without Design, and car-
 ried on we know not why.

" There

" There are few Women that would not rather
" choose to be Divorc'd from their Husbands, than
" to lose their Gallants.

" If Divorce was to be come by without the
" trouble of suing for an Act of Parliament,
" 'twould raise the Pleasures of a Married Life,
" and sink the Delights of Intriguing.

" When a *Shrew* turns complaisant, 'tis an in-
" fallible sign she Cuckolds her Husband. My
" Lord *Topper* would never have suspected his
" Wife's Intriguing with *Horatio*, had not she be-
" gun to be less Imperious and Domineering.

† A Woman's Chastity is not to be endur'd,
where she expects an uncontrollable Authority
for it.

" To give the Women their due, few of them
" are false till their Husbands provoke them
" to it.

* 'Tis the most unpardonable Sin in the World,
to tell a Woman that she's Old, My Lord *A*—
who was a great Courtier; us'd to say to his La-
dy every New year's Day, *Well, Madam, How Old*
will your Ladyship be pleas'd to be this Year?

* We can't properly call that Man a *Cuckold*,
who knows nothing of his being so. My Lord
Whiffler's Wife is, to ourward appearance, a Saint,
but at bottom, the most insatiable *Thais* that ever
grac'd a Court: Yet my Lord *Whiffler* drinks mer-
rily, Snoars contentedly, and believes her Honest.
T'other Day he made a Visit to *Cloridor*, whose
Wife denies her self no innocent Freedoms, but is
as Chast as a Vestal. Lord! crys my Lord *Whif-*
fler to himself, What an unlucky Wretch is *Clori-*
dor, to have such a Viper in his Bosom! And how
happy am I, with my innocent Turtle!

* The Marriage Ceremony is perform'd in most Countries by the Priests, who, if they equally pretended to the Power of Loosing, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Business upon their Hands.

As nothing is so Honourable as an Ancient Friendship, so nothing is so Scandalous as an old Passion. Constancy oftentimes brings the Reputation of a Lady's Beauty and Merit in Question, for, who knows whether she resolv'd to Love but one Person, or whether it was her Misfortune to make but one single Conquest?

There's a vast difference between the Disgusts that an old Engagement gives us, and the pleasant Inquietudes of a growing Passion. In a new Amour, we pass every Hour of the Day with fresh Satisfaction. 'Tis an unexpressible Pleasure, to find that our Love grows upon us every Minute; but in a Passion of an old standing, our time is spent very uneasily, in still loving less, or not loving at all.

Either common Civility, or good Manners, or the consideration of our private Interests, may make us live well enough with Persons that are indifferent to us: But how miserably do we pass our Lives, either with them whom we love when we find that we are not Belov'd again, or with those we once have Lov'd, when we find we can Love them no longer.

Amilia is an antiquated Maid, Censorious and Deform'd; she has often brib'd Midwives, and other Gossips, to proclaim her for a great Fortune, and twenty times given Money to be joyn'd in a Lampoon, with twenty Sparks one after another,

to try if something would come out. But after all her Intriguing, she could never yet find any one, Cully enough, to Marry her: Yet she perpetually tells every one she sees, what advantageous Matches she has refus'd in her time; such a Lord Languish'd, and such a Knight ran Mad for her.

" 'Tis Riches or Poverty after all, that makes either the *Vice* or *Vertue*. A Prince's Mistress lives in the *Grand Monde*; and has a splendid Equipage; is admitted to the Circle, and keeps her Visiting-day, where the most Reserv'd and Vertuous, disdain not to resort. Whereas a poor Jilt is shun'd by all her Sex, and is fain to cringe to a Scoundrel Drawer at the *Rose*, to be introduc'd to a drunken Culley.

We were going to the Government of the Young Marchioness *Amilia's* Husband, where she was expected, and great Preparations were made on the Road for her Reception; and the old Marchioness *Sophia*, a Widow of Fifty, Travelling as her Companion, had her share of all the Honours and Civilities that were paid to the other. At the first City where we arriv'd, as soon as we had alighted out of the Coach, *Amilia* was invited to a very pleasant Walk, and a Collation without the Town; and it being Summer-time, she embrac'd the Motion: But *Sophia* taking an Air of Authority upon her, said, *It would be much better to go to Church, and hear a good Sermon there.* *Amilia* told her, She might go thither if she pleas'd, while she took a walk. This Answer cruelly nettled the Widow, but she dissembled the Matter as well as she could, and taking the next way to the Church, she

she desir'd me to bear her Company thither. Although this fit of Devotion seem'd somewhat unseasonable to me, yet good Manners would not suffer me to let her walk alone. So with her I went, and all the way had the Satisfaction to hear her vent her godly Spleen very plentifully at *Amilia*; she told a hundred reproachful Stories of her; nay, she did not forbear to Censure even her Conduct. This Language continued till she came into the Church-Porch. I admir'd with my self, how it was possible for so Zealous a *Sermon-Hunter* to be so damnably Censorious.

All the while she was at Church, she made up her Mouth as demurely, as the best of the Congregation: As soon as it was over, she reassumed the old Argument, and rail'd on as fast as her malicious Lungs would give her leave, till we came to the Young Marchioness, whom we found walking in the Garden. I had there an opportunity to Discourse the Young Lady in private, and to satisfy my self whether there had been any former Quarrel between them, turn'd the Conversation upon *Sophia*, of whom she spoke in very obliging Terms, and did not say the least Syllable of her that was disrespectful. I then made no difficulty to conclude, that this formal Hypocrite, who was perpetually disgorging broken ends of Sermons, and pelting every Body that came near her, with Texts of Scripture, but was nothing near so Vertuous at bottom, as the young Lady, who kept her Devotion to her self; and I made a thousand Observations during this short Journey, that fully confirm'd me in this Opinion.

The

The Young Marchioness spent but half an Hour at her *Toilette*, and always got ready one of the first for her Journey; the old Lady spent no less than three Hours in Tricking her self, and made the Company perpetually tarry for her. Our Religious Dame, for all her pretences to Mortification, thought it no Sin to Patch and Paint; *Emilia* content with her Face such as Heav'n made it, scorn'd to have recourse to such Artifices.

Sophia must always have her Jellies and Broths, and Caudles, and the Lord knows what, brought to her, before she would venture her Carcass out of Bed; *Emilia* never thought of Eating, till the very moment she went into her Coach.

The Young Lady was always in good Humour, spoke well of every Body, was satisfied with every thing, and carefully avoided all the Compliments and Honours that were done her, in a Country where she was Mistress. The old Widow, who was a perfect Stranger in it, not only took every occasion to receive them, but was always complaining that she had not Respect enough paid her. The Beds were never good enough for her; the Dinner pleased her; the Servants were always Sawcy, or Negligent, the Bills Unreasonable; the Coachman either drove too fast, or too slow: Still she found one Opportunity or another, to vent her Pious Indignation. No Body's Name could be mention'd to her, but still she found something to blame in their Conduct. Then she was the most imperious Devil alive to her Servants, none of her Women ever liv'd a full Fortnight with her. In short, she was eternally Railing, Censuring, and Back-biting; but still she did it with a Godly Air, and in the Language of the Old Testament.

Now,

Now, if any one should ask me the Question, which of these two I thought to have the most Religion, I should immediately declare my self in Favour of the *Young Marchioness*; and yet to see how Impartially the World Judges of Persons, the young Lady passes by common Consent, for a Woman that is wholly devoted to the World, and the other is universally taken for a Saint.

Thus we see how easily the World is impos'd upon by a fair out-side, and Glittering Appearances. 'Tis true, your Persons of Sense see through those thin Disguises, and are sensible of the Cheat, but where you meet one of that Character, you find ten thousand Fools, that always assist to deceive themselves.

* In *Regn*, and some other Regions, the King, and those of the greatest Quality, lie not the first Night with their Wives, but admit others, and pay them bountifully that will give themselves the Trouble. With all due Respect be it spoken; I humbly Conceive, that one half, at least, of the Married Men in this Kingdom, if they would speak their Minds freely, must do their Wives this Justice, as to own that they sav'd them this Porter's Drudgery, as King *Charles II.* rightly call'd it.

* Your unmannerly Folks in the Country, stare at a Cuckold as much, as here we do at a King's Evidence, just after a new Plot; Yet *London's* a Civil Place, and we think him no Prodigy; for 'tis the Rarity that makes the Monster. 'Tis only the Married Men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly speaking, are the Monsters here. As in *Guinea*, 'tis not those that have huge Lips, and flat

No-

Noses, but those that have them otherwise are really the Deform'd.

* *Bad Wine*, and *ugly Women*, are better Arguments for *Sobriety* and *Continence*, than what all the Volumes of *Morality* can afford.

" *Burlus* is one of *Fortune's Favourites*, and rolls
 " in *Plenty* in the times of greatest *Scarcity*. If
 " the Senate give our Emperors Subsidies for the
 " Subsistence of the Legions, who but *Burlus* has the
 " fingering of the Money? And who knows better
 " than he, how to fill his Coffers, by the Spoil of
 " Fifty Thousand Men? Now, what shall *Burlus*
 " do with his great Heaps of Gold and Silver?
 " Let him alone: The best Architects are building
 " him a Sumptuous Palace, and his Gardens will
 " shortly come in Competition with those of
 " *Tybur*. The most Famous Carvers, exert their
 " Skill to Adorn his Palace; and the most Cele-
 " brated Painters are Busie about his Ceilings,
 " Stair-cases and Vista's. Well, is not this suffi-
 " cient to content *Burlus's* Vanity? No, — He
 " must purchase the brightest Beauty in all the
 " Empire, at the rate of Three Thousand Pounds
 " a Year for Pin-Money; Pray, for what Use?
 " Why, for the same use he buys fine Pictures and
 " Statues, to gratifie his sight.

" *Melania* goes to *Tunbridge*, and is no sooner
 " got to the Walks, but all the *Beau-Monde* flocks
 " about her; the Musick strikes the Tune she
 " likes best, *Leveridge* or *Lindsey* is at Hand to
 " entertain her with a Song; if she Raffles, all the
 " *Beaux* are forward to put in, and will cheer-
 " fully lose twenty Stakes, to have the opportu-
 " nity of presenting her with a Toy. In short,
 " every

"every Body strives to please *Melania*; and all
 "other Beauties are neglected upon her Account:
 "Yet *Melania* is presently tir'd with *Tunbridge*, and
 "must needs post it to the *Bath* in a Coach and
 "Six. Here she receives the same Respects that
 "were paid her at *Tunbridge*, and the Diversions
 "of the Place redouble upon her Arrival. But
 "*Melania* grows weary of the *Bath*, and will go to
 "*London*. Pray, what's the Reason of this uneasie
 "Humour? Why, her Husband follows her where-
 "ever she goes.

I cannot understand how an Old Husband, who
 gives himself up to his ill Humour and Temper,
 who conceals none of his ill Qualities, but, on the
 contrary, exposes them all; is Covetous, Sloven-
 ly, Surly, Rude, Neglectful and Sullen: I can-
 not conceive, I say, how such a Man can hope to
 defend the Heart of a Young Wife from the At-
 tempts of a Gallant, who uses Dressing, Magni-
 ficence, Complaisance, Care, Assiduity, Presents,
 and Flattery to win her.

Devotion comes upon some People, but espe-
 cially the Women, either as a Passion, or as one of
 the Infirmities of Age, or as a Fashion, which they
 are oblig'd to follow. The Ladies reckon the
 Week by the Employments of the several Days;
 They have their Visiting-days, their days of Ga-
 ming, of going to the Play, the *Indian House*, and
 to Church. On *Mondays* they throw away their
 Money at *Ismena's*; on *Tuesday* their time at *Cli-
 mene's*; on *Wednesdays* their Reputation at *Celi-
 mene's*, and so forth. They know, over Night,
 what is to be done the next Morning, and enjoy,
 at once, the present Pleasure, and the future.

They

They only wish, that 'twere but possible to unite 'em both in one Day. For nothing troubles 'em, nothing grieves 'em, but that when they are at *Drury-Lane-House*, they cannot be the same Moment at *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

* Your brisk Fool that can make a Leg, is ever a fine Gentleman among the Ladies, because he's just of their Talent, and they understand him better than a Wit.

'Tis too much for a Man to have a Wife, both a *Coquet*, and a *Bigot* ; one of these Qualities, at once, is enough in Conscience.

* There's no such way of publishing, or proclaiming any thing, as by enjoining a Woman under the Seal of Confession to keep it Secret. They that are curious to *know* forbidden Secrets, are as frank of telling them again, and of enlarging them : So that whoever shews me a very inquisitive Body, I'll shew him a Blab, and one that shall make a Privacy as Publick as a Proclamation.

* Women are, without dispute, the best of *Spies*, and the most proper Instruments for Discovery and Intelligence, especially if they be Women of Address, Wit, and Beauty ; for the very Sex has certain Privileges upon the Point of a Cavalier Gallantry, and good Breeding, to cover them from the strictness of Search and Examination, that other Agents are commonly Subject to. So that upon the whole, it may be said, That the Women, at the same time, are both fit and unfit to be Trusted.

† A real Passion for any Woman, shall make a Man more accomplish'd in one Month's time, than an Academy shall do in ten Years.

* An

* An Extravagant Love consults neither Life; Fortune, nor Reputation, but Sacrifices all that can be dear to a Man of Sense and Honour, to the Transports of an Inconsiderate Passion. There's nothing so Fierce, or so Savage, but it will soften it; nothing so generous, but it will Debauch it; nothing so sharp-sighted in other Matters, but it throws a Mist before the Eyes on't: It puts the Philosopher besides his *Latin*; and to sum up all, in a little, where this Passion Dominates, neither Honour nor Vertue is able to stand before it.

* There are some Generous Lovers, who are more Jealous and Spited to see their Rivals gain the Inclinations of their Mistress, than the Possession, and had rather they would have her Body, than her Heart.

* There's no such Bawd to a Woman, as her own Wit.

• Possession is so dangerous to Lovers, that more of them die of Surfeits, than of Fasting.

* Natural Impulses and Instincts, are no more to be reason'd upon, than they are to be resisted.

• A Coquet is one that is never to be perswaded out of her Inclination, for appearing always agreeable, nor out of the good Opinion she has of her own Charms. Time and Years she regards, as things that wrinkle and decay other Women; and forgets that Age is writ in the Face, and that the same Dress which became her at Eighteen, does but make her look the older at Forty. Affectation attends her, even in Sicknefs and Pain; she dies in a High-Head, and Colour'd Ribbands.

* "What

"What a Cruel Mortification it is to a Woman, that goes to Church only to be taken Notice of, not to get an Admirer in Ten or Eleven Years Devotion? Who has heard more Sermons than *Lyce*? Who has been oftner at Prayers than *Lyce*? And yet *Lyce* is still Unmarried.

An *Old Gallant* is of so little Consideration, that he must give way to a *New Husband*: And a *Husband* is of so short a duration, that a *New Gallant* justles him out of Place.

An *Old Gallant* often wants nothing but the Name to be a very Husband. He is oblig'd to that Circumstance, or else he would have been Discarded a thousand times.

Women, that are past their Prime, seem Naturally to be the Refuge of Younger Brothers; tho', for my part, I can't tell whose Misfortune is most to be lamented, that of an antiquated Lady, who stands in need of a Spark; or that of a Spark, who stands in need of an Old Woman?

"The Gentlemen may thank their Indiscretion, for not succeeding with some Ladies. Is it out of Devotion, that *Lelia* Intrigues with her Chaplain? Or is it out of Love, that *Carilla* Intrigues with her Coachman? No, — the first would grant Favours to *Brullo*, the other to *Atbys*, but that they fear to expose their Reputation.

* *Keeping*, is the greatest Solecism, a Man of Pleasure can commit. If the Spark is true to his Mistress, it has all the *Phlegm*; and if he is fond of her, all the *Expense* of Matrimony.

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* We

* We ought to think of *Women*, as we do of *Books*, the finest of both Sorts will hardly endure a thorough Examination. If they find more Favour than this, they may thank the fond Coxcomb, and the Courteous Reader for it, who see more in them than they deserve.

* The Curiosity of a Woman Damn'd us all : 'Tis but just therefore, it should be inseparable from the Sex, as an Hereditary punishment of the first Transgression.

* The Cause of *Inconstancy* in Common-Love, is the Body, which undergoing a perpetual *Change*, 'tis impossible it should retain any thing long which has the least dependance upon it. But the Soul, that is still the same, must still persevere in the Affection it has once made choice of.

* A Pretty Woman railing at Love, is like an *Usurer* railing at *Extortion*.

* A Woman seldom thinks her self too old to make a *Conquest*.

† Women are naturally more Covetuous than Men, and in Matters of Gallantry are often Extravagant, but almost never Generous.

* *Absence* is to Love, what *Fasting* is to the Body : A little may make it more active and brisk, but a long *Abstinence* will destroy Nature. So short *Separations*, and seldom, may render Love more lively and vigorous, but long and frequent, must bring a *Consumption* upon it.

* The *Women* would fain lay the Faults of their Conduct at the Men's doors : They tell us, They would

would not *Sin*, if we did not tempt 'em; we Answer, We should not tempt 'em, if they did not invite us.

* *Love*, like *Fortune*, is not only Blind it self, but it makes all blind that it Favours.

† If there is a Folly in being in *Love*, there needs no other Punishment than the very Passion it self.

“As some Women lose their Reputation rather for want of *Discretion*, than for want of *Virtue*, so others preserve theirs by their *Discretion* only.

* To do the *Women* right, we must confess, that there are *Qualifications* which are indispensably necessary to a Gentleman, or any Man that would appear to advantage in the World, which are attainable only by Company and Conversation, and chiefly by that of Ladies; of this number are *Complaisance*, *Good Humour*, *Invention* and *Address*, or the *Art of Insinuation*. 'Tis true, a Man may be an Honest and Understanding Man without any of these Qualities; but he can hardly be a *Polite*, a *Well-bred*, and agreeable taking Man, without all, or most of these. Without 'em *Honesty*, *Courage* and *Wit*, are like rough Diamonds, or Gold in the Ore, they have their intrinsic Value and Worth before, but they are doubtful and obscure, till they are Polish'd, refin'd, and receive Luster and Esteem from these.

* Men are less Constant in their Affections, than *Women*: For *Beauty* only being generally the Object of their Passion, the Effect must necessarily be as Fading as the Cause: Their Love be-

ing therefore only the result of Wonder and Surprise, is abated by Familiarity, and decays, as they wear off, by degrees. Besides that, a Love so founded, is liable to be ravish'd by any superior Beauty: Or if not so, yet the Novelty of the former once worn off, the new Comer has the assistance of Fancy (the Slave of Novelty) to gain the Superiority. This is the Cause, why so few real and lasting Passions are found amongst Men. For Charms depending upon, and owing their Power to *Fancy*, can maintain no Conquests any longer than that is on their side. In this *Women* are less faulty than Men; for not usually fixing their Affections on so mutable a thing as the Beauty of a *Face*, which a thousand Accidents may destroy, but on *Wit*, *Good Humour*, and other Graces of the *Mind*, as well as of the Body: Their Love is more durable and constant, in proportion to the longer continuance of those Qualities in the Object. Neither, indeed, have they the Means, or Temptation, to be Fickle and Inconstant, so ready as Men have; for Modesty, and the Rules of Decency, observ'd amongst 'em, not permitting to them the Liberty of declaring their Sentiments to those they Love, as Men may: They dare not indulge a wanton Fancy, or a rambling Inclination, without breaking through all restraint of Decorum, at the expence of their Fame and Reputation, which few are so daring as to venture.

A B E A U.

* **A** *Beau*, is a Creature, who under the appearance of a *Man*, has all the *Folly*, *Vanity*, and *Levity* of a *Woman*: he has more Learning in his Heels than his Head, which is better *cover'd* than *fill'd*; nay, he knows not what a *Man's* Head is good for, but to hang his Hat or his Perriwig on; and if it were put to his Choice, he would as soon lose that, as any other Part about him: He thinks the chief end of *Man* is to *Dress-well*, and that Death it self is not so ghastly as a *Dishabillé*; His Valet, his Taylor, his Barber, and his Sempstrefs, are his Cabinet Council, to whom he is more beholden for what he is, than to his Maker. Sir *John Foppington*, to give our *Beau* his Title, is one that has Travell'd to see Fashions, and brought over with him the nicest cut Suit, and the prettiest Fancied Ribbands for Sword-Knots. His best Acquaintance at *Paris*, were *Pecour* and *Balon*, and his chief Visits to the *Opera's*. He has seen the *French King* once, and knows the Names of his chief Ministers, and is by this sufficiently convinc'd, that there are no Politicians in any other part of the World. His Improvements are a nice skill in the Mode, and a high contempt of his own Country, and of Sense. All the Knowledge he has of *France*, or Manners of it, consists in an imperfect Idea of *Versailles*, *St. Cloud*, *Fountainbleau*, *St. Germain's*, and the *Louvre*, and in the keeping of the Valet that follow'd him hither: And all that he retains of the Language, is a few modish lewd Works to lard his Discourse with, and shew he has convers'd

with the *French Pettis Maitres*, and the Names of his Garniture. He should be a Philosopher, for he studies nothing but himself, yet every one knows him better that thinks him not worth Knowing. His Looks and Gestures are his constant Lesson, and his Glass is the *Oracle* that resolves all his mighty Doubts and Scruples. As soon as he is out of his Bed in a Morning, he runs to this *Oracle*, and pays his first Devotions to the dear figure of himself; plays the *Narcissus* with his own Shadow, and makes his Court with a thousand Grimaces to his pretty self. Afterwards, he licks his Lips, paints his Cheeks, and strives to out-do *Kneller*, or *Murrey*, in counterfeiting the lovely Eyebrow. He is two long Hours in tying his Garters, *Careening* his Wig, tiffing the Curls, tying and untying his Cravat, and yet after all this Forenoon's Speculation, he is not satisfied till he has consulted his flattering Valer. How Comical it is to see this Fop strutting up and down his Chamber, Surveying himself from Head to Foot, first turning one Shoulder, then t'other; now looking fore-right in the Glass, then sideways, and, in short, imitating all the different Attitudes and Postures of a Painter's block. When his Eyes are set to a Languishing Air, his Motions all prepar'd according to Art, his Wig and his Coat abundantly Powder'd, his Handkerchief Perfum'd, and all the rest of his *Beauettry* rightly adjusted, the greatest part of the Day, as well as the Business of it at home, is over, 'tis time to launch, and down he comes, scented like a Perfumer's Shop, and looks like a Vessel with all her Rigging without Balast. A Chair is brought within the Door, for he apprehends every breath of Air as much as if it were a Hurrican. His first Visit is to a Favourite

Semp-

Sempstrefs, who takes care of his Linnen, and manages his Intrigues: With her he enters into a profound Chat about the newest Fashion for Cravats, what colour'd Ribband is most proper for that Season, how deep Men wear their Ruffles, &c. In the midst of this grave Discourse, he makes a Parenthesis, by peeping in the Glass that hangs in the Shop, finding fault with the confounded Barber, or Taylor, on purpose to draw Mrs. Stich's Eyes towards his charming self, and here begins the rehearsal of his Morning's Chamber Exercise. He picks a Quarrel with his Cravat, that he may engage pretty Miss to tie it a-new for him; and so has an Opportunity to say some fine things to her, and to Practice the Genteel Beau. His next Stage is *White's* Chocolate House, where, after a quarter of an Hour's Compliment to himself in the great Glass, he faces about and Salutes the Company: When he has made his Cringes round, and play'd over all his Tricks, out comes the fine Snush-Box, and his Nose is regal'd a while; After this, he begins to open, and starts some learned Argument about the newest Fashion, and hence takes Occasion to commend Sir *Aukward Spruce's* Fancy in his Cloaths; This Ushers in a Discourse of the Appearance the Night before at the *Apartments*, and so a Criticism upon this Lord, or that Lady's Habit. From hence he is carried to the *Blue-Posts*, where his Vanity, not his Stomach, is to be gratified with something that is *little and dear*; *Quails* and *Ortelans*, are the meanest of his Diet, and a spoonful of *Green-Pease* at *Christmas*, is worth to him more than the Inheritance of the Field where they grow in *Summer*. Every thing falls in his *Esteem*, as it falls in *Price*, and he would not so much as taste of the *Wine*, if the

hard Name, and the high Rate, did not give it a Relish. After a Glass or two, (for he dares not come up to a Pint) he begins to talk of his Intrigues, pretends, at least, a particular Acquaintance with all the Ladies that make up the *French Fleet*, boasts much of the Favours he has receiv'd, shews counterfeit Tokens and Letters, and, in conclusion, slanders some Countess, or other, of unquestion'd Virtue, with an extream Fondness for him. His Amours are all profound Secrets, yet he makes a Confidence of 'em to every Man he meets with. He professes a great Reverence for the Ladies, and a mighty tenderness for their Reputations, yet he is like a *Flesh-fly*, whatever he blows on, is tainted. He talks of nothing under Quality, tho' he never obtain'd a Favour which his Man might not have for half a Crown. He, and his Valer, in this case, are like *English* and *Dutch* at an Ordinary in *Holland*, the Fare is the same, but the Price is vastly different. Thus the Show goes forward, till he is beaten for Trespasses he was never Guilty of. From the *Blue-Posts* Sir *John* adjourns, either to *Tom's*, to learn some piece of News, or to *Will's*, to gather some Fragments of Wit, and to hear the Sentiments of the Criticks about the last new Play, that he may give an account of it to my Lady *Tattle*. By Six of the Clock he goes to the Play-House, and takes his Post in the Side Box, from whence he makes his Court to all Ladies in general with his Eyes, and, in particular, only with *Madam Betty Hopkins* the Orange-Wench. After a while, he engages some Neighbouring Vizor, and together they run over all the Boxes, take to pieces every Face, examine every Feature, pass their Censure upon every

ry one, and so on to their *Dress*. Here he very Judiciously gives his Opinion upon every particular, and determines whose Colours are well chosen, whose Fancy is neatest, and whose Cloaths set with most Air; but, in conclusion, sees no Body Compleat but himself, in the whole House. After this, he looks down, with Contempt, upon the Pit, and Rallies all the slovenly Fellows, and Awkward Beax, (as he calls) of t'other end of the Town, and is mightily offended at their ill-scented Snuff. To close all, the Lady in the Mask must give him an Account of the Scandal of the Town; which she does, in the History of abundance of Intrigues, real, or feign'd; at which he Laughs aloud and often, not to shew his Satisfaction, but his Teeth. She shews him who is kept by such a Lord; who was lately disbanded by such a Knight, for granting Favours too indiscreetly to such a Gentleman; who has lately been in the Country for two or three Months, upon extraordinary Occasions. — To all which, he gives great Attention, that he may pass for a Man of good Intelligence in another Place. The Play being done, Sir *John* can do no less than to carry his Damsel to *Philip's*, and from thence to Supper at *Locket's*; and here, O Misfortune! he trespasses upon his stint, and drinks a Pint to his share, that proves the fatal Cause of a Pimple, which, the next Morning, appears in his Face: Frighted by this extraordinary Symptom, he sends immediately for three of the most famous Physicians, who having held a Learned Consult upon the Matter, gravely conclude, that Sir *John* has a Pimple, and that his Blood is upon the Ferment—— Then enquiring into the cause of this Disorder, they find it to be Sir *John's* Drinking

two Glasses more than usual; *Damn it*, crys he, *to drink a whole Pint at a Sitting! 'tis well 'tis no worse — well, I may thank my self for it — Hell and Furies, how it encreases!* The Doctors comfort him up, prescribe him Gallons of Juleps, and a spare Diet, and having receiv'd their Fees, make a Scrape, and leave Sir *John* confin'd to his Chamber, till his Pimple has disappeared. This Disaster was scarce well over, when another befell our unfortunate *Beau*; One Day he put on a Milk white Suit, designing to shew himself in it that Evening in the Park; and to do Sir *John* Justice, he never exerted the Rightness of his Imagination so much as he did upon the Trimming of it: But coming out of the Chocolate-House, a Sawcy impudent Chimney-sweeper daub'd his Coat, — and poor Sir *John* immediately went home, and took his Bed upon't. He had all the Agonies of a Despairing Sinner. Come, *Knight*, said one of his Friends that happen'd to Visit him, *there's no harm, I hope, prithee take Courage, and get up. Good Heavens, my Coat!* cry'd he, *Why, there's no danger, but it will recover, and do well. — Oh!* that confounded Chimney-sweeper! *Providence sent him to Visit you for your Sins, Sir John.* But what ill have I done, to draw such a Judgment upon me? I never committed Murder or Sacrilege in my Life, — Why then should? — So he ran on for above six Hours; all this while his Friend endeavour'd to soften his Calamity to him, by reminding him of the Inconstancy of Human Affairs: But 'twas all in vain, he could not be perswaded to Live, till the Scowrer had taken his Oath before a Justice of Peace, that the Coat was not a Farthing the worse; nay, this was not enough: The Taylor was sent for to confirm the Scowrer's

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Deposition ; and the Woman of the House, who saw him put it on in the Morning, swore likewise, *As she hop'd to be Sav'd*, that it was not in the least Injur'd, which restor'd Sir *John* to his former Tranquility, to the great Satisfaction of all about him.

* *Beaux* can no more commend a *Woman's Wit*, than a *Man's Person* ; and compliment a Lady's Beauty, only to shew their own good Breeding and Parts. These superficial Gentlemen wear their Understandings like their Cloaths, always set and formal, and would no more *Talk* than *Dress* out of Fashion.

* Most Men in their *News*, are like *Beaux* in their Diet, the worst is welcom whilst 'tis fresh and scarce, and the best is not worth a Farthing when it has been blown upon ; and commonly they fare like *Beaux*, are fond of it whilst 'tis Young and Insipid, and neglect it when 'tis grown up to its full and true Relish.

A Country Squire.

A *Country Squire* is one, whose Ancestors have been Wise and Provident, and rais'd an Estate by their Ingenuity and Industry, and given their Posterity after 'em Means and Leisure to be Fools. He is generally sent to School in his Minority, and having made the usual *Tour* of *Latin* and *Greek* Authors, at Sixteen or Seventeen Years
of

of Age, he is call'd home to be made a Gentleman: As soon as he has shaken off the Awe of the Birch, and begins to feel himself at Liberty, he considers that he is now Learned enough, (and commonly his Friends are wise enough to be of his Opinion) and thinks it high time to shake off the barbarous Acquaintance he contracted with those crabbed, vexatious, obscure Fellows, that gave him so much trouble, and smart, at School. He has such a Fear of Pedantry always before his Eyes, that he accounts it a Scandal to his Gentility to talk Sense, and write true *English*; and has such a contemptible Notion of his past Education, that he thinks the *Roman* Poets good for nothing but for Boys to Cap Verses. These Prudent Sentiments being fix'd in his Mind, his Conversation, for some Years, succeeding, is wholly taken up by his Horses, Dogs and Hawks, and the more senseless Animals that tend 'em. His Groom, his Huntsman, and his Falconer, are his Tutors, and his walk is from the Stable to the Dog-kennel, and the Reverse of it. His Diversion is Drudgery, and his highest Satisfaction is when he is most Tir'd. He wearies you in the Morning with his Sport, in the Afternoon with the Noise, Repetition, and Drink, and the whole Day with Fatigue and Confusion. His Entertainment is stale Beer, and the History of his Dogs and Horses, in which he gives you the Pedigree of every one, with all the exactness of a *Welsh*-Herauld. And if you be very much in his good Graces, 'tis odds but he makes you the Complement of a Puppy of one of his Favourite Bitches, which you must take with abundance of Acknowledgments of his Civility, or else he takes you for a stupid ill-bred Fellow. He is very constant at all Clubs and Meetings of the Coun-

Country Gentlemen, where he will suffer nothing to be talk'd or heard of, but his Jades, Currs, and Kires, and is least Impertinent when most Drunk: His grand Business is to make an Assignment for a Horse-Race, or a Hunting-Match; and nothing discomposes him so much as a Disappointment in either. He is the Terror of all the Deer and Poultry-Stealers in the Neighbourhood, and is so implacable a Persecutor of Poachers, that he keeps a Register of all the Dogs and Guns in the Hundred. Short Pots, and unjustifiable Dogs and Nets, furnish him with sufficient Matter of Presentments, to carry him once a Quarter to the Sessions, where he says little, Eats and Drinks much, and after Dinner, Hunts over the last Chase, and so Rides Worshipfully Drunk home again. If he happen to live near any little Borough or Corporation, that sends Burgesses to Parliament, he may become Ambitious, and sue for the Honour of being made their Representative. Henceforward he grows Popular, Bows to, and Treats the Mobb, all round him; and whether there be any in his Discourse, there is good Sense in his Kitchen, and his Cellar, which is more agreeable and edifying. If he be so happy as to out-top his Competitor, and drink his Neighbours into an Opinion of his Sobriety, he is chosen, and up he comes to that Honourable Assembly, where he shews his *Wisdom best* by his *Science*, and serves his Country *most* in his *Absence*.

Ad-

Advice, Counsel.

† **W**E are sometimes the better for Advice given, but are always shockt at the Person that gives it.

To retract, or mend a Fault, at the Admonition of a Friend, hurts your Credit or Liberty no more, than if you had grown Wiser upon your own Thought. For 'tis still your own Judgment and Temper, which makes you see your Mistake, and willing to retrieve it.

Men give nothing so liberally, as Counsel.

Nothing in the World is so unsincere, as the asking and receiving of *Advice*. He that asks it, seems to yield a respectful deference to the Opinion of his *Friend*, and all the while only designs to have his own approv'd, and shelter his own *Actions* under the *Authority* of another: On the other side, he that gives it, returns, as one would think, the Confidence of others with an ardent and impartial Zeal, and yet has generally no other aim, but his own *Honour* or *Interest*.

There goes as much Wisdom and Ability in the improving of a Friend's *Advice*, as in the advising and conducting one's self.

'Tis no difficult matter to give good *Advice*, but 'tis a hard one to make a Man improve it.

It is harder to keep one's self from being Managed, than to manage and govern others.

There is need of as much Discretion to give *Advice*, as *Compliance* to follow it: Nothing is so dreadful as a Friend that takes the advantage of his own Experience; that proposes all his Counsels

as

as Laws, and with the Air of a Master that takes from us the Privilege of Examining what he says, and would force the Mind by *Authority*, rather than win it by *Discourse*.

Yet a great *Weakness* in receiving *Advice*, is no less blameable, than a great *Roughness* in giving it: It is our Interest to surmount the one, and to sweeten the other.

It is not proper always to reject evil *Counsels*, for fear of disheartning those that are capable of administering good ones.

* Some People are not to be dealt withal, but by a Train of Mystery and Circumlocation; a downright *Admonition*, looks liker the *Reproach* of an *Enemy*, than the *Advice* of a *Friend*, or, at best, it is but the good Office of a Man that has an ill Opinion of us; and we do not naturally love to be told of our Faults by the Witnesses of our Failings.

* 'Tis easie to give *Counsel* to another, which, in the same Circumstances, we are far from practising our selves; then we can be full of *Wisdom* and grave *Morals*; but when it comes home, all our *Philosophy* vanishes; there remains nothing to be seen, but a meer *sensitive* Animal, without *Virtue* or *Patience*.

Admiration.

WE love all those that *Admire* us, but very few of those we *Admire*.

Admiration betrays a narrow Wit ; and your great *Admirers* are, for the most part, silly People.

K. N.

* Excessive *Commendations* of any Art, or Science, whatsoever, as also of the Learning of any particular Men or Nations, only prove, that the Persons who give such Characters, never heard of any Thing or Person, that was more excellent in that way ; and therefore *Admiration* may be as well supposed to proceed from their own Ignorance, as from the real Excellency of the Persons or Things, unless their respective Abilities are otherwise known.

Ambition.

When great Men suffer themselves to be cast down by the weight of their Misfortunes, it plainly discovers, it was not the greatness of their *Soul*, but of their *Ambition*, that kept up their Spirits so long, and that *Vanity* and *Pride*, excepted, an Hero is much like another Man.

An *Ambitious* Man does not appear to be so in the least, when he meets with an impossibility of gaining his Ends.

Generosity is very often a disguis'd *Ambition*, that slight's mean *Interests* only to pursue greater.

Mo.

Moderation can never have the Honour of contending with *Ambition*, and subduing it, because they never meet together: *Moderation* is the weakness and sloth of the Soul, whereas *Ambition* is the Ardour and Activity of it.

Ambitious Men abuse themselves when they pretend to limit their *Ambition*; for their very Ends when they are gain'd, are but converted into means, subservient to farther Pursuits.

It seldom happens that a Man may say, *I have been Ambitious*; for he that is once so, is so always.

The pursuits of *Ambition*, though not so general, yet are as endless as those of Riches, and as extravagant too, since none ever yet thought he had Power or Empire enough: For what Prince soever seems to be so great, as to Live and Reign without any further Desires or Fears, falls into the Life of a *Private Man*, and enjoys but those Pleasures and Entertainments, which a great many several degrees of Private Fortune will allow, and as much, indeed, as *Humane Nature* is capable of enjoying.

Ambitious Men and *Misers*, seem to acquire their mighty stock of *Glory* and *Riches* for no other end, than to make themselves more sensible of the torment of being neither able to quit nor to keep them.

All *Passions* Tyrannize over us, yet *Ambition* suspends all the other *Passions*, and gives us, for a while the appearances of all the *Virtues*. This Man, who has all manner of *Tices*, I took him to be Sober, Chast, Humble, Liberal, and even Devout; nay, undoubtedly he would be so still, if he had not made his Fortune.

* The *Ambitious* are content to pay so great a Price as their own Slavery, to get the Dominion over others.

Slaves have but one *Master*; but the *Ambitious* have as many as there are Men that can be instrumental to their Fortune.

* *Ambition*, is like *Choler*, which is an Humour that makes Men Active, earnest, full of Alacrity and stirring, if it be not stopp'd; but if it cannot have its way, it becomes adust, and thereby malign and venemous: So *Ambitious* Men, if they find their way open to their Rising, and still get forward, they are rather busie than dangerous; but if they be check'd in their Desires, they become secretly discontent, and look upon Men and Masters with an evil Eye, and are best pleas'd when Things go backward, which is the worst Property in a Servant of a Prince or State. Therefore it is good for Princes, if they are obliged to make use of *Ambitious* Men, to handle 'em so, as they be still Progressive, and not Retrograde.

Afflictions.

U Nder what disguise soever we conceal our *Afflictions*, they seldom proceed but either from *Vanity* or *Interest*.

There are in our *Afflictions* several kinds of *Hypocrisy*. Sometimes we weep for our selves, under colour of weeping for our Friends. We lament the loss of the good Opinion they had of us; we be-

bewail the diminution of our Advantages, Pleasures and Credit. Thus the *Dead* have the honour of those *Tears*, which, indeed, are shed for the *Living*. I call this a sort of *Hypocrisy*, because in these *Afflictions* People impose upon themselves. There is another kind not so harmless as this, because it imposes upon all the World; I mean, the *Affliction* of those who have the Vanity of Valuing themselves upon a deep and desperate Sorrow: When *Time*, the great *Physician* of Sorrows, has worn off their real Grief, they do not leave off being obstinate, in Crying, Sobbing, Groaning and Lamenting; and with a mournful and melancholy Countenance, endeavour to make the World believe, that nothing but *Death* will end their *Affliction*. This dismal and troublesome *Vanity* is most prevailing with Ambitious *Women*; for their Sex rendering them unable to advance themselves by eminent Vertues, they strive to signalize their Reputation by the Pageantry of an inconsolable Sorrow. There is still another sort of *Tears*, which flowing from shallow Springs, will run and dry up very easily: Men Weep sometimes to gain the Reputation of Good-Nature and Tenderness, sometimes to be pitied and lamented by others, and sometimes to avoid the shame of being accounted insensible.

Some Men are more miss'd than lamented; and others again, are very much lamented, and very little miss'd.

Our *Affliction* for a dead Friend, is great or small, not according to his *Merit*, but the Opinion we think he had of our Deserts.

A pretty House, a fine Horse, a Dog, a Watch, any thing that comes to our share, is enough,

sometimes, to soften a great Grief, and lessen the Sense of a great Loss.

The Duties of *Interment* are justly called the last Duties ; for beyond the Funeral, all that is given to the *Dead*, is taken away from the *Living*. *Lamentations* that are too long, not only prejudice *Nature*, but *Society* likewise ; they render us incapable of the Duties of a Civil Life ; and one may say, that out of Complaisance to those Friends we have lost, they make us wanting to those we still enjoy.

A skilful *Comforter* must begin, by the Aggravation of Evils, to obtain a free admittance to the mind of the Afflicted, and to surprize their Belief.

* To Mourn without Measure, is *Folly* ; not to mourn at all, *Insensibility* : The best Temper is betwixt Piety and Reason ; to be sensible, but neither to be transported, nor cast down.

* Most People shew, in their *Afflictions*, more *Ambition* than *Piety* ; for when any Body is within hearing, what Groans and Outcries do they make ? But when they are alone, and in private, all is hush and quiet : So soon as any Body comes in, they are at it again, but their Sorrow goes off with the Company.

* The most desperate *Mourners* are they, who care least for their Friends ; for they think to redeem their Credit for want of Kindness to the *Living*, by extravagant Ravings after the *Dead*.

* To Weep excessively for the *Dead*, is a kind of an Affront to the *Living*.

Ages of Life.

Our Life being nothing else but a perpetual Change and Revolution, we come altogether fresh and raw into the several Stages of it, and want often Experience in spite of Gray Hairs.

Young People change their *Taste* and *Inclinations*, by the Mettle and heat of Blood; and *Old ones* keep theirs, by the Sullenness of Habit and Custom.

Youth is a perpetual Debauchery, and the very Fever of *Reason*.

The *Lukewarmness* of *Old Age* is as great a Foil to a Man's *Salvation*, as the *Heat* and *Passions* of *Youth*.

Young Men that come first upon the Stage of the *World*, ought to be either very Modest, or very Brisk; for a sober, grave, and composed Temper, commonly turns to *Impertinence*.

Old People love mightily to give good Advice, to comfort themselves of their Incapacity of setting ill Examples.

Both *Wisdom* and *Folly* grow still proportionally with *Age*.

Most Men shew upon the turning of their *Age*, where their *Mind* and *Body* will begin to Decay.

Nothing is more ridiculous in *Old People* that have been Handsom formerly, than to forget that they are so no more.

'Tis a hard Lesson to learn how to be *Old*.

Old Age is a *Tyrant*, that forbids us all the Pleasures of *Youth*, upon the severest Penalties.

There is no part of our Life, wherein we ought to study our own *Humour* with more Application, than

than in *Old Age*, for it is never so difficult to be discover'd as then. An impetuous *Young Fellow* has a hundred returns when he is dissatisfied with his Extravagancies; but *Old People* devote themselves to their *Humour*, as if it were a *Vertue*, and take Pleasure in their own *Defects*, because they carry a false Resemblance of *Commendable Qualities*: They are perpetually crying up the *Time past*, and enviously condemning the *Present*: They rail at *Pleasures* when they are past them, or censure *Diversions*, whose only Fault is their own *Incapacity*: A *serious Air* passes with them for *Judgment*, *Phlegm* for *Wisdom*, and hence proceeds that imperious Authority they allow themselves to censure every thing.

We see nothing more ordinary for *Old Men*, then to desire a *Retirement*; and nothing so rare with them, as not to Repent of it when they are once retired: Their *Souls* that are in too great a Subjection to their *Humours*, are disgusted with the *World* for being tiresome; but scarce can they quit this false Object of their Misfortune, but they are as angry with *Solitude*, as they were with the *World*, disquieting themselves, where nothing but themselves can give them any disquiet.

Scarce do we begin to grow *Old*, but we begin to be displeased with some distaste, which we secretly frame in our selves. Then our *Souls* free from *Self-love*, is easily fill'd with that which is suggested to us, and what would have pleas'd us before but indifferently, charms us at present, and enslaves us to our own *Weakness*. By this, *Mistresses* dispose of their old *Lovers* to their own fancy, and *Wives* of their old *Husbands*.

'Tis

'Tis with our Lives as with our Estates, a good Husband makes a little go a great way: Whereas, let the Revenue of a Prince fall into the Hands of a Prodigal, 'tis vanish'd in a Moment. So that the Time allotted us, if it were well employed, were abundantly enough, to answer all the Ends and Purposes of Mankind.

A neglected Dress in *Old People*, multiplies their Wrinkles, and exposes their Infirmities: An affected Curiosity of Apparel has the same Effect.

Fortune, Riches, Avarice.

† A Dying Man will give any thing to save his Life, a Living Man as much to save his Money: A Man shall readily profer his Sword, but Hesitates if you would borrow Fifty Pound: So much easier it is to be Brave than Kind.

That which excuses an insolent Coxcomb for his Pride and Ambition, is the Trouble we generally are at, as soon as he has made a considerable Fortune, to find in him a Merit he never had, and as great, perhaps, as he himself fancies he has.

† The generality of Mankind sink in Virtue as they rise in Fortune: How many hopeful young Men, by the sudden Accession of a good

Estate have deviated into Debauchery, nay, turn'd absolute Rakes.

† Since our Desires encrease with our Riches, is not a Man by so much the more miserable the more he possesses?

If we did not see it daily with our own Eyes, how could we imagine the strange Disproportion which *more or less Pelf* puts betwixt Men; 'tis that which determines a Man either to the Sword, the Bar, the Church, or the Exchange; there's no other Vocation now-a-days.

If a Merchant miscarry, Courtiers will say of him, he is a pitiful Cit, a sneaking Trader, a Coxcomb—— If he prosper, they'll court him for his Daughter.

Chance brought me into the same Company, with a Man so very Deformed and Ridiculous both in Mind and Body, that I had much ado to keep my self from Laughing: In this Interim, one of my Acquaintance whispers me in the Ear, *This Man is worth ten Thousand Pounds a Year* — This Particular concerns him alone, and I'll never be the better or worse for: If now I begin to entertain other Thoughts of him than I did before, pray, which of us is the greater Fool of the two?

If some of our sleeping Ancestors should come to Life again, and saw their great Names and Titles, their splendid Palaces, and vast Estates, enjoyed by those whose Fathers, perhaps, were their Farmers, I wonder what Opinion they would have of the present Age?

No-

Nothing better shows what little value God sets upon *Riches*, Preferments, and other Worldly Advantages, than his indifferent Dispensation of them, and the Unworthiness of those who generally possess them.

From the Features of a Man's Face, we may draw some probable Conjectures of his Temper and Inclinations ; but his Looks and Countenance plainly display the Advantage of Fortune, and we may read in them in fair Characters, how many Thousands a Man is worth a Year.

That which makes a Man look big, and take State upon him with those who are below him; makes him servilely creep before those who are above him. For 'tis the Character of that sort of Pride, which is not grounded either on Personal Merit, or Virtue, but only upon Riches, Preferments, and the Knavish Sciences of Lucre, to make us despise those who have less than we of those Goods; and Esteem those too much, who have them in a greater measure than our selves.

* Better no Estate at all, than the Cares and Vexations that attend the Possession of it, without the use on't. We are never the better for any thing, barely for the Propriety sake, but 'tis the application of it towards the conveniencies of Life, and the Comforts of Humane Society, that gives every thing its Value. The Blessings of Providence, which are common and diffusive, ought not to lie Idle ; and whoever buries his Talent either of Understanding, or of Fortune, breaks a Sacred Trust, and Cozens those that stand in need

need on't. But we have a sort of Sordid Wretches among us, that had rather cast their Silver and Gold into the very Mine again from whence it was taken, or leave it at the Mercy of Thieves, and common Hazards, than that any Man living should be the better for't.

* Money has its use, 'tis true ; but, generally speaking, the Benefit does not countervail the Care that goes along with it, and the Hazards, and the Temptation to abuse it. It is the Patron and the Price of all Wickedness : It blinds all Eyes, and stops all Ears, from the Prince, to the very Beggar : It corrupts Faith and Justice ; and, in one Word, 'tis the very Pick-lock that opens the way into all Cabinets and Councils. It debauches Children against their Parents. It makes Subjects Rebel against their Governors. It turns Lawyers and Divines into Advocates for Sacrilege and Sedition ; and it transports the very Possessors of the Gospel, into a Spirit of Contradiction, and defiance of the Practices and Precepts of our Lord and Master.

* He that's transported out of his Nature, and out of his Element, let the Change be what it will, is a loser by the Bargain. A plain, and a homely Home, with Competency and Content, is beyond all the Palaces under the Heavens; the Pomp, the Plenty, and the Pleasures of them over and above. To say nothing of the Surfeits that are gotten by the Excesses of Eating and Drinking, the restless Nights, factious Emulations, Fewds and Disgusts that attend them, besides the Slavery of being ty'd up to other People's Hours, Meals and Fashions. He that has no Ambition, is happy in a Cell, or
in

in a Cottage : whereas the Ambitious Man is Miserable, even upon a Throne. He that thinks that he has not enough, Wants; and he that Wants, is a Beggar.

* There's no Wealth like to that which comes by the Blessing of God, upon Honest Labour, and warrantable Industry ; there's one great Comfort in hand, besides the hope and assurance of more to come. The very Exercise procures Health, and consequently all the Pleasures and Satisfactions that attend it. We have the Delight of seeing and reaping the Fruit of our own Labour, and the Inward Joy of contemplating the Benedictions of another World, that shall be superadded to the advantage of this.

* In a Middle State both of Body and Fortune, a Man is better dispos'd for the Offices of Humane Society, and the Fructions of Reasonable Nature ; and the Heart is also free from Cares and Troubles.

* The shortest way to be Rich, is not by enlarging our Estates, but by contracting our Desires.

† Want of Care will always create want of Money, so that whether a Man be a Beggar, because he never had any Money, or because he could never keep any, is all one to them that are to trust him.

* It is with Fortune, as with other fantastical Mistresses ; she makes Sport with those that are ready to Die for her, and throws her self at the Feet of others that despise her.

Whilst

Whilst *Orontes's* Wealth and Revenues encrease with his Years, a certain Lord, whom we all know, has a Daughter born for him: She grows up to all the Accomplishments of Mind and Body, and now she is just going upon Sixteen, and becomes the Object of the Admiration and Addresses of all the young *Beaux*. But her Father, it seems, makes Love for her to *Orontes*; and this base deformed old *Hunk*, Marries the Young, Witty, Beautiful Creature, in preference to all his Rivals.

Marriage, that should be a Fountain of all Blessings and Enjoyments, proves, often by the Disposition of a Man's Fortune, a heavy Burden that Crushes him down: 'Tis then that a Wife and Children are a strong Temptation to Deceit and unaccountable Gains; and that a Man finds himself betwixt two very Extreams, *Knavery* and *Indigence*.

The most general and immediate Cause of the Ruine of Families, in all the different Degrees of Conditions, is, that People generally square their State and Expence by their Title, and not by their Revenue.

* There's either *Money*, or *Money's* worth, in all the Controversies of Life; for we live in a Mercenary World, and 'tis the Price in some sort or other, of all things that are in it; but as it certainly draws Envy and Hazard after it, so there are great Advantages that go along with it, and great Blessings that attend the right use of it. And so for Poverty too, a narrow Fortune is undoubtedly a Cramp to a great Mind, and lays a Man under

der a Thousand Incapacities of serving either his Country, or his Friend ; but it has the Comforts yet of being free from the Cares and Perils that accompany great Masses of Treasure, and Plentiful Estates.

* It is the part of a Prudent Man to be moderate in good Fortune. A brave Retreat is as great as a Brave Enterprize. When a Man has acted great Exploits, he ought to secure the Glory of them, by drawing off in time. The more Prosperities crow'd one upon another, the more slippery they are, and Subj-ct to a Reverse. Fortune is weary to carry one and the same Man always upon her Shoulders.

The generality of Men, after they have laboured to get a *Competency*, do waste it in the pursuit of Superfluities.

It is no small Point to know how to Govern one's *Fortune*, whether it be in waiting till she be in the good Humour (for she loves to be waited on) or in taking her such as she offers. For she has an Ebbing and Flowing, and it is impossible to fix her, being so irregular and variable as she is. Let him who has often found her Favourable, not desist from importuning her, because it is usual with her to declare for the Bold, and being Courtly, to love the Young. Let him who is unhappy, withdraw, that he may not meet with the Affront of a double Repulse, in presence of a happy Rival.

What a Man squanders away, he takes away from his Heir; what he lays up by sordid *Avarice*, he takes way from himself. The Medium is to do ones self Justice, and others,

Chil.

Children would, perhaps, be dearer to their Fathers, and again Fathers to their Children, but for the Name of *Heir*.

All Men by their several Places, Titles, and Successions, look upon themselves as *Heirs* one to another, and by that Interest, entertain all along a secret desire of their Neighbour's Death. The most fortunate Man in each particular Condition, is he that has most to lose, and leave to his Successor.

* It is not for acquiring Wealth, but for misemploying it when he has acquir'd it, that a Man ought to be blamed.

I cannot call Riches better than the Baggage of Virtue; for as the Baggage is to an Army, so is Riches to Virtue.

* Of great *Riches*, there is no real Use, except it be in the Distribution; the rest is but Conceit.

* Covetousness is enough to make the Master of the World, as poor as he that has just nothing; for a Man may be brought to a Morsel of Bread, by Gripping, as well as by Profuseness. 'Tis a madness for a Man that has enough already, to hazard all for the getting of more, and then upon the Miscarriage, to leave himself nothing.

Avarice is, in many Cases, more opposite to a Man's Interest, than *Liberality*.

Some Men despise Money, but not one of a thousand knows how to part with it.

Avarice is often the Cause of contrary Effects: There are a World of People, that Sacrifice all their present Possessions to remote and uncertain Hopes; and others again, slight great Advantages
to

to come, for some mean Interest in Present.

Riches do by no means teach us to be less fond of *Riches*: The possessing of abundance, is very far from giving us the quiet that there is in not desiring any.

Nothing is so hard to persuade Men to, as the contempt of *Riches*: Except ones Arguments be drawn from the Stores of *Christian* Religion; and therefore the Wise Men among the Ancients, were in truth very foolish, who without any light of Faith, or expectation of a better State, despised *Riches* and *Pleasures*: They endeavour'd to distinguish themselves by uncommon and unnatural Notions, and so to triumph over the rest of Mankind, by an imaginary Elevation of *Soul*. Those that were the Wisest among them, were satisfied with talking of these things in Publick, but behaved themselves after another rate in Private.

'Tis the Infatuation of *Misers* to take Gold and Silver for things really good, whereas they are only some of the means by which good things are procured.

A *Covetuous* Man renders himself the most Miserable of Men, wrongs many, and obliges none but when he dies.

The Condition of a Miser is so wretched, that the greatest Curses of a Man can give him, is, *That he may Live long*.

That Man is *Rich*, who receives more than he lays out; and, on the contrary, that Man is to be accounted *Poor*, whose Expence exceeds his Revenue.

No.

Nothing maintains it self so long as a moderate *Fortune*, and nothing so soon dwindles away as a great one.

Great *Riches* are generally the nearest occasion of *Poverty*.

A *Covetous Man* lays up for Old Age, when Young; and for Death, when Old. A *Prodigal Heir* makes him a fine *Funeral*, and devours the rest of his *Wealth*.

The *Covetous Man* spends more in one Day when *Dead*, then he did in Ten Years when *Alive*.

* There are two sorts of *Avarice*, a *True*, and a *Bastard* — True *Covetousness* is a restless and insatiable desire of *Riches*, not for any further end or use, but only to hoard and preserve, and perpetually increase them. This is the greatest Evidence of a base ungenerous Mind, and, at the same time, the highest Injustice in the World. For what can be more unreasonable, than for a Man to ingross to himself all that which is the Common support and Conveniency of Mankind; and to propagate his Crime by locking up his beloved Treasures, and thereby robbing continually the Publick of what he has once gotten from Private Persons. — The *Bastard* kind of *Avarice*, is the rapacious Appetite of Gain, not for the Mony's own sake, but for the Pleasure of Refunding it immediately, thro' all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. That Man who is guilty of this, is, in a manner, excusable, since by his Profuseness, he makes a kind of Restitution.

* 'Tis said of a Vertuous and Wise Man, that having nothing, he has all; when a Miser having all things, yet has nothing.

* There

* There is not a greater Argument of a narrow wretched Soul, than to doat upon Money; nothing more reasonable than to despise it when we have it not, and nothing more Honourable than to employ it generously, and do good with it when we have it.

* The Patriarchs before the *Flood*, who lived Nine Hundred Years, scarcely provided for a few Days; and we, who live but a few days, provide at least for Nine Hundred Years.

* As *Riches*, at first, make a Gentleman; so the want of them degrades him.

* As *Riches* go off from a Man, they expose to the *World* his Weakness, that lay undiscovered before.

* There is one kind of *Affliction* which never leaves us, I mean that which proceeds from the loss of our *Fortunes*. Time, which softens and allays all other Grievs, does but exasperate and increase this; for the sense of it renews, even as often as we feel the pinch of pressing Necessities.

Behaviour, Honesty, &c.

“ **H**onesty is always the nearest way to Success;
“ what a deal of Fatigue and Trouble must
“ a *Knave* undergo? How many Tricks, Flourish-
“ es and Shifts must he use to compass his Ends,
“ when

" when the *Honest Man* does his Business with a
 " wet Finger?

Nothing is a greater Argument of a brave Soul, and impregnable Virtue, than for a Man to be so much Master of himself, that he can either take or leave those Conveniencies of Life, with respect to which, most People are either uneasy without them, or intemperate with them. This was part of *Socrates's* Character.

" 'Tis a great happiness to have Vertuous Pa-
 " rents, Relations, Tutors and Domesticks, for 'tis
 " from them we take up our Principles. We are
 " born Naked, both as to Mind and Body, and
 " put on any Habit indifferently which is first
 " offer'd us.

'Twas Wisely said of the Emperor *Marcus Antonius*, That no Man could do him a real Injury, because no Man could force him to Misbehave himself.

Some People are busy, and yet do nothing; they fatigue, and wear themselves out, and yet drive at no Point, nor Propose any general End of Action or Design to their Pursuits.

A Man seldom miscarries by being ignorant of another's Thoughts; but that he does not attend to his own, will certainly be Disappointed.

When we consider we are bound to be Serviceable to Mankind, and bear with their Faults, we shall perceive there's a common Tye of Nature, and Relation between us. But when we see People grow troublesome, and disturb us in our Business, here we are to look upon Men, as *indifferent* sort of Things, neither good nor bad to us,
 but

but according to our Management. 'Tis true, like a cross Wind, they may hinder me in the Executing Part, but all this while my Inclination stands firm, and the reserve of a good meaning, is secured to me. Being rightly dispos'd, I can pass on to the Exercise of another Vertue, and thus 'tis probable I may gain by the Opposition, and turn the Disappointment to an Advantage.

† The Mark of a Man of Probity lies in keeping Reason at the head of Practice, and being easy in his Condition. To live in a croud of Objects, without suffering either in his Sense, his Vertue, or his Quiet. To have a good Understanding at home, and to be govern'd by that Divine Principle within him: To be all Truth in his Words, and Justice in his Actions: And if the whole World should disbelieve his Integrity, dispute his Character, and question his Happiness, he'd neither take it ill in the least, nor alter his Measures, but pursue the end of Living, with all the Honesty, Ease and Resignation imaginable.

A Man may be happy in any Ground, provided he have the Wit to chuse his *Fortune*. Now if his *Manners* be good, his Fortune can never be bad; for Happiness lies in all the Functions of Reason, in warrantable Desires, and Regular Practices.

There's scarce any *Merit* sufficient to balance an *ill Action*.

The best way of *Revenge*, is not to imitate the *Injury*.

Where Things appear most plausible and pretending, besure to bring them to the Test, and look within them; and when the Paint is thus pull'd off, the Courseness of them will easily be discover'd. Without this Care, Figure and Outside are great Cheats; and when you think your Fancy

is best employ'd, you'll be most Fool'd. Even Vertue it self is sometimes Counterfeited, and Gravity is nothing else but Grimace. Thus *Crates* discover'd *Xenocrates's* Philosophy to be only skin deep; great Demureness *without*, and no less Vanity within.

Because you find a thing very difficult, don't presently conclude, that no Man can Master it; But whatever you observe practicable by another, believe likewise within your own Power.

To play the Knave, is to rebel against Religion; for all sort of *Injustice*, is no less than *High-Treason* against Heaven.

Men are born to be Seviceable one to another: Therefore either reform the World, or bear with it.

Omissions, no less than *Commissions*, are oftentimes Branches of *Injustice*.

We must not expect *Plato's* Common-wealth; for as the World goes, a moderate Reformation is a great Point. If we can but govern People's Hands, we must let their Hearts and their Heads go free. To cure them all of their Folly and Principles, is Impracticable.

When any Body's Misbehaviour disturbs you dismiss the Image of the Injury, and bethink your self, whether you have not been guilty of the same Fault. Such a Reflection will quickly make you cool, and come to Temper; especially if you consider the Offender was not altogether his own Man, but under the force of some outward Passion

sion or other; you would do well therefore, if you can, to step in to the Rescue, and free him from the cause of his Disorder.

Beauty, Homeliness.

IF we consider *Agreeableness*, distinct from *Beauty*, we may call it a sort of *Symmetry* or *Proportion*, the Rules of which no body can possibly define; or a secret Relation and Affinity of the *Features* one to another, and of all these together to the *Complexion*, *Looks* and *Air* of the Person.

Few *Women's* Worth out-lives their *Beauty*.

Gracefulness is to the *Body*, what good *Sense* is to the *Mind*.

† No Man ever thinks a Woman so beautiful as she thinks her self.

A *Beautiful Woman* is more concern'd to preserve her *Beauty* than her *Lover*, and shews less *Tenderness* for a Heart already vanquish'd, than she expresses *Vanity* and *Ostentation* in extending her *Conquests*: Not, but that she may very well be sensible for her *Gallant*, but, in all probability, she will sooner resolve to suffer the loss of what she loves, than to lose what causes her to be belov'd.

As long as a Woman is in full Possession of her *Beauty*, no Misfortune can befall her, which she cannot in some measure alleviate: But when once that Blessing has left her, all the other Advantages of *Fortune* will never be able to give her any tolerable Satisfaction.

G 3 The

The last *Tears* that Beautiful *Eyes* reserves, are spent in bewailing themselves after they are defac'd out of all Hearts. The only Person that still laments a lost *Beauty*, is the miserable Possessor.

'Tis no small wonder to see how *Women* that are so mightily fond of their *Beauty*, can use so much Art to anticipate its ruin.

* *Beauty* is so necessary to the *Young*, that those who are without it, seem to be to no other purpose, than to wait on the *Triumph* of the *Fair*.

* Some *Women* set up for *Beauty*, as much in spite of *Nature*, as some *Men* do for *Wit*.

* *Ill-favour'd Women* are never so nauseous, as when they would be *Beauties*; adding to their *Natural Deformity*, the *Artificial Ugliness* of *Affectation*.

Homely Women are as malicious to the *Fair*, as *Blockheads* are to *Witty Men*; for they look upon other *Womens Accomplishments* as the upbraiding of their *Deformities*.

The Contempt of *Beauty*, in the *Ill-favour'd*, is as false as the Contempt of *Riches* in some *Philosophers*.

Agresableness is Arbitrary, but *Beauty* is something more real, and Independent upon the *Palate* and *Opinion*.

* Whosoever has any thing contemptible in his Person, has also a perpetual Spur upon him, to rescue and deliver himself from Scorn. Therefore all *Deformed Persons* are extream bold, First, in their own defence, as being expos'd to Scorn; but in process of Time, by a general Habit, Be-
sides

sides, it stirreth them up to Industry, to watch and observe the Weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay.

Benefits, Gratitude, Ingratitude.

† **T**IS not barely the doing good, that makes us have the Title of being Good. 'Tis a generous and Universal Inclination, of doing so by every Body.

A Man had rather meet with those who depend upon him, than that are thankful to him. To keep People in Hopes, is Prudence; to trust to their Gratitude, Simplicity. For it is as common for Gratitude to be forgetful, as for Hopes to be mindful. You get always more by this, than by the other. So soon as the Orange is Squeez'd, it's thrown upon the Ground; and likewise when Dependance ceases, there's an end of Correspondence and Esteem also.

That Man who never grants a Favour without a great deal of Intreaty and Importunity, does, as it were, pay himself by his own Hands, and forfeits his Claim to our Gratitude.

The acknowledging Benefits never done, is with some People, the most effectual way to engage them to oblige us.

'Tis the Art of great Politicians to make that a Favour, which would have been afterwards but a Reward. Favours which go before Merit, have two Perfections; one is the Promptitude, which

obliges the Receiver to greater Gratitude; and the other, because the same Gift, which coming later, would be a Debt, by anticipation is a pure Favour. A cunning way of transforming Obligations, since he who would have deserved to be Rewarded, is oblig'd to a thankful Acknowledgment. I speak of Men of Honour: For as to others, it would rather be a Curb, than a Spur, to give them an Honorary beforehand.

* Men glory in raising great and magnificent Structures, and find a secret Pleasure to see Sets of their own Planting, to grow up and Flourish: But surely it would be a greater and more glorious Work, to build up a Man, to see a Youth of our own Planting, from the small Beginnings and Advantages we have given him, to grow up into a considerable Fortune.

* We should not contract any Obligations rashly, for *Good Offices* in Course, are rather Baits and Snares, than *Benefit*; and there are some People, that a Sober Man would not venture the being beholden to.

Nothing is more pleasant than to meet with the Eyes of him we have lately Obliged.

* An undistinguishable Facility, shall never fail of meeting with an undistinguishable Infidelity; which is no other than a just Judgment upon an inconsiderate Bounty.

* Ingratitude perverts all the Measures of Religion and Society, by making it dangerous to be Charitable and Good-natur'd.

We must not suffer our selves to be obliged by all manner of Persons, for that would be to become a common Slave. Some are born to be more happy than others; the first for doing of good, and the other for receiving it. Liberty is more

more precious than all Gifts, and to receive, is to lose it.

There are Men of such Parts, that they oblige by asking, because they transform their own Interest into another's Honour. They so adjust Matters, that one would say, others discharged their Duty, when they grant them what they ask, so dextrous they are in inverting the order of Obligations, by a singular knack of Policy.

Some Men when they do you a kindness, are presently for ringing the Obligation in your Ears; others are more Modest than this comes to: However, they remember the Favour, and look upon you as their Debtor. A third sort shall be every jot as much Benefactors, and yet scarce know any thing of the matter. These are much like a Vine, which is satisfied by being Fruitful in its Kind, and bears a Bunch of Grapes without expecting any Thanks for it. A fleet Horse, or a Grey-Hound, don't use to make a noise when they have perform'd handsomely; and thus a Man that's rightly kind, never proclaims a good Turn, but does another as soon as he can, just like a Vine that bears again the next Season.

Ill Nature is a contradiction to the Laws of Providence, and the Interest of Mankind; a punishment no less than a Fault, to those that have it.

You have done a Kindness to such a Person, and because he makes no return, you grow Peevish, and Satyrical upon him: In earnest, this is a Sign that you had a Mercenary View, and that you were but a *Huckster* in the Mask of a *Friend*, for otherwise you would have been satisfied with a generous Action, and made Vertue her own Reward.

You

You have oblig'd a Man, 'tis very well, what would you have more. Is not the consciousness of a good Office, a sufficient Consideration. You have humour'd your own Nature, and acted upon your Constitution, and must you still have something over and above? For Man is made to be kind and oblige, and his Faculties are order'd accordingly, and therefore when he does a good Office, he follows the Bent, and answers the end of his Being.

Operation is the right proof of Nature: Trees are distinguish'd by their Fruit, and Dogs by the Qualities proper to their Kind; And thus it holds with Men too, who ought to quit that Name, unless they can answer the Idea, and make out their Claim by their Actions.

† That's good ground that bears a good Crop, no matter in what Climate it lies.

'Tis hard to find one that a Man of Spirit would be Oblig'd to; for generally Men are as *Sordid* in their Favours, as in their Interests, and remember the Obligation they have bestow'd, when they forget the *Return* they have receiv'd.

It often comes to pass, that when we think we do a Man a good Office, we incur his Indignation. The Wise *Palemon* had the Misfortune to fall in Disgrace with his Protector *Daphnis*, by endeavouring to cure him of the Passion he had for *Julia*, who both Jilts and Ruins him; for having shewn him invincible Proofs of her Infidelity, the infatuated *Daphnis* instead of thanking *Palemon*, gave Credit to *Julia*'s pretended Justification, and Sacrific'd his Friend to her Resentment.

“ *Readiness* in Obliging, shews both the *Merit* of
 “ him that receives the *Benefit*, and the *Zeal* of
 “ him

" him that bestows it, whereas by delaying a good
" Office, we seem to doubt the *Merit* of him we
" design to Oblige.

That Man sets too high a rate upon his Favours,
who expects Cringes, and Intreaties for them.

" When a *Benefit* is Honourable to him that re-
" ceives it, we ought to accompany it with all the
" Pomp that can contribute to make it publick ;
" for, by that means, we multiply the Obligation ;
" but when the usefulness of a good Office is at-
" tended with some Disgrace, as when we relieve
" an indigent Person, we ought, by our Secrecy, to
" spare him the Confusion of having his Wants
" proclaim'd ; for the least grain of Shame, over-
" pays the most bountiful Relief.

* What a cruel Torment it is to be beholden
to one we Despise ? And how sweet it is to owe a
Favour to a Person we are inclin'd to Love, even
tho' he should do us an Injury ?

* The same Qualifications which render Men
Worthy of Favours, are the same which make 'em
capable and desirous to *acknowledge* them : And on
the contrary, the same ill Qualities which make
Men *unworthy* of Favours, are the same which make
them *ungrateful*.

* Many Men have good Sentiments in the mo-
ment you Oblige them ; but the Constitution of
their Nature sways them soon after, and they ea-
sily forget what they owe others, because they
only love themselves. And as Fire converts all
things into its own Substance, they only consider
publick Interests to convert 'em to their own Ad-
vantage, and equally despise those who do them
Good, and the state in which they receive it.

Some

Some Men are not only apt to forget both kind Turns, and Injuries that have been done them, but even to hate their very *Benefactors*, and to lay aside their Resentments against their *Persecutors*. The Application of acquitting *Obligations*, and revenging of *Wrongs*, appears to them a kind of Slavery, which they are loath to undergo.

Gratitude, in most Men, is nothing else but a secret desire to hook in greater Benefits.

The generality of Men take a Delight to acquit small *Obligations*: a great many pay their Acknowledgments for moderate ones; but there is scarce any Body but is unthankful for such as are Extraordinary.

It is with *Gratitude* among *Friends*, as with *Honesty* among *Traders*, it keeps Business and Commerce: Most Men don't quit Scores because it is just to pay *Debts*, but to secure their *Credit*, and so be trusted again the easier.

The common Mistake in the Computations of Men, when they expect Returns of Favours, proceeds from the *Pride* both of the *Giver* and *Receiver*, which cannot agree upon the Estimate of the *Benefit*.

To be uneasy, and make too much haste to return an *Obligation*, is a sort of *Ingratitude*.

There is a sort of free and generous *Gratitude*, whereby a Man not only acquits a past *Obligation*, but lays a new one upon his *Benefactor*.

The Error of the *Giver* does oftentimes excuse the *Ingratitude* of the *Receiver*.

The good turns that we have receiv'd from a Man, ought to make us Reverence his *Malice*.

We

The Manners of the Age.

93

We meet with little or no *Ingratitude*, as long as we are able to oblige.

We should not regard how much *Good a Friend* has done us, so much, as how much he desired and endeavour'd to do us.

Men are often more desirous to seem forward, and busie to serve others, than to be successful in it; and had rather have it in their power to upbraid their *Friends* with an *Obligation*, than really to oblige them.

In the matter of *Benefits*, *Pride* is unwilling to own the *Obligation*, and *Self-Love* to acquit it.

'Tis as great an *Ingratitude* to publish the *Favour* of a *Mistress*, as to conceal those of a *Friend*.

'Tis a kind of *Ingratitude*, for a Man to be too inquisitive into the *Motives* of the *Benefit* he receives.

The great Cautions of some People against *Ingratitude*, denotes less of Hatred for that, than Aversion for *Generosity*.

There are not so many *Ungrateful Men*, as there are thought to be; because there are not so many *Generous Men* as we imagine. He that, in silence, suppresses a *Favour* receiv'd is an unthankful Fellow, that deserv'd it not: But he that publishes one that he has done, turns it to an Injury, shewing to your disgrace, the necessity you had of him.

Court Acknowledgments have not so much respect to the *Past*, as design upon the *Future*. They acknowledge *Obligations* to all that are in any Post to oblige, and by an affected *Gratitude* for *Favours* never done, insinuate themselves into those in whose power it is to do 'em.

The *Great Ones*, in requital, have a Trick as artificial

ficial to excuse themselves from doing Kindnesses, as the *Courtiers* have to engage them to it. They reproach Men with Services never done, and complain of *Ingratitude*, though they have hardly oblig'd any one to draw from hence a specious Pretence to oblige no body.

* 'Tis much better to expose one's self to *Ingratitude*, than be wanting to the relief of the Needy.

There is not any thing where *Excess* may be more commendable than in *Gratitude*.

* There's no living in this World without an exchange of Civil Offices, and the need we have one of another, goes a great way toward the making of us love one another: Now this Amity and Communication is to be entertain'd by the Commerce of Giving and Receiving; and without good Nature and Gratitude, Men had as good live in a Wilderness, as in a Civil Society.

Ingratitude is, of all Crimes, that which we account the most venial in our selves, and the most unpardonable in others.

* *Good Offices* depend much upon Construction; some take themselves to be oblig'd when they are not, others will not believe it when they are; and some again take *Obligations* and *Injuries* the one for the other.

* It is a *Court Humour*, to keep People upon the Tilters; their *Injuries* are quick and sudden, but their *Benefits* are slow. Great Ministers love to wrack Men with attendance; and account it an Ostentation of their Power to hold their Suitors in hand, and to have many Witnesses of their Interest.

* He that gives to be seen, would never relieve a Man in the dark.

* 'Tis

* 'Tis a kind of incumbrance upon the Freedom of a generous Mind, to be in debt to an ill Man, even upon any Score whatsoever, that does but carry the Face of Good-Will, or Respect ; for 'tis a Debt that a Man's both asham'd and weary of till 'tis paid off. And there's something more in't yet too, which is, that when all common Scores are made even, the Morality of the Obligation still remains ; for there's no cancelling the Bonds of Honour and Justice. Kindnesses are to be paid in *Specie*, as well as *Money* : that is to say, there must be Affection in the return, as well as Justice. Now as there can be no true Friendship betwixt a Good Man and a Wicked, there should be no intercourse betwixt them that looks like Friendship ; and therefore the less Commerce the better.

* We have the Common Saying ready at our Tongues end, *That 'tis the Man only that we consider, and not the Estate* : This is a handsome flourish ; but where is the Man yet, that does not more willingly bestow his time, and his pains, upon the Service of a wealthy Person, than in the support and protection of the best poor Man that ever was born ? For we are naturally inclin'd to lay out our *Services*, where we may reasonably hope for the speediest and the most certain return.

* It is customary for great Men, to over-value the *Service* they do their *King* and *Country* ; and for *Princes*, when they cannot duly reward an eminent Performance, to turn their *Gratitude* into *Hatred*.

* Those you have oblig'd most, will certainly avoid you, when you can oblige them no longer ; and they take your Visits like to many *Duns*.

Mistresses, as well as *Friends*, are sometimes avoided for *Obligations* past.

* When

* When ill Men take up a fit of Kindness all on a sudden, and appear to be better natur'd than usual, 'tis good Discretion to suspect Fraud, and to lay their Words, and their Practices, together; for there are no Snares so dangerous, as those that are laid for us under the name of Good Offices.

* Most People seek out their own Interest, under colour of obliging others, and are kind to their Neighbours for their own sakes.

Business.

† **N**O Man may be said to make his Fortune easily: For, tho' he starts at once into Preferment, yet he cannot keep himself there, without great application and difficulty.

There are two chief Inconveniences, that attend all Men in the matter of making their Fortunes, the one is to do it honestly, the other to use their Fortune wisely.

* It is one thing to understand Persons, and another to understand Matters; for many are perfect in Men's Humours, that are not greatly capable of the real part of Business, which is the Constitution of one that has studied Men more than Books; such Men are fitter for Practice than Council; and they are good but in their own Alley, turn 'em to other Men, and they have lost their aim.

* *Affected Dispatch*, is one of the most dangerous things to Business that can be; it is like that which the Physicians call *Pre-digestion*, which is sure

sure to fill the Body with Crudities, and secret Seeds of Diseases. Therefore measure not *Dispatch* by the time of Sitting, but by the Advancement of the Business.

* He that would be sure to have his Business well done, must either do it himself, or see the doing of it; Besides that, many a good Servant is spoil'd by a careless Master. The Morality of this Caution, is as good a Lesson to Governments, as to private Families. For a Prince's leaving his Business wholly to his Ministers, without a strict Eye over them, is as dangerous an Error in *Politics*, as a Master's committing all to his Servants is in *Oeconomicks*.

There are a sort of Impertinents, who having least to do, would appear to be loaded with Affairs. They make a Mystery of every thing, and that with the greatest Siliness Imaginable. These are *Cameleons* of Applause, but are heartily Laugh'd at by every Body.

The best way to know how that which is intended to be done, will be receiv'd, is to let fly some Shot in the Air, especially when they are Matters the Issue and Approbation whereof is doubtful. By that means, we are sure to hit our Mark, and always at Liberty, to Retreat or Advance. Thus we pump out Men's Minds, and know where it is best to set our Foot. That Prevention is most necessary, for asking Pertinently, placing Friendship aright, and for Governing well.

H

Cheats,

Cheats, Knavery, Deceit.

OUR own *Distrust* sometimes provokes and justifies the *Cheating* of other People.

It is as easie a matter to deceive a Man's self, and not be sensible of it, as it is hard to impose upon others, and yet for them not to be sensible of it.

An honest *Intention* of imposing upon no body, lays us open to the Chearing of other People.

The most effectual way to be *bubbled*, is to fancy one's self wiser than one's Neighbours.

The being a *Blockhead* is sometimes the best security against being impos'd upon by a Man of *Sense*.

He that fancies such a sufficiency in himself, that he can live without all the World, is mightily mistaken; but he that imagines himself so necessary, that other People cannot live without him, is so a great deal more.

Affected Simplicity and Plainness, is but a nicer and more labour'd *Cheat*.

Men would never live so long together in *Society*, and good *Correspondence*, if they did not mutually make Fools of one another.

The common way of some to do their Business, and rise in the World, is to use all possible means of perswading People that their Business is done already.

We are so used to dissemble with others, that in time we come to deceive and dissemble with our selves.

It is sometimes of great Use for a Man to pretend he is deceiv'd; for when we let a subtil Fellow

low fee that we are sensible of his Tricks, it gives him occasion to be more refin'd.

It is a hard task upon Knaves to be perpetually employ'd in concealing their own want of *Sincerity*, and making amends for the Breaches of their Promises.

Honesty and *Plain-dealing* puts Knaves out of their Byass; it breaks all their Measures by which they hop'd to compass their ends: For Knaves commonly think that nothing can be done but by *Tricks* and *Artifice*.

* All Frauds are cover'd and gilded over with specious Pretences, and Men are every jot as easily impos'd upon, as Birds, Beasts, or Fishes; while the Eagerness of our Appetites suspends the Exercise of our Reason. A Treat, a Woman, or a Bottle, is the same thing to us, that a Worm, a Gudgeon, a grain of Corn, or a piece of Flesh, is to those Animals; We snap at the Bait, without ever dreaming of the Hook, the Trap, or the Snare, that goes along with it.

Men never can bear to be over-reach'd by their *Enemies*, or betray'd by their *Friends*; and yet they are often contented to be both cheated and betray'd by their own selves.

He is an unhappy Man that lives in the World without being deceiv'd.

The Pleasure of *Deceit* goes sometimes so far, that the greatest of your *Enemies* makes himself agreeable when he imposes upon you; and the best of your *Friends* seldom undeceives you, but you are offended at it.

* It is in some sort natural to be a Knave. We were made so, in the very composition of our Flesh and Blood: Only Fraud is call'd Wit in one case,

Good Husbandry in another, &c. while 'tis the whole Business of the World for one Man to Cozen another. But there's this to be said for't yet, that we play the Fool by consent. We Cozen in our Words, and in our Actions; only we are agreed upon't, that such and such Forms of Civility, like some Adulterations, shall pass current for so much. A fashionable Imposture or Hypocrisie, shall be called Good Manners; and so we make shift, in some sort, to legitimate the Abuse.

* There is nothing more agreeable in Conversation, than a frank, open way of Dealing, and a simplicity of Manners; but yet where there is an habitual Hardness of ill-Nature, it must be a Diamond that cuts a Diamond; for one Fraud is best undermin'd and disappointed by another.

* When a Crafty Knave is Infatuated, any silly Wretch may put upon him.

* The main Business of the World is nothing but Sharping, and Tricking one another by Turns.

Clemency, Good-Nature.

THE *Clemency* of Princes is very often little less but a *State Trick*, to gain upon the Affection of their *Subjects*.

The *Clemency* which is so mightily cry'd up in the World for a Virtue, is often practis'd out of *Pride*; sometimes out of *Sloth* and *Neglect*, sometimes out of *Fear*, and generally out of a mixture of all these Motives together.

* No Virtue is so often in fault as *Clemency*.

* Good

* Good Nature is a great Misfortune when it is not manag'd with Prudence.

* A bare easiness of Pardoning, has often the force of a Temptation to offend again.

* 'Tis a great Error to take Facility for Good Nature: Tenderness without Discretion, is no better than a more pardonable weakness.

Assurance, Bashfulness.

IT is good not to conceive such a high Notion of People, as to become *Bashful* in their Presence. Some appear to be Men of Importance, till others Treat with them; but Communication soon undeceives the Credulous. Dignity gives an apparent Authority, but it is rare when the Personal Qualities answer it; For Fortune is wont to clog the superiority of the Employment, by the inferiority of Merits. Imagination is always upon the Wing, and represents things greater than they are; but Reason having been undeceived by so many Experiences, ought to undeceive it. In a Word, it neither becomes Ignorance to be bold, nor Capacity to be bashful. And if *Confidence* be useful to them, who have but a small stock, upon stronger Reason it ought to be useful to those who have a great deal.

Confidence, Secrecy.

THE *Confidence* we have in our selves, creates great part of that Trust which we have in others.

The greatest part of our *Confidence* proceeds from a desire either to be pitied or admired.

We often dare not disclose our Hearts to our *Friends*, not so much out of any distrust we have of 'em, as that we have of our selves.

There is seldom any thing but a Noble Birth, or good Education, that can make a Man capable of being Secret.

All manner of *Confidence*, which is not absolute and intire, is dangerous: There are few occasions, but where a Man ought either say all, or conceal all; and how little soever you have reveal'd your Secret to a *Friend*, you have already said too much, if you think it not safe to make him privy to all the Particulars.

* 'Tis ill trusting a Reconcil'd Enemy; but 'tis worse yet, to proceed, at one step, from Clemency and Tenderneſs, to *Confidence*; especially where there are so many Memorials in sight, for Hatred and Revenge to work upon.

* A Supine, Credulous Facility, exposes a Man to be both a Prey and a Laughing-stock at once; and the Imposture can hardly miscarry, where there is a full *Confidence* on the one side, and a plausible Address and Disposition on the other.

'Tis a great point of Skill not to be too free nor open, for it is the Admiration of Novelty that makes Events to be valued; there's neither Pleasure

sure not Profit in playing one's Game too openly, and therefore we ought to hold Minds in Suspence, especially in Matters of Importance, which are the Object of universal Expectation. That makes every thing to be thought a Mystery, and the Secret of that raises Veneration. He that declares it himself, is obnoxious to Censure, and if he succeeds not, he is doubly Miserable.

Confidence, which ought to make the Ties of Friendship stronger, does generally produce a contrary Effect; so that it is a Wise Man's Part to be as reserved in this particular, as is consistent with the Laws of Decency, and united Affections. But above all, let us have a care not to disclose our Hearts to those who shut up theirs from us.

Conversation, Society, Civility, Politeness.

† **G**OOD Breeding is learnt from the Conversation of the Ladies, good Humour from Men: the one teaches us Gallantry, the other Wisdom.

† Adapt your self to the Company you are in, be grave with the Aged, Gay with the Young, supple to the Great, affable to All: respectful to every Woman you converse with, but especially be at the Devotion of the Young, and the Fair: there is no Man sensible how difficult it's to have this complacency, but those that know how necessary it's to support the Character of a well-bred Man.

† Being sometimes assunder, heightens Conversation; most Meats require Sauce, but all an Appetite. The frequent Quarrels between Relations, is their being so much together.

There are a sort of blunt petulant Fops, who tho' they have no Business at all, yet affect being in a Hurry, and will not allow a Man two Minutes Audience, but presently dispatch him away; we do often speak to them when they are Vanish'd out of sight; These People are no less impertinent than those who stop a Man, only to plague him with a thousand foolish Questions; but, perhaps, of the two these are best to be born with.

To Speak, and to Abuse, are convertible Terms with a sort of snarling, biting People. Their Tongues are ever dipp'd in Gall and Wormwood; Scoffing, Censure, Satyr, and Lampoons, trickle down their Lips as naturally as Spittle: It were good for them to be either dumb or Sortish, for their Wit and Liveliness do 'em more prejudice than Dulness would. They do not content themselves to give a Man a blunt or a cross Answer, but to provoke him with Insolence. Nothing can escape the lash of their malicious Tongues, they slander both the Present and the Absent; they gall us Front and Side-wise like *Rams*; Can we expect that Rams should have no Horns? And likewise can we hope to reform by this Picture, a Nature so Fierce, so Stern, so Surly and Untractable. The best we can do, is to fly from them as soon as ever we perceive them, without so much as turning our Head back to give 'em a look.

There is a Character of imperious and arrogant People, with whom it is dangerous to engage, that always arrogate Reason and Sense themselves, and will not allow any Body else to be in the Right, nor so much as complain of their Proceeding.

† He

† He that confines himself, and gives others Liberty, will always pass for a Well-bred Man.

'Tis none of the best Characters for a Man to find fault, and pick a Quarrel, with all the Bad People he meets with in the World: We should consider, that it is with familiar Society and Conversation, as with Trade and Commerce; where Pieces of Silver, nay, Copper Farthings, are as necessary as Guinea's.

In the common intercourse of *Society* and *Conversation*, 'tis *Reason* that yields first; the Wisest Man is generally led by the more Foolish and Fantastical; We study his weak side, we accommodate our selves to his Humour and Caprices, and take care not to contradict him in any thing; the least Serenity that appears in his Looks, is extoll'd to the Skies, and we account it a great Merit in him, not to be always Intolerable; he is fear'd, Respected, Obey'd, nay, sometimes lov'd, into the Bargain.

I know not what difference to make betwixt talking *Nonsense*, or saying *Good Things*, which all the World knows already, and giving them for New.

† There is something particular that pleases in a Gentleman's Conversation, when he is well bred: No body can define it, yet every body is sensible when they meet it, or when they miss it.

† The most Commendable thing in Conversation is to know when to speak, and when to hear; but 'tis the most difficult to learn.

The nicest part in Humane *Conversation*, and the finest Probe of the Recesses of the Heart of Man,
is

is to guess at the meaning of the little Hints that are given by the by, and to know how to make the best of them. There are some Malicious, and angry jerks, dipp'd in the gall of Passion, and these are imperceptible Thunder-bolts, that strike down those whom they are levell'd at. Many times a Word has thrown down headlong from the Pinnacle of Favour, those whom the Murmurings of a whole People combined against them, could not so much as shake. There are other Hints which produce an Effect quite contrary; that is to say, which support and encrease the Reputation of a Man, to whom they are address'd. But seeing they are cunningly glanced, so are they to be cautiously received, for the Security consists in smelling out the Intention, and the Blow fore-seen, is always warded.

* Familiar Conversation ought to be the School of Learning and Breeding; and we are to make our Masters of our Friends, seasoning the pleasure of Conversing with the Profit of Instruction. Betwixt Men of Wit the advantage is Reciprocal. They who speak are rewarded with the Applause that is given to what they say; and those who hear, with the Profit they receive from it.

'Tis highly necessary for a Man to avoid too much Familiarity in Conversation. He that familiarizes himself presently, loses the Superiority that his serious Air gave him, and by consequence his Credit. The more common Humane things are, the less they are Esteem'd: for Communication discovers Imperfections that Reservedness concealed. We must not be too familiar with Superiors, because of Danger; nor with Inferiors,

by

by reason of Indecency; and far less with mean People, whom Ignorance renders Insolent; inasmuch as being insensible of the Honour that is done them, they presume it is their Due.

Civility is a strong Political Magick. It is a gentle Hook, to be used rather for attracting Hearts, than drawing in of Profit: Or rather, indeed, for all Things. Merit will not do the Work, if it be not seconded by Agreeableness, on which depends all the plausibility of Actions. This Agreeableness is the most efficacious Instrument of Sovereignty. There is a lack in it to put others into Appetite; yet Artifice contributes to that also. From thence springs that unaccountable *Je-ne-sai-quoy*, which gains universal Favour.

It is good so to carry ones self, as to gain Respect, but it is ridiculous to pass for a great Master of Compliments. The Idolaters of the Point of Honour, give a Demonstration that their Honour is founded on a small matter, seeing they fancy every thing may wound it. It is very true, that a Man without Ceremony, has need of a great Merit in place of it. In short, a Courtesie ought neither to be affected, nor slighted.

There are some who stand not in need of the Herbs of *Theffaly* to Bewitch with, for they charm Fools and vain People meerly with a low Bow. They make a Traffick of Honour, and pay for it with the wind of fair Words. He that promises all, promises nothing; and Promises are so many slippery steps for Fools. True Courtesie is a Debt; that which is affected and uncommon is a Cheat. It is not a
Ci-

Civility, but a Dependence. They make not the Bow to the Person, but to the Fortune. Their Flattery is not an Acknowledgment of Merit, but a Bait to the Profit which they hope for.

† The Picture, at a distance, seems well drawn, in our Hands appears daubing: Thus we think some Men ingenious at first sight, a continu'd Conversation shews they are quite the contrary.

Civility, is a desire to be civilly used, and to be commended for an accomplish'd well-bred Man.

We are generally weary of those Men most, whom we ought never to be weary of at all.

We can bear sometimes to be plagued by *Impertinents*, but we cannot endure to be accounted so by others.

One reason why we find so very few Men of Sense, and agreeable *Conversation*, is, that almost every Body's Mind is more intent upon what he himself has a mind to say, than upon making pertinent *Replies* to what the rest of the *Company* say to him. The more *Ingenious* and *Complaisant* sort go on farther than pretending to hearken attentively, when, at the same time, a Man may plainly see that both their Eyes, and their Mind, are roving from what is said to them, and posting back again to what they long to be at themselves; not considering, that to seek one's own *Pleasure* so very passionately, can never be the way either to please, or persuade others; and that diligent *Attention*, and proper *Repartees*, are the two *Perfections*, that accomplish a Man for Company.

In *Conversation*, he seldom pleases who is overconfident of Pleasing.

Wife

† Wise men are the better and politer for traveling, but Fools the worse.

The Art of pleasing in *Company*, is, not to explain things too particularly, to express only one half, and leave your Hearers to make out the rest: This argues you have a good Opinion of the Persons you Converse with; for nothing is more agreeable to Mens *Love* of themselves.

It is very hard to hit a certain Temper and Mediocrity of *Freedom* with Persons above us, so to be easie and plain with them, as to become an *Instrument* of their Diversion and Entertainment, without being any way offensive, or breaking in upon the Honour and Respect due to their *Quality*.

We often brag of never being weary of any Body's *Company*, and are so vain as not to own, that we can ever meet with any bad.

† Most Fops think they are courted and follow'd for their good *Company*, when, in reallity, 'tis only for the sake of ridiculing their Defects, which they themselves don't perceive, and others do.

A Man is generally troublesome, when he thinks most he cannot be so.

To fly from *Company*, is to act against the Intention of *Nature*; to live always in *Solitude*, one must be something more than *Man*, or less than a *Brute*.

Formal *Civilities* and *Ceremonies* are a kind of Tyranny, which render Men unsociable, even in Society it self.

It is with most Men's *Wit*, as it is with *Countries*, for as the most fruitful of these, are not always the pleasantest to walk in, so the most fertile Wits are not always the most agreeable to converse with.

'Tis

'Tis the part of a *Blockhead* to be troublesome ; a Man of Wit and Sense is sensible whether his Company is agreeable or no ; and disappears a Moment before the time, when his Visit might be accounted tedious.

† He makes a silly Fellow no indifferent present, who brings him such another Coxcomb as himself.

The greatest Skill and Perfection in *Conversation* is not so much to shew a Man's own *Wit*, as to give other People the Opportunity of exerting theirs : He that parts from you pleas'd and satisfied with himself, is perfectly so with you. Men do not love to admire ; they have a mind to please, and seek less to be instructed or diverted, than relish'd and applauded.

† As the *Tarand* changes its Colour with every Plant that it approaches, so the Wise Man adapts himself to the several Humours and Inclinations of those he *Converses* with.

'Tis a great Misfortune for a Man either to want *Wit* to speak well, or *Discretion* to hold his Tongue. This is the Spring of all *Impertinence*.

The Pleasure of *Society* and *Conversation* betwixt Friends, is entertain'd by a Similitude of Manners, and a little difference of Opinions in the *Sciences*. By this it is that a Man either confirms and pleases himself in his own Sentiments ; or exercises, and instructs himself by the Dispute.

* We meet with many dangerous *Civilities* in the World, wherein 'tis a hard matter for a Man to save both his Skin, and his Credit. 'Tis a difficult Point to hit the true *Medium*, betwixt Trusting too much and too little, for fear of incurring a Danger on the one hand, or giving a Scandal on the other. *Complements* are only Words of Course ;
and

and though one external Civility may be current Payment for another, yet a Man would be loath to venture his *All* upon a Figure of Speech, where the meaning is so nicely divided betwixt Jest and Earnest. 'Tis a base thing to suspect a Friend, or an Honest Man : Nay, 'tis a base thing to suspect any Man that looks like one, so as to wound him; that is, either in Word or in Thought. But then 'tis Death, perhaps, to be impos'd upon by an Hypocrite under that Masque : So that the Character of a Wise Man lies at Stake upon matter of Judgment one way, and of a Good-natur'd Man the other. The middle Course is to hide our Distrust where we are doubtful, and to be free and open where we may be secure. There is no living without trusting some body or other, in some Cases, or at some time or other; but then, if People be not Cautious whom, when, or wherein they trust, the Mistake may be Mortal; for there must be somewhat of a Trust to make way for a Treachery, since no Man can be betray'd, that does not either believe, or seem to believe.

Politeness, or Good-breeding, does not always inspire a Man with Humanity, Injustice, Complaisance and Gratitude, but yet it gives him the outside of those Vertues, and makes him, in appearance, what he should be in reality.

Politeness may be defined a dextrous management of our Words and Actions, whereby we make other People have better Opinion of us and themselves.

As to the practice of this Accomplishment, it is not to be stated or determin'd by Rules: for it wholly depends upon Usage and Custom, and varies according to the difference of Place, Time, Per-

Persons, Sex and Condition. *Wit* is not sufficient by it self to bring us acquainted with it, but it may be a good help to us in the imitating and perfecting of the same.

'Tis an unpardonable Solecism in Good Breeding, for a Man when he desires some of the Company he is in, either to Sing, or Play on some Musical Instrument, highly to commend another that has an Excellent Talent that Way; and likewise it is a kind of Side-wind Satyr, the talking too much to the Praise of *Dryden*, whilst *R——* is a reading his Doggrel.

A Man of great Parts, and Eminent Virtues, may sometimes be intolerably Nauseous; that is, if he neglects too much the outward Forms of *Civility*, and *Good Breeding*; for tho' these be but Trifles, in Comparison of his other Qualifications, yet they are such as make the World pass their final Verdict, either *Pro* or *Con*, in the Character of a Man; a small application to the Study of them, will prepossess People in our Favour; for as a little matter serves to make us pass for Proud, Rude, Scornful, or Disobliging, so a Cap, or a Smile, perhaps, will serve to gain us the Reputation of the opposite Virtues.

The Knowledge of Courtesie, and good Manners, is a very necessary Study; it is like Grace and Beauty, that which begets liking, and an inclination to love one another at the first sight, and in the beginning of an Acquaintance and Familiarity; and consequently that which first opens the door, and intromits us to better our selves by the Example of others, if there be any thing in their Society worth taking notice of. But we must
*
take

take care not to be Rude and Troublesom by being over-Civil.

How comes it to pass, that *Alcippus* Salutes me to day, Smiles upon me, and almost throws himself out of a Charior, for fear of missing me? My Fortune is but indifferent, I trudge it on Foot, and so according to the Rules of our Modern Breeding, he ought not to have seen me, but he did it perhaps, to be seen himself with a Lord.

• It is one of the most nauseous maukish Mortifications under the Sun, for a Man of Sense and Business, to have to do with a punctual finical Fop, that is too too Mannerly, and does every thing forsooth by Rule and Compass, especially where his Quality, Relation, or Authority entitles him to Respect.

Of the Court, and Courtiers.

MAny Men at Court are like those Trees grown up in some obscure Place, and thence transplanted into fine Gardens, where they surprize by their bigness and hight, those who knew neither their first Rise, nor Growth and Progress.

The People are often presented with agreeable Entertainments, and see upon the Stage of the World, those Men come to a Tragical End, who have been the odious Instruments of their Miseries, in the several Parts they have acted.

'Tis in one sense the most Honourable Fault we can find in a Man, *his being a Stranger at Court.*

There are no Vertues that are not wrapt up in that Sentence.

† Courtiers cannot be too cautious, 'tis difficult to rise, 'tis slippery to stand, but deadly to fall.

A Man, tho' never so Conceited, finds himself *Little at Court*: But it is one Comfort, that the Disease is general; and those who are *Great* in other Places, are little there, as well as other People.

The Prince gives to the *Great-Ones* at Court, an Air of State, Pride, and Mastery, for them to retail to their Inferiors. They are the very Apes of a King, and pay him a great Veneration and Respect, because they expect the same from other People.

A Man is never Impudent by Choice, but by Complexion; it is a Vice to be so but then 'tis a Natural one, and by Consequence, he that is not born Impudent, must of necessity be Modest, and can hardly pass from one of these Extreames to the other. Therefore 'tis a very unprofitable Counsel to say to a Man, *Be but Impudent, and you'll certainly succeed*: A forc'd Imitation would make him Miscarry. Upon the whole matter nothing goes a greater way toward the making of one's Fortune at Court, than the true and natural *Impudence*.

There must be Knaves at Court with the Great ones and Prime Ministers, tho' never so well affected; but then 'tis a nice point, dextrously to manage and Improve them to advantage. There are occasions where none but they can serve a Prince's Turn. Honour, Vertue, Conscience, are indeed fair and Valuable at all times, but very often

ten unprofitable and useless Qualities. What is a Man of Honour good for upon some Exigencies?

Of all those who flock to Court and crowd a Prince's Anti-chamber, there are but a Few who truly Honour and Reverence him in their Hearts. A great number pay him their Attendance out of Ambition, or Interest, but a greater still out of a ridiculous Vanity, or foolish Impatience of being seen at Court.

If we consider how the Looks of the Prince, is the only Felicity of a Courtier, who makes it still his whole application and study to see him, and be seen by him. We will in some measure understand how the sight of God will make all the Glory and Happiness of the Blessed.

You depend for a Concern no less just than of great Importance, upon the mutual Agreement of two Courtiers, one of them tells you, I agree to it with all my Heart, provided he may have such a one's Consent. And this, tells you, he'll not be against it, if he can but be assured by word of Mouth, of the Intentions of the other; and so they keep you upon the Tenters whole Months and Years in a course of useless pursuits. I am at my Wits end, say you, and cannot imagine how it can be so difficult, to bring two Persons together — I understand the whole Business, and dare confidently assure you, that they have been together already.

He that solicits an Employment for another, does it with the Confidence of one that demands Justice; but he who acts any thing for himself, speaks with the Confusion and Trouble of one that begs a Pardon.

There are occasions at Court, where Plain-dealing and Simplicity, are the best Game a Man can play.

If you be in Favour any Conduct will succeed with you, you'll never be guilty of any Faults, all manner of ways will bring you to your Mark, otherwise, all things will fall cross to you; every inconsiderable slip will be aggravated into an unpardonable Fault, every Path will lead you wide of your Aim.

If a Man that lives at Court, do not caution himself against the Snares that are continually laid to turn him into Ridicule, he will often wonder how a Man of much Wit, can be a Laughing-stock to Fools.

A Man that has lived a considerable time in the stir and bustle of Court Intrigues, can never be happy any where else; any other sort of Life is dull and languishing to him.

It goes against the grain with a Man of Parts and Merit, to be a constant and close *Courtier*, tho' out of a consideration very different from that which the World generally thinks. He has as much Honour and Veneration for his Prince as any of those who crowd his Antichamber, but he is too modest to believe he does him any Good, by making a Leg, or presenting him with his Face as he goes by; He is rather apt to think that he importunes him, and has need of all the Reasons he can draw, either from Custom or his Duty, to resolve to go to Court. On the contrary, a Self-conceited vain Fop finds a Pleasure in shewing himself, and makes his Court with the more Confidence; that he fancies that the Great ones have as good an Opinion of his Person, as he himself has.

* 'Tis a Court Master-piece, to draw Chestnuts out of the Fire with other People's Fingers, and to Complement a Man into a post of Honour, on purpose to have him Knock'd o'th Head in't.

There

There is nothing at *Court*, but a perpetual Commerce and Exchange of false Friendship, pretended Honesty, seeming Confidence, and affected Gratitude. And that Man who gives *Realities* instead of *Shows*, professes himself, and is accounted as great a Bubble, as one that gives good Money, where Counterfeit passes for current Payment.

Those who have lived and have been Great at *Court*, do often think they wish to Retire, when there is no such thing; and in truth, they seldom retire, but when they cannot stay; just as Gamesters throw away the Dice, when they have no Money left to play on.

The Contempt of *Favourites* is nothing else but the love of *Favour*: The vexation we resent for our being excluded, is in some measure softened and allay'd, by undervaluing those that are in Possession. And we deny to pay them our Respects, not being able to take that away from them, which makes them respected by all the World besides.

The *Court* is the *Imperial Seat of Ambition*; all other *Passions*, even *Love* it self, and all *Laws* truckle under her; and there are no sorts of Unions, but she can both knit together, or separate.

There are few *Courtiers*, but what suffer a Change in their Reputation twice a Year, either by the fickleness and instability of other Men's Opinions, or the diversity of their own Conduct.

A *Favourite* will sooner find an *Adorer*, than a true *Friend*.

There are few *Favourites* that keep in Favour to the last; either because *Princes* grow weary of their *Favourites* when they have nothing to bestow on them: Or that *Favourites* themselves grow weary

weary of the *Court* when they expect nothing more from it.

Courts would soon be turned in *Desarts*, and *Kings* left by themselves, if men were once rid of *Vanity* and Interest; but most People are contented to be Slaves at *Court*, so they may domineer elsewhere.

There is no other Study, but how to please in the *Court* of Princes; because there a Man makes his Fortune by rendring himself agreeable; Hence it comes that *Courtiers* are so polish'd. On the contrary, in Towns and Republicks, where Men manage their Affairs by Labour, the last of their Cares is to Please, and 'tis that which renders them so Clownish.

The Wheels, the Springs, the Movements, all is hidden in a *Watch*, and nothing to be seen except the Needle, which insensibly goes round. This is the *Image* of a *Courtier*, and so much the truer, that after many fair-steps, he often returns to the same point from whence he first set out.

If *Favour* places a Man above his Equals, his Fall places him below them.

That Man that has seen the *Court*, has seen the fairest and beautifullest part of the World; and if he can dispise the *Court* after he has seen it, he can as well despise all the World.

The Town makes a Man nauseat the Country; the *Court* creates a disgust for the Town. The *Court* it self puts a Wise Man out of conceit with it, and gives him a hankering after Privacy and Retirement.

A Favourite has no *Retinue*; he is without Engagements, without Ties: He may be surrounded with a crowd of Relations and Creatures, but he is contiguous to nothing, he stands by himself.

An old *Courtier* of good Sense and Memory, is a Treasure of an inestimable Value. He is full of Transactions and Maxims; in him we find the History of the Times, adorned with many Curious Circumstances, not to be found any where else; and of him we may learn Rules for the Conduct of our Affairs and Manners, which are so much the surer, as they are grounded on Experience.

It is as hard to define the *Court*, as to give a true Name to changeable Colours.

The *Country* is the Place from whence the *Court*, as in its true distance, appears a thing, full of Charms, and worth our Admiration, But if a Man come near it, its Perfections decrease, just as those of a fine *Landscape*, when you behold it at a close view.

The *Court* does neither make a Man happy, nor suffer him to be so elsewhere.

As it is good for a Gentleman to *Travel*, so it is to see the *Court*, when he first comes to it, he discovers there, as it were, a new World, where *Vice* and *Politeness* have an equal sway, and where a Man advantageously improves both good and bad *Qualities*.

The *Court* is like a stately Edifice, of Marble, I mean, because those that compose it, are very hard, but very well Polish'd.

Nothing so deforms certain *Courtiers*, as the Presence of the Prince; it so alters their Air, and debases their Looks, that a Man can scarce know them by their Faces. Proud Insolent Men are the most disfigur'd, for they lose most of their own; but a modest Man keeps his natural Countenance; he has nothing to reform.

It is oftentimes as dangerous to make the first steps at *Court*, as it is not to make them.

You are a *Good Man*, you neither court the Favour, nor the Resentments of *Favourites*; you mind your own Business, and wholly apply yourself to your *Prince* and *Duty*. — Mark my Prophecy, *You are undone*.

As difficult as it is to get a considerable Place at *Court*, it is much harder yet, to make one's self worthy of it.

It is hard to determine which of the two is the greater shame, either to be deny'd a Place we deserve, or granted one we deserve not.

* Courtiers generally pay Services with Smoak and fair Words, and use a World of unprofitable Ceremony to mortifie an honest Man.

Courage, and Cowardise.

THE Love of Honour and Glory, the fear of Shame, the design of promoting an Interest, the desire of making Life easie and comfortable, and the longing of pulling down others, are oftentimes the causes of that *Valour*, so much extoll'd in the World.

† A Man may be an experienc'd Warriour without being a Valiant Man.

Valour in private *Soldiers*, is a hazardous Trade, to which they have bound themselves to get a Lively hood.

Perfect *Valour*, and absolute *Cowardice*, are Extreams that few Men fall into. The vast middle space contains all the other kinds and degrees of

Cou-

Courage, which differ no less from one another, than Men's Faces or their Humours. Some Men are Valiant even to *Temerity*, in the beginning of an *Action*, that are easily disheartned and dejected, if it continue: Some satisfy themselves with having done what was necessary to maintain their *Honour* and *Reputation*, and will hardly be prevail'd upon to do any thing besides: Some have the command of their *Fears*, and Master them only by Intervals: Others are sometimes carried away by general *Terrors*: Others throw themselves into the *Action*, not daring to maintain their own Post: The *Courage* of some has been inur'd and harden'd against great *Dangers*, by their Habit and Familiarity with small ones: Some are valiant with a *Sword*, that fear a *Musket-Shot*; and others are unconcern'd at the discharge of a *Musket*, and frightened at the sight of a naked *Sword*. All these different sorts of *Courage* agree in this, that night as it encreases the *Fear*, so it conceals both brave and base *Actions*, and gives every body opportunity of saving himself. There is still another more general Tendernefs of a Man's self, for you meet with no body that does as much as he would be capable to do, if he was but sure to come off safe: So that it is very plain, that let a Man be never so *Stout*, yet the fear of *Death* does certainly give some damp to his *Courage*.

True *Valour* consists in doing without Witnesses, what a Man is capable to do before all the World.

Intrepidity is an extraordinary Strength of *Mind*, which raises us above the Troubles and Perturbations which the Prospect of *Dangers* is apt to produce: And by this strength it is, that *Heroes* remain undisturbed, and preserve the free use of their

their Reason, amidst the most amazing and terrible Accidents.

Intrepidity is requisite to buoy up the Mind in *Plots and Conspiracies*; but *Valour* is alone sufficient to give a Man constancy of Mind in honourable Actions, and the hazards of War.

Most Men expose themselves enough in an Engagement to secure their *Honour*; but very few are willing to expose themselves so far as the Design they go upon requires, to render it successful.

Men are as fond of their Lives, as desirous of getting Honour, which is the Reason why Men of *Gallantry* use as many dextrous Shifts and Stratagems to decline *Death*, as your *Litigious Knaves* do to secure their Estates.

He cannot answer for his own *Courage*, who has never been in any Danger.

Cowardice is a dangerous *Failing* to tell those of, that we would reclaim from.

Valour was assign'd to Men, and *Chastity* to Women, as their principal Virtues, because they are the hardest to practice: When these Virtues are not sustain'd, and kept up, either by Constitution or *Divine Grace*, they soon grow faint, and fall presently a Sacrifice to the love of *Life and Pleasure*.

If a Man would define *Victory*, he must be tempted to call her with the Poets, *The Daughter of Heaven*; since her Original is not to be found upon Earth: And indeed it is the Effect of a thousand Actions, which instead of aiming at it, have no other Prospect than the particular *Interest* of each Combatant. For all those that make up an *Army* seeking their own Honour and Preferment, procure so great and so universal a *Good*.

Cowards can never be fit for great Undertakings:
Their

Their easie belief of Dangers, suppresses their best form'd Designs, and so confounds their Judgments that imaginary Suspensions pass with them for real Obstacles.

Of all Enemies those of a *Cowardly* Temper are most to be feared; their want of *Courage*, makes 'em use private Revenges and Treacheries, when a Valiant Man attacks you openly, and gives you warning that you may stand upon your Guard.

Cowards are of all Men the most Distrustful, Credulous and Cruel. Their fearful Constitution makes them apprehensive of imaginary Dangers, and Enemies: and puts them upon revenging Plots and Conspiracies, which have oftentimes no reality, but in their wounded Fancy.

* *Courage*, without the softness of Humane Courtesie and Candor, is but a savage and outrageous Brutality.

* Let the Numbers be what they will, that *Army* is ever beaten where the *fright* first enters.

* Natural *Infirmities*, are well nigh insuperable; and Men that are *Cowards* by Complexion, are hardly to be made Valiant by Discourse: But they are conscious yet of the Scandal of that Weakness, and may make a shift, perhaps, to reason themselves now and then into a kind of temporary Resolution, which they have not the Power afterwards to go through with.

The Law of Resolution and Constancy, does not imply that we ought not as much as in us lies to decline and to secure our selves from the Mischiefs and Inconveniencies that threaten us; nor consequently that we shall not fear, lest they should Surprize us: On the contrary, all honest ways and means of securing our selves from Harms, are not only permitted, but moreover Commendable

mendable, and the Business of Constancy chiefly is, bravely to stand to, and stoutly to suffer those Inconveniencies which are not otherwise possible to be avoided.

Valour has its Bounds as well as other Vertues, which once transgress'd, the next Step is into the Territories of Vice : So that by having too large a proportion of this Heroic Vertue, unless a Man be very perfect in its Limits, he may very easily unawares run into Temerity, Obstinacy and Folly.

The effects of *Courage* and of *Fear* are no less different than the Rewards of both are just ; the first, which seeks Dangers, often avoids them ; the others often runs into them, by endeavouring to escape them.

* The Advantages of Time and Place are enough to make a Poltron Valiant. There's nothing so Courageous as a Coward if you put him out of Danger.

* Many a Bragging Coxcomb is ruin'd by a mistake of Fear in an Enemy, and a fancy of Courage in himself.

Constancy, Inconstancy,

Constancy in Love is generally a perpetual *Inconstancy*, which fixes our Hearts to all the Accomplishments of the Party beloved successively ; sometimes admiring one, sometimes another : So that this *Constancy* is no better than a fickle Humour settled, if I may so speak, and confin'd within the compass of one Person.

Constancy in Love, is of two sorts: One proceeds from

from the discovery of new Perfections, in those we Love ; the other from a point of Honour, and a taking a Pride in being *Constant*.

There is an *Inconstancy* that proceeds from an unsettled *Judgment*, a natural Levity and Weakness, that espouses all Opinions as they come, and thinks as other People think ; and there is another much more excusable, that arises from a dislike and disapproving of the things themselves.

The Violence some Men use upon themselves to be *Constant* to what they Love, is little better than *Inconstancy*.

There is no reason to reproach *Inconstancy*, as a great Crime ; it is no more in the Power of certain Persons to love, or not to love, than to be in health, or out of order. All that one can reasonably demand from fickle Persons, is ingeniously to acknowledge their Levity, and not to add *Treachery* to *Inconstancy*.

† How shall we know what will please us to-morrow, when we know not what will please us next Minute.

It is ordinary with some to exclaim against *Inconstancy*, and to decry those that desert them ; when at the same time, they are glad to have an Example of Change : For it happens but too often, that the best establish'd *Friendships*, the most strict *Confidences* insensibly slacken ; then we seek a Quarrel, we seem to be angry, to the end of finding some pretence to set our selves at Liberty.

Constancy, Resolution.

THE *Constancy* of *Philosophers* is often nothing else, but the knack of concealing their secret Resentments and Perturbations.

† To

† To be not deny'd, we must resolve not to be deny'd.

† Fortune laughs at weak endeavours, and the small Opinion we have of our own Merit, justifies others thinking but very indifferently of us.

We often fancy to be *Constant* and *Patient* in our Misfortunes, when we are truly dejected and cast down : We suffer without daring to hold up our Heads, just as *Cowards* let themselves be knock'd o'th' Head, because they have not Courage enough to strike again.

No Man can be truly *Good* and *Sweet-Natur'd*, without *Constancy* and *Resolution* ; They that seem to be so, have commonly an *Easiness* that quickly turns peevish and sowre.

Constancy or Resistance in Misfortunes, is only dwelling longer upon our Miseries ; it appears the most amiable Vertue to those who are under no Afflictions, but is truly a new load to such as are.

Crimes, Ills, Harm.

SOME *Crimes* not only pass for Innocent, but also get *Honour* and *Renown*, by being committed, with more *Pomp*, by a greater *Number*, and in a higher degree of Wickedness than others. Thus publick *Robberies* and *Plunderings* are stil'd *Noble Achievements* ; and the *Usurping* whole Countries, is dignified with the Glorious Title of gaining *Conquests*.

We easily forget our *Faults*, when no body takes notice of them.

Some Men are so *Good*, that one cannot fairly believe any thing *Ill* of them, without the demonstration of seeing it our selves : But never any
were

were so *Good*, that we should be astonish'd when we do see it.

Those that find no disposition in themselves to be guilty of great *Faults*, are not apt upon slight Grounds to suspect others of them.

Our *Repentances* are generally not so much a *Concern* and *Remorse* for the *Ills* we have done; as a dread of those we are in danger of suffering.

Innocence does not find near so much Protection as *Guilt*.

The *Ill* we do, never brings so much Hatred and Persecution upon us, as our good *Qualities*.

Men frequently do *Good*, only to get an opportunity of doing *ill*, with greater Security.

It is safer to do some Men *Hurt*, than to do them too much *Good*.

No Man can be truly *Good*, but such as are in a Station, that gives them the Power of Revenging the Wrongs that are done them.

* Reason and Conscience are so Sacred that the greatest Villanies are still Countenanced under that Cloak and Colour.

Quarrels would never last long, were the *Wrong* only of one side.

Some *Heroes* have been accounted so for being greatly *Ill*, no less than others for being greatly *Good*.

We often forgive those that have *injur'd* us, but we can never Pardon those we have *injur'd*,

There are but few Men wise enough to know all the Mischief they do.

The *Violences* we commit upon our selves, are oftentimes more painful, than those which other People use towards us.

There are some Mischievous Men in the World, that would not be able to do half so much hurt, if they had no Goodness at all.

No-

Nothing more discredits the Violence of Wicked Men, than the Moderation of the Good ; and Persecutors never become more odious, than by the Wisdom of those whom they Persecute.

Innocence is no Protection against the Arbitrary Cruelty of a Tyrannical Power : For accusing is proving, where Malice and Force are join'd in the Prosecution : Arguments then are but foolish Things, nay, the very Merits, Virtues, and good Offices of the Person accus'd, are improved to his Condemnation.

CUSTOM.

* *C*ustom is the Plague of *Wise Men*, and the Idol of *Fools*.

There is no Life so regular, where particular Actions don't sometimes exceed the general Habit and Conduct.

* Men's Thoughts are much according to their Inclinations ; their Discourse and Speech is according to their Learning and Infused Opinions ; but their Deeds are after, as they have been accustom'd.

Custom is a violent and treacherous School Mistress, she by little and little, slyly, and unperceived, slips in the Foot of her Authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of Time, fix'd and establish'd it ; she then Unmasks a Furious and Tyrannick Countenance, against which we have no more the Courage, or the Power so much as to lift up our Eyes.

Our greatest Vices derive their first Propensity from our most tender Infancy, and our principal Education depends upon the Nurse. Yet such Wise Fathers there are in the World, who look
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upon

upon it as a notable mark of a Martial Spirit, when they hear their Sons mis-call, or see them domineer over a poor Peasant, or a Lacquey, that dares not reply nor turn again; and a great sign of Wit, when they see them Cheat and Over-reach their Play-fellows, by some Malicious Trick of Treachery and Deceit; not considering that these are the true Seeds of Cruelty, Tyranny and Treason; They bud and put out there, and afterwards shoot up vigorously, and grow to a prodigious Bulk and Stature, being cultivated and improved by Custom. Therefore, it is a very dangerous Mistake to excuse these vile Inclinations, upon the Tenderness of their Age, and the Trivialness of the Subject.

The Laws of Conscience, which we pretend to be derived from Nature, proceed from *Custom*, every one having an inward Veneration for the Opinions and Manners approved and received amongst his own People; and he cannot without very great Reluctancy, depart from them, nor apply himself to them without applause. The Common Fancies that we find in Repute every where about us, and infus'd in our Minds with the Seed of our Fathers, appear to be most Universal and Genuine. From whence it comes to pass, that whatever is off the Hinge of Custom, is believed also to be off the Hinges of Reason.

Cunning, Tricks, Shifts, Treachery.

THe subtilest *Fetch* and *Disimulation*, is to pretend being caught; for a Man is never so easily over-reach'd, as when he is thinking to over-reach others.

The most *Cunning* Men pretend to blame *Trick-ing*, that they may use it with more security them-

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selves

selves upon some greater Occasion or Interest.

Frequent *Cunnings* and *Fetches*, argue a shallow little *Wit*; and it generally falls out, that he that conceals himself in one *Instance*, betrays himself as much by it in another.

Those that have been over reach'd by some of our *Tricks*, do not seem near so foolish and ridiculous to us, as we our selves are in our own Opinion, when thy have been to *Cunning* for us.

It is very hard to determine whether an Universal Goodness shew'd to all the World, without distinction, be the Effect of *Good-Nature*, or great *Cunning* and *Address*.

Lyes, *Artifices* and *Tricks*, are as sure Marks of a low and poor Spirit, as false Money is of a poor and low *Purse*.

* There is not a greater *Pest* in Humane Society, than a Perverse Craft, under the Mask of Simplicity.

* 'Tis a good Discretion when a Body has to do with an Adversary, that is either too Crafty, or too strong for him, to turn him off to his March; but it would be a cleaverer way yet, to encounter the Stratagem, and to defeat one Sham with another.

'Tis a fair step in *Cunning* and *Subtility*, the possessing of other People with the belief that we are but indifferently *Cunning*.

Cunning is neither a very good nor a very bad *Quality*: it floats, if I may so speak, betwixt *Vertue* and *Vice*: And upon all occasions it may, nay, perhaps it ought to be improved by *Prudence*.

Cunning is the nearer occasion of *Cheat*; from one to the other, there is but one step, and a slippery one too, I mean a *Lye*; if a Man adds this to *Cunning*, he makes it an *Imposture*.

With those who out of *Cunning* hearken all, and speak little, the best Method is either to speak
little,

little, or to speak very much, and say little.

* There is nothing looks sillier than a *Crafty Knave* out-witted, and beaten at his own play.

* There is no trusting to the fair Words of those that have both an Interest and an Inclination to destroy us; especially when the Design is carried on under the Mask of a Friendly Office. It is but reasonable to oppose Art to Art, and where we suspect false Play, to encounter one Trick with another; provided always that it be manag'd without breach of Faith, and within the Compass of Honour, Honesty, and good Manners.

* Of all scandalous and lew'd Offices, *Treachery* is certainly the basest; 'tis a Sin against common Faith, Honour and Society; a Villany in short, that's never to be approv'd how convenient soever it is in some Cases to be made use of.

All Traytors are Mercenaries; and whoever betrays one Master for Advantage, will betray another for a better Price.

Calumny, Detraction, Slander, Tale-bearers.

THe while a Man lives, let him be ever so Eminent, there is still room for Ill-nature and Jealousie, to represent things, and to suspect that something lies hid under the fairest appearances, which may shew itself in due time; all that goes off, when one has finish'd his Course; so that all appears to be of a piece, and that he has died, as he has lived.

* It is a part of Prudence, not to sink under the impression of an ill Report, provided there be Integrity and Innocence to support that firmness of Mind.

A Wise Man will not make his Life precarious, he stands or falls to his own Conscience, and leaves the World to take its course. 'Tis the Novelty not the Quality of Things that sets People a gaping and Gazing at them; but when they come once to be Familiar, the Wonder goes off, and Men return to their Wits again.

* It is not in the Power of Calumny and Envy, to blast the Dignity of a Wise and Honest Man. The Principles of Good and Evil, are as firm as the Foundations of the Earth, and never had any Man Living, the Face yet to make an open profession of Wickedness in its own Name. Not but that Men of Vicious Lives and Conversations, have found out ways of imposing their Corruptions and Infirmities upon the World for Vertues, and under false Simblances and Colours. But there's no Man all the while, that sets up for a Knave or a Coxcomb in direct Terms. Now the Mystery of the Cheat, lies in the artificial disguising of one thing for another, and in making Evil pass for Good, and Good for Evil: As every Vertue has its bordering Vice, and every Vice its bordering Vertue: So that the Presence is fair still, let the Practice be never so foul, and Men will be trying to bring down the Rule to the Error, where they cannot reconcile the Error to the Rule. When People have once inverted the measures of Moral Equity and Natural Reason, and brought the Question of Right or Wrong so far as in them lies, to a false Standard, there follows in course an envious Malevolence upon the Opposition. As for Example: A Fool naturally hates a Philosopher, A Debauchee does as naturally hate a Man of good Government and Moderation. But still a Man of Honour and Integrity, shines on, like the Sun in the Firmament, unconcern'd, and continues his Course.

* All

* All Men revenge themselves of an Evil speaker, by speaking Evil of him: And seeing he is alone, he'll be sooner overcome than the others, who are numerous, can be Convicted. A Detracter is eternally hated, and if sometimes Great Men converse with him, it is more out of Pleasure to hear his Satyrs, than for any Esteem they have of him.

'Tis a pitiful sneaking sort of Life, that of a *Back-biter*, always to be pecking at, and feeding upon the Imperfections of others.

† We are all angry at Backbiting, yet every Body is more or less Subject to it.

Generally speaking, it were a good Bargain, to renounce all that *Good*, Men can say of us, upon Condition they would say no *Ill*.

Too tender a Sence of what other People say *ill* of us, does but entertain the *Malice* of the *World*, which desires no more but that it may disturb us.

† There is no sufficient Court of Judicature against the Venom of Slander, for though you punish the Author, yet you cannot wipe off the Calumny.

The absolute want of such a Sense, so as to be moved at nothing they say, is a contrary Extream, that produces the same Effect. This is such a sort of Contempt, as the *World* is concerned to Revenge it self upon.

There is a middle State and Temper to be found between these two Extreams; which inclines the *World* to make Allowances for some Actions in one Man, which yet they condemn without any Mercy in others. This makes the mighty difference between *Ladies*, that yet have taken the same Liberties; so that some are run down, and it is scandalous to be seen in their Company; and others are esteem'd as Chast as *Nuns*, and no Reflections cast upon them.

We speak *ill* of other People; generally not so much out of *Malice* as *Pride*.

† Nothing fixes Calumny so deep as the natural aversion we have to another's Virtue.

I hear so very ill a Character of such a Man, and I find him so very good, that I am apt to think that he has some troublesome *Merit* that drowns that of other People.

A Wise Man ought not to be concern'd at what is said against him; for if what they say of us be true, it is our Business rather to correct our selves, than for others to contain themselves. If what is said of us be false, so soon as we shall shew a Concern at it, we make it suspected for Truth. The contempt of such Discourses, discredits them, and takes away the Pleasure from those that make them.

* There is hardly such another Pest in a Commonwealth, as a Consort of Parasites, that feed Governors with false Representations and Reports of Men and Things: They first betray their Masters to Dishonour and Ruine, and then when they find the Vessel sinking, save themselves in the Long-Boat

Busie-Bodies and Intermedlers, are a dangerous sort of People to have to do withal; for there's no Mischief that may not be wrought by the craft and manage of a Double Tongue, with a foolish Credulity to work upon. There's hardly a greater Pest to Government, Conversation, the Peace of Societies, Relations, and Families, than officious Tale-bearers, Whisperers, and busie Intermedlers: These Pick-Thanks are enough to set Mankind together by the Ears: they live upon Calumny and Slander, and cover themselves too, under the Seal of Secrecy and Friendship. The Sin of Traducing is Diabolical, according to the very Letter; and if the Office be artificially manag'd, 'tis enough to put the

the whole World into a Flame, and no body the wiser which way it came. The Mischief may be promoted by Misrepresenting, Misunderstanding, or Misinterpreting our Neighbours Thoughts, Words and Deeds ; and no Wound so mortal as that where the Poyson Works under a pretence of Kindness: Nay, there are ways of Commendation and Insinuation, of Affection and Esteem, that kill a Man as sure as a Gun. This Practice is the bane of all Trust, and it is as frequent in the Intrigues of Courts and States, as in the most ordinary Accidents of Life. 'Tis enough to break the Neck of all Honest Purposes, to suppress all Generous and publick spirited Motions, and to stifle all Honourable Inclinations in the very Conception. But next to the Practice of these lewd Offices, deliver all Honest Men from lying at the Mercy of those that encourage and entertain them.

Designs, Undertakings, Success.

† **A** Man has rarely Success that is diffident of himself.

He that minds and busies himself about small *Interests*, becomes usually unfit for great *Undertakings*.

Though an Action appear never so bright and glorious in its self, it is not to be accounted great, if it be not the effect of *Wisdom* and *Design*.

Great Men's Honour ought always to be rated by the Methods they employ, to carry on and accomplish their *Designs*.

A Wise Man should order his *Designs*, and set all his *Interests* in their proper places. This Order is often disturb'd by a foolish *Greediness*, which while it

Puts us upon pursuing several things at once, makes us eager for matters of less Consideration ; and we let the Main go, while we grasp at the Accessories.

There must be a true *Proportion* of the *Actions* to the *Designs*, without which, it is impossible for a Man to gain his Ends.

There are a World of *Proceedings* that appear odd and ridiculous, which yet are grounded upon secret *Reasons*, that are very solid and substantial.

It is hard to determine, whether a clear, open and honourable *Proceeding*, be the result of good *Principles*, or subtil *Craft* and *Address*.

It is with some *Affairs*, as it is with most Diseases ; they are rather sown'd and exasperated, than allay'd by untimely *Remedies*: And the height of Skill and Wisdom, is to know when they can bear the *Handling*.

There are but very few things impossible in their own Nature ; and we want not *Means* to conquer *Difficulties*, so much as *Application* and *Resolution* in the use of means.

The dislike we commonly have of *Negotiators*, (or *Arbitrators*) arises from their being generally apt to sacrifice all the *Interest* of their *Friends*, for the advancing and bringing about their *Negotiation*, which they make their own *Interest* by the Credit of having succeeded in their *Undertakings*.

It is generally in matters of no great moment, where we venture not to believe *Probabilities*.

We should desire very few things *passionately*, if we did but perfectly know the *Nature* of the thing we desire.

In great *Undertakings*, the improving of *Opportunities* goes a greater way than the starting of them.

No Commendations are thought too great for *Prudence*: And yet the highest pitch of it, cannot ensure a Man the most inconsiderable *Event*.

We should often *blush* for our best *Actions*, if the World did but see all the *Motives* upon which they were grounded.

Good Success is often owing to want of Judgment, for a nice *Discretion* keeps a Man from venturing upon several Attempts, which meer want of Consideration makes frequently turn to good account.

Our *Actions* are like the last Syllables of *Words*, which every Man makes Rhime to what he thinks fit.

We execute *slowly* what we resolve upon *unwillingly*.

Any thing that is extraordinary, looks *great*, if the *Success* be favourable; as every thing that's *great* looks *foolish*, if the *Success* be contrary.

There is a Critical Point in the *declining* of all *States*, where their Ruin, would be unavoidable, if one knew how easie it were to destroy them; but for want of fore-sight clear enough, or a sufficient Courage, Men are content with a little, when they might do more, making either the *Meanness* of *Spirit*, or the want of *Greatness* in the *Soul*, pass for *Prudence*.

Whatever we undertake, we must propose to our thoughts some great and extraordinary aim, and even such as is above our reach: For we could hardly be perswaded to begin our Journey, if we were sure to go no farther than we really shall.

* There is not any thing so small, but there goes Art and Application toward the acquiring of it.

* 'Tis of mighty Use to Men in any great and daring *Attempt*, to have their Followers and others think, there is *Destiny* in their behalf; that they
are

are God's Instruments, only accomplishing what he has long design'd they should; this renders them both most violent in their Motions, and incurable either by any Admonitions, or even almost by any Unsuccessfulness or Discouragements.

* Any thing is a good *Reason* for a *Way* to him who before hand is resolv'd to take it; he blames or commends, condemns or justifies, as a corrupt *Party*, not as an equal *Judge*. *Self-love* steers all its Determinations: and following all its Windings, it is never true to the reality of the thing, but to its own concern therein; which being differently affected by any ways, at different Times, it accordingly either applauds or decrys them, and has a Judgment of them when they are in *our own Case*, and another when they are in our *Neighbours*.

Experience makes many a Wise Man of a Fool; and *Security* makes many a Fool of a Wise Man.

* There's no forcing *Nature* against her Biass, or inverting the Methods of Providence. Irregular Desires and unreasonable Undertakings, must expect to meet with Disappointments: There is a proper Time for all Things, and nothing succeeds well, but what's done in Season.

* Hasty Resolutions are seldom Fortunate, and it is a piece of necessary Prudence for a Man, before he resolves any thing, to consider what may be the Consequences of it.

* 'Tis matter of Skill and Address, when a Man cannot honestly compass what he would be at, to appear easie and indifferent upon all Repulses and Disappointments. Beside, it improves all our Disappointments into Providences, when we can let fall the vain desire of any thing, without feeling the loss of it.

* *Improbability* and *Impossibility*, are two frightful Words to weaker Minds, but by diligent and wise Men, they are generally found, to be only the Excuses of *Idleness* and *Ignorance*. For the most part, they lie not in the things themselves, but in Men's false Opinions concerning them; they are rais'd by *Opinions*, but are soon abolish'd by *Works*. Many things that were at first improbable to the Minds of Men, are not so to their Eyes; many that seem'd unpracticable to their *Thoughts*, are quite otherwise to their *Hands*: Many that are too difficult for their naked Hands, may be soon perform'd by the same Hands if they are strengthen'd by *Instruments*, and guided by *Methods*: Many that are unmanageable by a few Hands, and a few Instruments, are easie to the joint-force of a Multitude: Many that fail in one *Age*, may succeed by the renew'd Endeavours of *another*. It is not therefore the conceit or fancy of Men alone, that is of sufficient Authority to condemn the most unlikely things for impossible, unless they have been attempted in vain by many *Eyes*, many *Hands*, many *Instruments*, and many *Ages*.

* The Errors of *Young Men* are the Ruin of Business; but the Errors of *Aged Men* amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. *Young Men*, in the Conduct and Management of Affairs, imbrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quit; fly to the end without Consideration of the Means and Degrees; pursue some few Principles, which they have chanc'd upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown *Inconveniencies*; use extream Remedies at first, and that which doubles all Errors, will not acknowledge or retract them. *Men of Age*, object

too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive Business home to the full Period, but content themselves with a Mediocrity of Success. Therefore it is good to compound Employments of both; for that will be good for the *Present*, because the Vertues of either Age, may correct the Defects of both; and good for *Succession*, that *Young Men* may be *Learners*, while *Old Men* are *Actors*.

Devotion, Religion, Hypocrisy, Church, Church-men.

* **R**eligion does improve the Understandings of Men, by subduing their Lusts, and moderating their Passions, which fully and darken their Minds, even by a natural Influence. Intemperance and Sensuality, and Fleshly Lusts, do debase Mens Minds, and clog their Spirits, make them gross and foul, listless and unactive; they sink us down into Sense, and glew us to these low and inferior things; like *Bird-lime*, they hamper and entangle our Souls, and hinder their Flight upwards; they indispose and unfit our Minds for the most noble and intellectual Considerations. So likewise the exorbitant Passions of Wrath and Malice, Envy and Revenge, do darken and distort the Understandings of Men, do tincture the Mind with false Colours, and fill it with Prejudice and undue apprehensions of things.

* There's no Corruption like Ecclesiastical Avarice; no Cruelty so merciless as that of a Debauch'd Churchman. 'Tis the Devil's Masterpiece to begin there; for he knows very well, that the scandalous

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Examples of Perfidious and an Apostate Clergy, are the ready way to bring the Holy Order of Priest-hood it self into Odium and Dilgrace.

* There never was found any pretended Conscientious Zeal, but it was always most certainly attended with a fierce Spirit of implacable Cruelty.

* No Treachery is so Mortal, as that which covers it self under the Mask of Sanctity.

Tho' the several Members of a Church may seem to compose but one Body, yet they have a particular Religion accommodated to every one's Temper, Humour, Inclination, Quality, and the Persons they Converse with.

* He that countenances, encourages, or abets Mischief, does it.

The Seditious Lawyer or Divine, kills no body with his own Hand, but by a false Gloss perhaps upon a Law, or a Text, he may cause Ten Thousand Swords to be drawn, without spilling one drop of Blood immediately himself. Shall any Man now, that wilfully and maliciously procures the cutting of whole Armies to pieces, set up for an Innocent? As if the Lives that were taken away by his instigation, were not to be charged upon his Account. He that covers Murder, Oppression, Sacrilege, Rebellion, with a Cloak of Statute and Scripture, makes God and Government effectually the Authors of the Wickedness: And those are the basest and worst of *Bravo's*, that employ *Journeymen Mercenaries* under them to do the Work. What is it, but to engage our Bibles and our Law Books in a Conspiracy against themselves? Shall he that gives Fire to the Train, pretend to wash his Hands of the Hurt that's done by the playing of the Mine? Humane Corruptions

ruptions are as catching as Powder ; as easily enflam'd, and the fire afterwards as hard to be quenched. That which a Man causes to be done, he does himself, and 'tis all a-case whither he does it by Practice, Precept, or Example. In a word, he that kindles the Passions of the Mobile, is answerable for the following Conflagration. When the Men of the long Robe have once Preach'd the People to Tinder, the least Spark sets them on fire, so that they have no more to do, than to inculcate the Doctrine of Disobedience, and so leave the Multitude to chew upon it. A *Trumpeter* in the *Pulpit*, is the very Emblem of a *Trumpeter* in the *Field*, only the *Spiritual Trumpeter* is the more Pernicious Instrument of the two ; for the latter serves only to rouse the Courage of the Soldiers, without any Doctrine of Application upon the Text ; whereas, the other Infuses Malice over and above, and Preaches Death and Damnation, both in one, and gives ye the very Chapter and Verse for't.

* Ther's nothing cuts Religion like Religion it self. Texts against Texts, and one Scripture made to fight against another ; insomuch, that the Rule of Faith is perverted into a Doctrine of Heresie and Schism ; and the Gospel of Peace is made a Voucher for Sedition and Rebellion.

There is a Circulation observ'd in the general Corruptions of Nations, sometimes Ignorance and Brutality overruns the World, that makes way for Superstition and Idolatry: When Mankind is disgusted with these, then Fantastical and Enthusiastical Principles, and under these Hypocritical Practices have their course; these being seen through, give great occasions to Prophaneness, and with that *Attheism*,
and

and a disbelief of all Religion, at least of all Reveald Religion, is nourished; And that is very easily receiv'd by depraved Minds, but very hardly rooted out of them: For tho' it is very easy to bear an enquiry into Things, out of all Speculative Atheism, yet when a disbelief of Sacred Matters, and a prophane Contempt of them, has once vitiated a Man's Mind, it is a very extraordinary thing, and next to Miraculous, to see such an one reduced.

It is with *Philosophy* in Matters of *Religion*, as with a sort of Corrosive Powders us'd by Surgeons, to eat up rotten mortified Flesh, and which if not cautiously applied, will corrode the Sound Parts themselves, and cariate the very Bones. Thus *Philosophy* is often of great use to detect and confute Errors, but if trusted too far, it will go near to overthrow all Revealed Religion. *Baile.*

† Whoever speaks against *Religion*, deserves to be torn in Pieces by the Mobb, whom he endeavours to *Unchain*.

“The *Hypocrite* hurts no Body but *himself*: The *Libertine*, the *whole Society*.

† Some People Preach and Pray themselves into Religion, as some Philosophers dispute themselves out of it.

* If a Divine designs to Edifie by his Sermons, concerning the Punishments of the other World, let him renounce his Lust, Pride, Avarice and Contentiousness; for whoever will make me believe a Danger, he must first shew me, that he is apprehensive of it himself.

* Nothing is more Natural, than for Extreame in Religion to beget one another, like the Vibrations of a *Pendulum*, which yet the more violently you
 fwing

Swing it one way, the farther it will return the other,

Hypocrisie is a great Wickedness, and very odious to God, but by no means of so pernicious Example as open *Prophaneness*.

* Hypocrisie is a more modest way of Sinning; it shews some Reverence to *Religion*, and does so far own the Worth and Excellency of it, as to acknowledge that it deserves to be Counterfeited: Whereas, *Prophaneness* declares openly against it, and endeavours to make a Party to drive it out of the World.

* Religion in a Magistrate strengthens his Authority, because it procures Veneration, and gains a Reputation to it. And in all the Affairs of this World, so much Reputation is indeed so much Power.

The Soul is capable of greater Joys in the Imagination, than any which Nature has provided for it in the Body.

* As the practice of all Piety and Vertue is agreeable to our Reason, so is it likewise for the Interest of Mankind, both of Private Persons, and of Publick Societies. Some Vertues plainly tend to the preservation of our Health, others to the improvement and security of our Estates; all to the Peace and Quiet of our Minds; and which is somewhat more strange, to the Advancement of our Esteem and Reputation. For tho' the World be generally Bad, and Men are apt to approve nothing so much as what they do themselves, yet I know not how it comes to pass, Men are commonly so just to Vertue and Goodness, as to praise it in others, even when they do not practice it themselves.

*

Curious

Curious Speculations and the Contemplation of things that are Impertinent to us, and do not concern us, nor serve to promote our Happiness, are but a more specious and Ingenious sort of Idleness, a more pardonable and creditable kind of Ignorance.

* All Wit which borders upon Prophaneness, and makes bold with those things to which the greatest Reverence is due, deserves to be branded for Folly.

* A Jest may be obtruded upon any thing. And therefore no Man ought to have the less Reverence for the Principles of Religion, or for the Holy Scriptures, because Idle and Prophane Wits can break Jest upon them. Nothing is so easie as to take particular Phrases and Expressions out of the best Book in the World, and to abuse them, by forcing an odd and ridiculous Sense upon them.

* The Church of *England* generally Preaches *Alcali's*, the *Presbyterians*, *Acids*. Both may do well according to the different Constitutions they meet, but the former seem to operate best with the Men of Sense, and the latter with the Mob.

* All Parties blame Persecution when they feel the smart on't, and all practice it when they have the Rod in their Hands. The Church of *England* was no less Severe upon the Dissenters in King *Charles* the Second's time, than the *Presbyterians* had been on the Church of *England* under the Usurper.

* Hypocrisie may chain up a Man when 'tis his Interest to seem *Religious*; but Nature will certainly break loose, whenever that Motive can take no place. How many Peers that can sit out two long Sermons on a Sunday, when they are among their
L Tenants

Tenants, Whore and Drink, and never go to Church when they are in *London*?

* How unnatural a Sight is it, to see a Brawny Lustful Divine, with a florid Countenance, preach up *Continence* and *Abstinence* at *St. James's*?

* A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Astrologer does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What Stuff it is to preach against *Usury* at *White-hall*, and *Fornication* in *Lumbard street*. No, invert the Tables, and the *Application* will be pat.

* The Holy fierceness of a certain Christian Declamator, the Volubility of his Tongue, the Sonorousness of his Voice, the dusting of the Cushion, the Zealous Toss of the Handkerchief; in short, the Fire, the Vehemence, the Imperuosity of his Action, would have gone near to have made him pass for an Inspir'd Apostle, if by the Tenor of his whole Life, we had not found him to be a *Lustful, Covetous, Ambitious Hypocrite*.

A Man of true Piety, that has no Designs to carry on, like one of an establish'd Fortune, always makes the least noise. One never pulls out his Money, the other never talks of Religion, but when there's occasion for it.

* How often have I laugh'd in my Sleeve, to hear a Country Parson explain the Effects of Drunkenness to his Parish, that knew them as well as himself!

Bigotry is a Devotion form'd by Men's Passions, and Hood wink'd by Fancy, beyond the Light of Religion to Illuminate; tho' 'tis often a Weakness in our Nature, and therefore easier Censur'd than Mended

Affliction

The Manners of the Age. 147

Affliction seldom mends our Lives ; for most Men under it, are like Boys, perpetually under the Rod. only hardned by Severity. Besides, Misfortunes generally throw one into a vicious Conversation, and that stops up all our Returns to Virtue.

Every Vice and Folly has a Train of secret and necessary Punishments link'd to it.

Few Men pursue any Virtue for that Virtue's sake, but only for the Affinity it may seem to have with their Favourite Vice.

* Are not we in a fair way to see the Nation Re-form'd, when a parcel of Beggary Informers undertake the Pious Work.

King *James* the Second, might as soon have Enslav'd his *Protestant* Subjects with a *Popish* Army, as our late *Societies for Reformation of Manners*, mend the Nation. These *New Apostles* are for the most part, a Set of Scoundrels, who are Maintain'd by Lying, serve God for *unrighteous Gain*, and Ferret Whores for Subsistence. They consist of *Fanaticks*, as well as *Orthodox* ; *Saints* and *Sinners* : *Knights of the Post*, and *Knights of the Elbow*. And they are not more *Unanimous against Immorality* in their *Informations* ; than for it in their *Practice*. They avoid no *Sins* in themselves, and will suffer none in any Body else. In short, the same Motive that carries the *Popish Emissaries* to the richer Continents, makes these Gentlemen so busy in our *Reformation* ; Money — Nay, *Reformation* is grown a Staple Commodity, and the Dealers in't, are suddenly to be made into a Corporation, and their *peculiar Privileges* are to be *Perjury* and *Impunity*.

The Curtezans have already a Tax laid on them towards the Maintenance of this Noble Society ; so that the *Punishment* only raises the *Price* of the *Sin*.

" *Mincio* daily raises an Estate, by Cheating
 " both King and Country, denying Trusts, robbing
 " the Widow and the Fatherless, and lending Mo-
 " ney to young, noble Spend-thrifts at Fifty per cent.
 " He dines at *Pontac's* with his Fellow Exchange-
 " Alley Sharppers ; goes to *Drury-Lane* Play-House,
 " gets Drunk at Night at the *Blue-Posts*, with
 " three or four Rakes of Quality, whom he bub-
 " bles at *Picket*, and lies with his Favourite
 " Miss (for he keeps two or three) near *Red-Lyon's*
 " *Square*. The next Morning he follows his ho-
 " nest way of Thriving, and every Sunday goes
 " punctually to the Parish Church, and very De-
 " voutly receives the Sacrament once a Month.

" *Clito* was bred up a Scholar, and lives quietly
 " upon a small Estate of Three Hundred Pounds a
 " Year ; he is true to his Friend, relieves the
 " Poor, Lends without Interest, Wrongs no Body,
 " Drinks with Moderation, and is faithful to his
 " Wife ; but *Clito* has doubts about Religion,
 " and seldom goes to Church. Now the question
 " is, Which of the two is the better Man, *Mincio*,
 " or *Clito* ? Why the World has already decided
 " the Matter ; *He that goes to Church*.

We should not measure Men by *Sundays*, without regarding what they do all the Week after ; for Devotion does not necessarily make Men Good, tho' the want of it may endanger their Principles.

The *Devotion* of some *Ladies*, on the turning of their Years, is no better than a kind of Decency taken up to shelter themselves from the Shame and the Jest of antiquated *Beauty*; and to secure in every Change something that may still recommend them to the *World*.

The Professors of strict *Devotion*, who without absolute Necessity engage themselves in the Business and Commerce of the *World*, give us great cause to suspect the reality of their *Devotion*.

All *Devotion* which is not grounded upon *Christian Humility*, and the *Love* of one's Neighbour, is no better than Form and Pretence. 'Tis generally the *Pride* and *Peevishness* of *Philosophy* which thinks by despising the *World*, to revenge it self upon all the Contempt and Dissatisfaction Men have met with from it.

True *Devotion* is a Temper of Mind purely Spiritual, and derives it self from God; consequently it is a very nice Thing, and ought to be observed very narrowly, and with exceeding Caution, by those that would keep themselves from being deceived in it.

The *Doctrines* of *Christianity*, which ought to be derived from the Truths contain'd in the *Gospel*, are generally deliver'd to us, according to the Temper and Complexion of our *Teachers*. Some, out of an exceeding Tenderness and Good-Nature, and others from a sower and rugged Disposition, form and employ differently the Mercy and Justice of God.

There is always under the greatest *Devotion*, a Proportion of *Self-Love*; great enough to set Bounds to our *Charity*.

To consider purely the Repose of this Life, it would be well if *Religion* had more or less influ-

ence upon Mankind. It compels, and does not subject enough; like some Politicks, that take away the sweetness of *Liberty*, without bringing the Advantages of *Subjection*.

Nothing can be more fickle than the Judgment of Men, as to the *Religion* of others; they treat as impious Persons, those who forsake the World for God's sake; and those as weak and decay'd in their Understanding, that sacrifice *Fortune* to *Religion*.

I question a little the Perswasion of those *Preachers*, who offering us the *Kingdom of Heaven* in Publick, Sollicit in particular a small Benefice with the utmost importunity.

* There's no such Masque for the greatest of Impieties, as a Veil of *Religion*,

* Most People, Clergy as well as Laity, accommodate their *Religion* to their Profit; and reckon that to be the best Church, where's most to be got by.

* Men talk as if they believ'd in God; but they live as if they thought there were none: For their very Prayers are often down-right Mockeries, and their Vows and Promises are no more than *Words of Course*, which they never intend to make good.

* 'Tis a fault which is very incident to Men of *Devotion*, to strive to make themselves and their own Opinions ador'd, while they only seem zealous for the Honour of God. For when they have once form'd in themselves a perfect Model of the *Will of God*, and have long confirm'd their Minds by continual thinking upon it, they are apt to contemn all others that agree not with them in some Particulars.

* Pre-

* Presumption leads People to Infidelity in a Trice; and so by insensible degrees to Atheism: For when Men have once cast of a Reverence for Religion, they are come within one step of laughing at it.

* There never was an Hypocrite so disguis'd but he had some Mark or other yet to be known by.

* A Religious Hypocrite is only a Devil dress'd up with a Ray about him, and transform'd into an Angel of Light. Take him in the very Raptures of his Devotions, and do but throw a parcel of *Church Lands* in his way, he shall leap at the Sacrilege from the very Throne of his Glory, and pick your Pocket. as a *French Poet* says of a *Jesuit*, in the middle of his *Pateroster*.

* A Man that reposes and assures himself upon Divine Protection and Favour, gathers a Force and Faith, which Humane Nature in it self could not obtain. Therefore as *Atheism* is in all respects hateful, so in this; that it deprives Humane Nature of the means to exalt it self above Humane *Frailty*.

* XVIII. It were better to have no Opinion of *God* at all, than such an one as is unworthy of him: For the one is Unbelief, and the other Contumely.

Education.

I. **T**HE Breeding we give *Young People*, is oftentimes but an additional *Self-Love*, by which we make them have a better Conceit of themselves.

* II. Lessons and Precepts ought to be gilt and sweetned, as we do Pills and Potions, so as to take off the disgust of the Remedy; for it holds both in *Vertue* and in *Health*, that we love to be instructed, as well as physick'd with *Pleasure*.

* III. Nothing makes a deeper *Impression* upon the Minds of Children, or comes more lively to their Understanding, than those instructive Notices, that are convey'd to them by Glances, Insinuations and Surprize; and under the Cover of some Allegory and Riddle: Naked Lessons and Precepts have nothing the force that Images and Parables have upon our Minds and Affections. Beside, that the very study to unriddle a Mystery, furnishes the Memory with more Tokens to remember it by.

Nature is sometimes so perverse that all the Governours in the Universe shall never make this Youth a compleat Gentleman; others again are of so ductile a disposition that they learn every Perfection without a Master; and these are without doubt the most accomplish'd Persons.

* IV. The Foundations of Knowledge and Virtue are laid in our Childhood, and without an early Care and Attention, we are as good as lost in our very Cradles; for the Principles that we imbibe in our Youth, we carry commonly to our Graves; and it is the *Education*, that makes the Man. To speak all in a few words, *Children* are but *Blank Paper*, ready indifferently for any Impression, good or bad, (for they take all upon credit) and it is much in the power of the first comer to write *Saint* or *Devil* upon't, which of the two he pleases; so that one step out of the way in the *Institution*, is enough to poyson the Peace and the Reputation of a whole Life.

* V. All

* V. All the Extravagances of the lewdest Life, are nothing else but the more consummated Follies and Disorders, of either a Mis-taught or a neglected Youth: Nay, all the publick Outrages of a destroying Tyranny and Oppression, are but Childish Apperites let alone till they are ungovernable. Wherefore Children should be moulded while their Tempers are yet pliant and ductile; for it is infinitely easier to prevent ill Habits, than to master them; as the choaking of the Fountain is the surest way to cut off the Course of the River: It should be consider'd too that we have the Seeds of Vertue in us, as well as of Vice; and whenever we take a wrong Bias, 'tis not out of a moral Incapacity to do better, but for want of a careful Management and Discipline to set us right at first.

* VI. It is not for every twatling *Gossip*, or some empy *Pedant* to undertake so difficult a Province as the Education of Youth; for it requires a critical Nicety both of Wit and Judgment, to find out the Genius or the Propensions of a Child, and to divide so accurately betwixt the Good and the Evil, the Gracious and Perverse, as to hit the precise *Mediums* of encouraging the one, without discouraging the other: And this Faculty of discerning is not enough neither, without a watchful Assiduity of Application. The just Season of doing things must be nick'd, and all Accidents observ'd and improv'd; for weak Minds are to be as narrowly attended as sick Bodies. To say nothing of the infinite Curiosity of the Operation, in the forming of our Lives and Manners; and that not one Man of Ten Thousand is competently qualified for the Office. Upon the whole matter, there must be an Awe maintain'd on the one Hand, and at the same time, a Love and Reverence

Reverence preserv'd on the other. And all this must be order'd too, with so gentle a Softness of Address, that we may not hazard, either the stifling or the quenching of generous Inclinations, by bearing too hard upon them, or the Licentiating of any thing that is Course and Vulgar, out of a foolish Facility, or a mistaken Pity.

* VII. By the happiness of a good Education, a great part of many Men's Virtue consists in their Ignorance of Vice, and their being kept out of the way of great and dangerous Temptations; rather in the good Customs they have been bred up to, than in the deliberate choice of their Wills; and rather in the happy Preventions of Evil, than their resolute Constancy in that which is good.

* VIII. A Shuffling Inclination shews it self in us betimes; and Children do naturally apply themselves to their little Shifts and Frauds. Now 'tis not much amiss to let them understand so much of the Roguery of the World, as to secure them from being Wheedled and Impos'd upon: Provided that under colour of teaching them to discover Abuses, they be not encourag'd to practice them; for he that perfectly understands False Play, lies under a dangerous Temptation, at some time or other, to make use on't. And when he's once in, 'tis no easie matter to get him out again.

* IX. We are either Made or Marr'd in our Education, and Governments as well as private Families are concern'd in the consequence of it. Wherefore Wicked Dispositions should be Check'd betimes, for when they come once to Habits, they grow incurable. More People go to the Gibbet for want of timely Instruction, Discipline and Correction, than upon any incurable Pravity of Nature, and it is mightily

mightily the Fault of Parents, Guardians, Tutors, and Governours, that so many Men miscarry.

* X. Inveterate Ill Habits become another Nature to us, and we may almost as well be taken to pieces, and new put together again as mended. Natural Inclination indeed may be moulded and wrought upon by good Council and Discipline; but yet there are certain Specifick Properties and Impressions, that are never to be alter'd or defac'd.

Elevation, Dignities, Greatness, Authority.

I. **T**Here is a kind of *Elevation* independent upon *Fortune*: 'Tis a certain *Air of Authority*, that seems to lay us out for great Things; 'tis a value we insensibly set upon our selves, an imperious Challenger of the Respects of other People; and a prevailing Quality that raises us more above them, than either *Birth* or *Honours*, or even *Desert* it self.

II. There is a *Worth* sometimes without *Elevation* or *Preferment*; But very few Men arrive to *Honours* and *Dignities* without some *Merit* or other.

III. *Dignities* and *Honours* set off *Merit*, as good *Dressing* does handsom Persons.

IV. The generality of Men seem fitter for those *Employments* they have not, than for those they stand already posselt of.

V. When a Man leaps into great *Preferment* to which he is neither advanced by *Degrees*, nor raised before by his own *Hopes*, it is scarce possible for him to maintain his Post with his *Honour*, and make the World think he deserves his *Character*.

VI. We

VI. We may seem great in an *Employment* below our desert; but we generally look very little in one above it.

VII. Good Fortune almost always alters the Proceedings and the Air of a Man, and makes him quite another thing in all his Behaviour and Conversation. This is a great Weakness to trick and set one's self off with what is not our own. If *Virtue* were esteem'd above all other things, no *Favour*, no *Advancement*, would be able to change Men either in their *Temper* or *Countenance*.

VIII. It is a common thing to imagine we love a Man of great *Interest* and *Fortune*, with a very sincere *Passion*; But this is what we cannot be sure of till he be stripp'd of all the Advantages of *Power* and *Greatness*: Then one quickly discerns what it was that engag'd our Affection; if *Interest* were at the bottom of it, *Honour* may keep it up for some time, yet it quickly grows weary, and lets it fall to the ground.

IX. *False Greatness* is wild and untractable; for knowing her own weak side, she either hides her self, or never shews her self more than she thinks necessary to impose upon the World, and prevent being taken for what she really is, I mean, true *Littleness*. *True Greatness*, on the contrary, is free, courteous, and popular; she is contented to be seen and handled, and loses nothing by being examin'd at close view. The more a Man knows her, the more he admires her: She bends out of Humanity to her Inferiours, and returns back to her natural Size without straining her self; sometimes she neglects her self, and remits some of her Prerogatives, because, she knows, she can resume them again at pleasure. She laughs, she plays, but still with Dignity. A Man approaches

proaches her with no less freedom than circum-
spection ; her Character is to be Noble and Easy ;
she inspires Men with Respect and Confidence, and
makes some *Princes* appear *great* without ma-
king us sensible that we are *little*.

X. Of all the Methods of making one's *Fortune*
in the *World*, the readiest and most effectual, is to
make other People find their *Interest* in doing us
good.

XI. There are but two general Methods, whereby
Men raise themselves in the *World*, that is, either
by a Man's own *Industry*, or the *Imbecillity* of o-
thers.

XII. We make a good Composition with our
Friends, if being preferr'd to a considerable Post,
they will count us among their Acquaintance.

XIII. It is not so difficult to raise one's self to a
Place of great Trust, as to maintain one's self in it.

XIV. We see oftentimes Men fall from a high
Fortune, by the same Defaults that had raised them
to it.

* XV. To scorn the Pomp and Greatness of the
World before a Man knows them, does proceed ra-
ther from ill Manners, than Magnanimity.

* XVI. Might and Right are inseparable in the
Opinion of the World ; and he that has the longer
Sword, shall never want either Lawyers or Divines
to defend his Claim.

* XVII. People should have Care how they en-
gage themselves in Partnerships with Men, that are
too mighty for them whether it be in Money, Plea-
sure, or Business : for in unequal Alliances, the Poor
and the Weak lie at the Mercy of the Rich and the
Powerful, and no remedy but Patience and Resigna-
tion. Men in Power plunge their Clients into the
Mud,

Mud, with a Ring about their Neck; so that let them bring up what they will, nothing goes down with them that they shall be ever the better for: And when they come in conclusion to cast up the Profit and Loss of the Purchase, or the Project; what betwixt Force, Intrest, and good Manners the Adventurer's escapes, well if he can but get off at last with his *Labour for his Pains*.

* XVIII. There are some malicious, spiteful People, that take so much Pleasure in the design of hurting others, as not to feel and understand that they only hurt themselves. This is the Case of those that will be trying Masteries with their Superiors, and biting of that which is too hard for their Teeth; but this is no better than downright Madness, to strike where we have no Power to hurt, and to contend where we are sure to be worsted.

* XIX. Men in *great Places* are thrice *Servants*; Servants of the *Sovereign or State*; Servants of *Fame*; and Servants of *Business*. So as they have no Freedom either in their *Persons*, in their *Actions*, or in their *Times*.

Great Men hide themselves from publick View, like Beasts of Prey, yet are sometimes worried by a pack of Political Hounds call'd a Parliament.

XX. It is a strange desire to seek *Power* and to lose *Liberty*; or to seek Power over *others*, and to lose Power over a Man's own self.

XXI. The Advantages of the *Great Ones* over other People are in some respects extraordinary. I can yield them their Choice Dishes, their Rich Furniture, their fine Liveries, their Dogs, Horses, Jesters and Flatterers; but I cannot but envy their Happiness, of having in their Service those that are Equal, nay sometimes Superior to them in Wit and Noble Inclinations.

XXII. It costs the *Great Ones* so little to be generous

nerous in Words; and their *Quality* so much dispenses with them, for not performing what they Promise; that I look upon it as a great piece of *Modesty*, their not being more free of their *Promises*.

XXIII. We get a great deal more by forsaking the great Ones, than by complaining of them.

XXIV. A Coldness in those that are above us, a neglect in not returning a Civility, makes us perfectly hate them; but a Salute or a Smile, brings 'em back to our Reconciliation.

XXV. There are a sort of haughty proud Men that are humbl'd and *ram'd*, if I may use the Expression, by the Preferment of their Competitors. This Misfortune sometimes prevails upon them so far, as to make them return you a Salute: But *Time*, the great Master of all Things, insensibly softens their Grief, and puts them at last into their natural byass.

XXVI. 'Tis mere Hypocrisie for a Man in an Eminent Station, not to take at first the place which is due to his *Quality*, and which no Body disputes with them: It is an easie matter for him to be Modest; for if he throws himself into a Crowd, every Body presently shrinks back to make way for him; or if he sits below his Rank, all the rest of the Company presently force him to sit higher. Modesty is of much harder digestion to Men of an inferiour Condition; for if they chance to be in a Crowd, they run the hazard of being squeez'd to death; or if they chuse to sit in an uneasy Place, they are sure to be left to the free enjoyment of it.

XXVII. The *Great Ones* have no reason to love the First Times; they are not favourable to them in the least: 'Tis a kind of Mortification for them to see that we all come from Brothers and Sisters, and that all men compose but one Family, whose several members only differ as to the degrees of Kindred. XXVIII.

XXVIII. If the *Great Ones* have the Opportunities of doing us good, they have seldom the good will to do it; and if they have a mind to do us harm, they do not always find the Occasions; so that a Man may be extremely mistaken in the kind and degree of Worship he pays them, upon the Good and Ill he expects from them: We ought to honour and respect them, because they are *great* and we are *little*, and because there are others *less* than we that respect us.

XXIX. We ought to be very much reserv'd upon the *Great Ones*: There is generally a great deal of Flattery in the Praise we give them; and it is as dangerous to speak ill of them when they are alive, as 'tis base when they are out of the way.

* XXX. It is a common thing for Men to hate the Authors of their Preferments, as the Witnesses of their mean Original.

* XXXI. A Man that enters the World must be *Industrious*, but not affected in disclosing his *Abilities*: The best way is to observe a *Gradation*, for the lowest steps to *Greatness* are the most secure; but swift Rises are often attended with precipitate Falls; and what is soonest got, is generally short in the Possession.

* XXXII. A Man rais'd to *Grandeurs*, that makes others find their Fortunes in his, joins a great *Merit* to a great *Happiness*: He is not the more happy by the Wealth which he enjoys, than by that which he knows how to give.

* XXXIII. 'Tis a Consolation for *Inferiour* Persons to find their Infirmities in those that have the Authority to govern them; and a great delight to those that are distinguished by *Power*, to be made, like others, for *Pleasures*.

* XXXIV. He

* XXXIV. He that is aſham'd of a mean *Condition*. would be proud of a ſplendid one.

* XXXV. Great Men had need borrow other Men's Opinions, to think themſelves happy ; for if they judge by their own Feeling, they cannot find it.

* XXXVI. In *Place* there is License to do Good and Evil, whereof the latter is a Curſe ; for in Evil the beſt Condition is not to *Will*, the ſecond not to *Can* ; but Power to do Good, is the true and lawful End of Aſpiring ; for good Thoughts, tho' God accept them, yet towards Men are little better than good Dreams, except they be put in uſe, and that cannot be without *Power* and *Place*.

* XXXVII. A *Place* ſhews the Man ; ſome for the better, and ſome for the worſe.

XXXVIII. It is an aſſur'd Sign of a worthy and generous Spirit, whom *Honour* mends ; for *Honour* is, or ſhould be, the place of *Virtue* : And as in Nature, things move violently to their *Place*, and calmly in their *Place* : So Virtue in Ambition is violent, in Authority ſettled and calm.

* XXXIX. *Oſtentation* and *Pride*, upon the account of *Honours* and *Preferments*, is much more offensive, than upon any perſonal Qualifications. It argues Men do not deſerve great Places, when they can value themſelves upon them ; if a Man would be truly valued, the way to it, is to be illuſtriouſly Good : For even the greateſt Men are more reſpected for the Eminence of their *Parts* and *Virtue*, than for that of their *Fortune*.

* XL. Great *Offices* and great *Honours*, are moſt truly ſaid to be great Burdens : The ſlavery of them is but ſo much the greater, becauſe it concerns the Service of the *Publick*, who, of all Maſters, is 'the hardeſt to be pleas'd.

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XLI. Tis

XLI. 'Tis no small Misfortune for Great Men to have but few things to wish or hope for, and to have thousands to lose.

XLII. The Prepossessions of the Vulgar for *Men in Power and Authority* are so blind, and they are so generally admired in every thing they do, that if they could bethink themselves of being *Good*, the Multitude would worship them as Deities.

XLIII. The *Great Ones* do generally despise *Witty Men*, who have nothing but Wit; *Witty Men*, on the contrary, have no value for the *Great Ones*, who have nothing but Greatness. *Good Men* pity both those that have Wit, and those that have Greatness without *Virtue*.

XLIV. 'Tis an unaccountable Passion of *Lucilius*, to prefer the perpetual Trouble he is at, to make himself suffered in the Company of Men of Quality, before the free and comfortable enjoyment of his Equals.

XLV. To discern true Merit, and reward it when a Man has found it out, are two great Steps to make at once, and such as few of the great ones are capable of.

* XLVI. 'Tis in the power of Fortune to humble the Pride of the mighty, even by the most despicable Means. Wherefore let no Creature, how great, or how little soever, presume on the one side, or despair on the other.

* XLVII. The Happiness of Great Men consists in having *Witty Men* about them, who clear them from the difficulties of Ignorance. To entertain Wise Men, is a Grandeur surpassing the Barbarous haughtiness of that same *Tigranes*, who prided himself in being serv'd by Kings whom he had Conquered. It is a new kind of Dominion, to make those

our

our Servants by Art, whom Nature has made our Masters. Man has much to know; and but a short time to Live; and he lives not at all, if he know nothing at all. It is therefore a Singular piece of Skill to Study without pains, and to Learn much by Learning of all. After all, let him who cannot have Wisdom for a Servant; endeavour at least to have it for a Companion.

Envy.

I. **H**OW burdensome soever an Indigent Man may be to us. yet we hardly resent any joy at those Advantages, which drew him from our dependance; and likewise the pleasure we find in the Preferment of a Friend; is in some measure counterballanc'd by a secret Envy of his being rais'd above, or at least made equal to us; so that we are not one with our selves: For tho' we are glad to have Dependants, yet we are loth to part with any thing of our own upon their account; and tho' we may wish our Friends well, yet when they come to rise, rejoycing at it, is not the first thing we do.

* II. We are too too apt to think other People more happy, and our selves less, than in Truth, they or we are; which favors of Malevolence on the one hand, and of Ingratitude on the other. Nay, it falls out many times, that the Envious Persons are rather to be envy'd of the two. To speak properly, and to the Point, there is no such thing as Happiness or Misery in this World (commonly so reputed) but by comparison; neither is there any

Man so Miserable, as not to be Happy ; or so Happy, as not to be Miserable, in some respect or other: Only we are apt to envy our Neighbours the Possession of those Advantages that we want, without ever giving Thanks for the Blessings, that they want, and we our selves enjoy. Now this Mixture in the Distributions of Providence, duely consider'd, serves to make us easie, as well as necessary to one another ; and so to unite us in a Consistence both of Friendship and of Civil Convenience: For it is no less requisite to maintain a Truck in the matter of Moral Offices, and Natural Faculties, than in the common business of Negotiation and Commerce ; and Humane Society cannot more subsist without the one, than without the other.

III. If you be rais'd to a considerable Preferment, 'tis a matter of Prudence in you, not to let your Benefactor understand that you expect nothing from him: And tho' your Fortune may be thought equal to his by other People, yet it highly concerns you, that he have another Opinion of it: For as long as he shall look upon you as his inferiour, he will be still protecting you out of Vanity ; but if otherwise, he will strive to put you down out of Envy.

IV. Those who do well, should deserve alone to be envied ; but there is a sweeter, more noble, and allowable sort of Vengeance upon those who give us that Jealousy, which is, an Emulation to do better.

* V. Tho' it be Prudence to slight Envy, yet that Contempt is a small matter now-a-days: Gallantry works a far better effect. He cannot be sufficiently prais'd, who speaks well of him that speaks ill. There's not any Revenge more Heroick than that which torments Envy by doing Good. Every good

good Success is a Strapado for the Envious Man, and the Glory of his Corriual is a Hell to him. To make a Man's happiness to be a Poison to his Envi-ers, is held to be the most vigorous punishment that they can endure : For they die as often as they hear the Praises of the Envied revive.

* VI. Envy accuses that which is perfect of the Fault, of being without a Fault : And the perfecter the thing is, the more it condemns it. Wherefore it is convenient to commit some small Faults on design, to appease Ill-will, and to hinder the imposture of Bad Humour from breaking. Besides, that a little Negligence sometimes sets off good Qualities.

* VII. *Envy* and *Jealousie* seem to be more particularly hated of Providence than any other Vice ; for they carry their Punishment inseparably along with them. The *Envious* and the *Jealous* need no other Tormentors than their own Thoughts. The *Envious* Man ruins his own, to disturb another's Tranquility, and Sacrifices his own Happiness and Repose, to a perverse desire of troubling his Neighbours. He feeds, like *Toads*, upon the Venom of the Earth and sucks his Scandal greedily, that he may at pleasure disgorge it to the greater annoyance of other Men. His mind has the *Vapours* ; a sweet report of any one throws it into Convulsions and Agonies, and a foul one is the Relief and Refreshment of it. This Vice is generally disclaim'd by both Sexes, yet generally practis'd by both.

VIII. Men are often so foolish as to boast and value themselves upon their *Passions*, even those that are most vicious. But Envy is so ungenerous and shameful a Passion, that no body ever had the Confidence to own it.

IX. There is something to be said in favour of *Jealousy*, because it only designs the Preservation of some good, which we either have or think we have a right to. But *Envy* is a raging Madness, that cannot be satisfied with the good of any Body.

X. The Applause we give to Men that are just setting up for Reputation in the World, is often owing to a Spirit of *Envy*, and a secret way of detracting from others, that have established a good Reputation to themselves already.

XI. Our *Envy* out-lives generally the Prosperity of those we *Envy*.

XII. *Envy* and *Malice* make us know others Self-love, and Pride keeps us from knowing our selves.

XIII. There are fewer Men free from *Envy*, than void of *Interest*.

XIV. If we look nicely into several Effects of *Envy*, it will be found to carry a Man farther from his *Duty*, than *Interest* does.

XV. The surest sign of a great and noble *Soul*, is to be free from *Envy*.

XVI. *Envy* is less capable of *Reconciliation*, than *Hatred*.

XVII. The Man that complains of being born to Misfortunes and Crosses, might in a great measure, become happy by the Prosperity of his Friends and Relations; *Envy* bereaves him of this last Resource.

XVIII. *Envy* pretends to no other Happiness than what it derives from the Misery of other People; and will rather eat nothing it self, than not starve those that would. There is in this Malevolence somewhat of the Punishment, as well as the Spite of the Damn'd: They take delight in other Peoples Miseries, and at the same time are their own Tormentors.

XIX.

XIX. A Man that has no Virtue in himself, ever envies Virtue in others. For Mens Minds will either feed upon their own Good, or upon others Evil; and who wanteth the one, will prey upon the other; and who is so out of hope to attain to anothers Virtue, will seek to come at even hand by depressing anothers Fortune.

* XX. Men of noble Birth are noted to be envious towards new Nobility when they rise: For the distance is alter'd; and it is like a deceit of the Eye, that when others come on, they think themselves go back.

* XXI. They that desire to excel in too many Matters, out of Levity and Vain-Glory, are ever envious; for they cannot want work, it being impossible but many in some one of those things should surpass them.

Exaggeration.

*I. **N**Ever to speak by Superlatives, is a sign of a WiseMan; for that way of speaking, wounds either Truth or Prudence. *Exaggeration* are so many Prostitutions of Reputation, in that they discover the Weakness of Understanding, and the bad discerning of him that speaks. Excessive Praises excite both Curiosity and Envy; so that if Merit answer not the value that is set upon it, as it commonly happens, general Opinion Revolts against the Imposture, and makes the Flattered and Flatterer both ridiculous. Excellence is rare, and by consequence the value ought to be well weight'd.

Examples, Imitations.

* I. **G**ood Example is an unspeakable Benefit to Mankind, and has a secret power and influence upon those with whom we converse, to form them into the same Disposition and Manners, it is a living Rule, that teaches Men without Trouble, and lets them see their Faults without open reproof and upbraiding. Besides, that it adds great weight to Man's Council, when we see that he advises nothing but what he does, or exacts any thing from others, from which he himself desires to be excused. As on the contrary, nothing is more Cold and Insignificant from a bad Man, one that does not obey his own Precepts, nor follow the advice which he is so forward to give to others.

* II. Example works a great deal more than Precept; for Words without Practice, are but Councils without Effect. When we do as we say, tis a Confirmation of the Rule: But when our Lives and Doctrines do not agree, it looks as if the Lesson were either too hard for us, or the Advice not worth the while to follow. We should see to mend our own Manners, before we meddle to reform our Neighbours; and not condemn others for what we do our selves.

* III. The Words and Actions of our Superiours have the Authority and force of a Recommendation: So that it is morally impossible to have a sober People under a mad Government. For where Lewdness is the way to Preferment Men are wicked by Interest, as well by Inclination.

IV. No-

IV. Nothing is of so Infectious and Pestilent a Nature as *Example*; and no Man does an exceeding good, or very ill thing, but it produces others of the same kind. We imitate the good out of *Emulation*, and the bad out of our natural *Corruption* and *Malignity*; which being confin'd and kept up close by *Shame*, is unlock'd and let loose by *Example*.

V. *Imitation* always succeeds ill; and whatever is counterfeit and affected, grows nauseous and disgraceful, even with those things, which when *Natural*, are most graceful and charming.

VI. We are better pleas'd with those that strive to *imitate* us, than with those that endeavour to *equal* us. For *Imitation* argues *Esteem*; but a desire of *Equality* argues *Envy*.

* VII. *Authority* in Sin is an incentive to it; and it is at least an *Excuse*, if not a *Warrant*, to transgress after great *Examples*.

* VIII. 'Tis as much as a Man's Life, Fortune and Reputation are worth to keep *good Company*, (over and above the Contagion of lewd Examples) for as *Birds of a Feather will flock together*; so if the good and the bad be taken together, they must expect to go the way of all Flesh together.

* IX. People that live by *Example* should do well to look very narrowly into the Force and Authority of the Precedent, without saying or doing things at a venture; for that may become one Man, which would be absolutely intolerable in another, under differing Circumstances.

* X. He that follows Nature is never out of his way; and that which is best for every Man, is fittest for him too: He does it with ease and success, whereas all *Imitation* is putid and servile.

Failings.

Failings, Defects.

I. **E**VERY Man generally finds those *Faults* in others, which others find in him.

II. If we had no *Failings* of our own, we should not be half so much delighted, as we are, at the discovery of those of other People.

III. Men are not so unacquainted with their own *Failings*, as we are apt to imagine; for they are seldom in the wrong, when we hear them talk of their Conduct. The same *Self-Love* that blinds them at other times, guides them on these occasions, with so quick and penetrating a *Light*, as to make them either suppress, or disguise the least matters that are liable to be condemned.

IV. Our bad *Qualities* generally take better in the intercourse of familiar Conversation, than our good ones.

V. The *defects* of the *Mind*, like the Wrinkles and Blemishes of the *Face*, grow still proportionably with Age.

VI. Men make themselves ridiculous, not so much by the *Qualities* they have, as by the Affectation of those they have not.

VII. As some Men displease with *Merit*, so on the other hand, some are pleasant and agreeable with *Failings*.

VIII. We confess our *Faults* with design by our Sincerity, to make amends for the injury they have done us in the Esteem of others.

IX. 'Tis only for great Men, to have great *Failings*.

X. Our

* X. Our greatest Errors proceed not from want of Wit, or want of Wisdom, but what we call common Sense, at some time, and at some particular occasions; As the making Father *Peters* a Privy-Councillour in King *James's* time, and the Treaty of Partition in the next Reign.

XI. The Defects of the *Mind* are like *Wounds* in the *Body*; which never can be so well heal'd up, but there remains still a *Scar*, which is in a continual Danger to open again.

XII. We own our small *Failings*, with a design to make People believe that we have no great ones.

XIII. There are some *Failings*, which when ingeniously manag'd and improv'd, make a brighter shew than *Virtue* it self.

XIV. We have not the Confidence to say in general Terms, that our selves have no ill *Qualities*, and that our Enemies have no good ones; but when we talk of Particulars, we are pretty near thinking so.

XV. The greatest part of our *Faults* are more excusable, than the Methods we commonly use to conceal them.

XVI. We value our selves, and take a pride in the *Faults* more distant from our own; when we are fickle and irresolute, we brag of being obstinate and péremptory.

XVII. We easily forgive our *Friends* those *Faults*, that are not contrary to our Interests.

XVIII. Most Men attempt to vindicate, and take a pride in those *Faults* they have no design to mend.

XIX. A great many Men, as if they had not *Faults* enough, are still perpetually adding to the number of them, by the Affectation of some particular *Qualities*, which they cherish and cultivate so carefully

carefully, that they come at last to be *natural*; and pass their power to mend, though they would.

XX. Most Men are ashamed of their *Self-conceit*, when they come to know their *Failings*.

XXI. *Gravity* is a mysterious Behaviour of the *Body*, to conceal the *Defects* of the *Mind*.

XXII. Prosperous Persons seldom mend their *Faults*; they always think themselves in the right, so long as *Fortune* countenances their ill Conduct.

XXIII. The counterfeited Honest Man disguises his *Faults* to others and himself; the true unaffected Honest Man knows his own *Failings* perfectly, and confesses them ingenuously,

XXIV. The grace of *Novelty*, and the length of *Custom*, though never so opposite to each other, yet do both alike disguise to us the *Failings* of our *Friends*.

XXV. There are no good *Copies*, except such as expose the *Ridicule* and *Folly* of the *Original*,

XXVI. Few Men fear to be despised, except those who really deserve to be so.

XXVII. It argues a great Mind, the free and sincere confession both of our *Faults* and *Perfections*.

XXVIII. Did Men but take as much care to mend, as they do to conceal their *Failings*; they would both spare themselves that trouble which *Disimulation* puts them to: and gain besides the *Commendations* they aspire to, by their seeming *Virtues*.

XXIX. When a Man has any notable Defect or Infirmary about him, whether by Nature or by Chance 'tis the best of his play to try the Humour, if he can turn it into a Fashion.

XXX. To deny our *Faults* when others are acquainted with them, serves but to make us the more ridiculous by adding *Arrogance* to our first Error.

XXXI. We

XXXI. We may learn as much by other Peoples *Faults*, as by their *Instructions*.

XXXII. It is an ordinary *Failing* with most Men, never to be contented with their *Fortune*, or dissatisfied with their *Wit*.

XXXIII. As *Perfumes* affect more strongly other People, than those that carry 'em ; so the *Failings* of others, offend us much sooner than our own. The continual Commerce we have with our Inclinations, disguises them to us. Nothing is new in our selves, but every thing appears so in others. Our Reason contracts a kind of Familiarity and Friendship with our *Defaults*, when at the same time it weighs, examines and condemns those of our Neighbours with the utmost Severity.

XXXIV. There is ne'er a Man so perfect and necessary to his *Friends*, but he has some *Defect* or other, that Counterbalances, in some measure, his good Qualities, and renders his loss less sensible to those that out-live him.

* XXXV. Men are not so much ashamed of their *Crimes*, as they are of their *Weakness* and *Vanity*. He that is openly Unjust, Violent, Perfidious, and a Slanderer, conceals his *Love* or his *Ambition*, with no other design, than to conceal it only.

* XXXVI. Men labour under many Imperfections, that no Body would take notice of, if themselves were not over-sollicitous to conceal them.

Families

Families, Masters, Servants.

MOST *Masters* cry out upon all *Servants* that they are Rogues, and the Plagues of a *Family*; and if *Servants* ever come to be *Masters*, they will say just the same thing. The Reason is, because generally it is not the Qualities, but the Fortunes of Men, that make the difference between them.

Families are often inwardly torn and divided, by Distrusts, Jealousies and Antipathies; while a contented, cheerful and smiling *Out-side* imposes upon the World, and makes us imagine, that there is nothing but Peace and Quietness *Within*: There are few *Houses* that get any thing by being too nicely look'd into; and Visits generally suspend a *Domestick Quarrel*, which will begin a-fresh as soon as the Company goes off.

* No Men are so strict Exacters of Modesty in a *Servant*, as those that are most prodigal of their own.

* Age is well-nigh sufficient to deface with some *Masters*, every Letter and Action in the History of a Meritorious Life; and old Services are generally bury'd under the Ruins of an old Carcass.

* 'Tis a common thing for a *Master* to sacrifice a *Servant* to his own Ease and Interest; but there's no meddling with Men of that Inhospitable Humour, where the *Domesticks*, how faithful soever, can never be secure.

* It's a barbarous inhumanity in great Men to their *Servants*, to make their small Failings to be a Crime, without allowing their past Services to have been a Virtue; and this is found with *Masters* and

Mistresses

Mistresses as well in Courts as in private Families ; where one stumble is oftentimes enough to deface the Character of an honourable Life.

* That which *Men* are to *Horses*, in the Scale of Creatures, Men in Power and Authority, are in some proportion to the Poor and Weak ; that is to say, in the Analogy of Servitude and Drudgery, and in the carrying of some sort of Burdens, that are a shame to the Bearer. They to that end Toil and Moil for the Interest of their Masters, that in requital, break the very Hearts of them for their Pleasure ; and the Freer they are of their Flesh, the more Scandalous is the Bondage. When they have done all that *Horses* can do, they are Lash'd Spurr'd. Revil'd and ill-treated for not being able to do more ; they are Hurry'd on without either Respite or Reason, and after they have carry'd the Riders safe over all Leaps, and thro' all Dangers, and by all ways and means, contributed to the Ease, Credit and Security of their Masters, What comes of them in the end, but to be Strain'd, Founder'd, Broken-winded ? Old Age overtakes 'em, and they are e'en glad to take up in a Mill at last, with Grains and Thistles ; and there spend the remainder of a wretched Life, in a circulation of Misery and Labour. If any Man of War or State, should find this case to be his own, and himself touch'd in this Moral, let him keep his own Council, and learn to be wiser hereafter.

* 'Tis an unhappy thing both for Master and Servant, when the Love, and Loyalty, and Zeal of the one, shall be ill-taken at the Hands of the other ; for he that will not believe and depend upon the Faith of a *Try'd Friend* and Servant, falls under the Judgment commonly, of giving too much heed to a
secret

secret Enemy : Beside, that it goes to the Heart of a Man of Honour and Address, when he has done his uttermost for his Master's Service, to fall under that scandalous Character of *Officious* and *Impertinent* for his Pains.

False Pretenders.

* **T**HERE'S nothing more frequent, or more ridiculous in the World, than for a *Divine* to set up for a *Doctor*, a *Beggar* for a Man of an *Estate*, a *Scoundrel* for a *Cavalier*, a *Poltron* for a *Sword-man*: But every Fool still has some Mark or other to be known by, through all Disguises ; and the more he takes upon him, the arranter Sot he makes himself; when he comes to be unmasqu'd. Every Fool, or Fool's Fellow, carries more or less in his Face, the Signature of his Manners, tho' the Character may be much more Legible in some, than in others. Let him keep his Words betwixt his Teeth, and he may pass Muster perhaps, for a Man of some Sense, but if he comes to open once, he's lost: For Nature never put the Tongue of a Philosopher into the Mouth of a Coxcomb. But, however, let him be, in Truth, what he will, he is yet so conscious of what he ought to be, that he makes it his business to pass for what he is not. And in the Matter of Counterfeits, it is with Men, as it is with false Money: One piece is more or less passable than another, as it happens to have more or less Sense or Sterling in the Mixture. One general Mark of an Impostor, is this, that he out-does the Original.

* Pretence

* Pretence goes a great way in the World, with Men that will take fair Words, and Magisterial Looks for current Payment ; but the short and the certain way of bringing the Cause to a fair Issue, is to put the Pretenders to the Test of doing what they say.

* There's Quacking in all Trades : Bold ignorance passes upon the Multitude for Sense ; and it is with Men as 'tis with Brutes, some are to Eat, and others to be Eaten. Confident Knaves live upon credulous Fools.

Fidelity, Infidelity.

Small *Infidelity*, whereby our Selves are Sufferers, lessen the *Committers* of them in our Esteem, more than great ones committed against other People.

Fidelity in most Men, is nothing else but a *Contrivance* of *Self-Love*, to make our selves trusted. It is a Trick to raise our selves above other People, and get the most important Matters deposited in our Hands.

Flattery, Praise, Satyr.

† **T**Here is no Subject so Foreign, but a *French* Author will force in a Complement upon his Prince.

Flattery is a false Coin, which our own *Vanity* has made Current.

Men never would enjoy much *Pleasure*, if they never *flatter'd* themselves.

If we did not *flatter* our selves, the *Flatteries* of others could not hurt us.

No Body loves to be upon the *Commending* Strain; and indeed we seldom touch upon it without some By-end. *Praise* is a more ingenious, conceal'd and nicer kind of a *Flattery*, which humours and affects severally, both the *Giver* and *Receiver*; the one accepts it as a Reward due to his Merit; the other gives it, that he may be look'd upon as a just and discreet Person.

We extol and value the Excellencies of other People, rather out of the Esteem of our own Opinions. than of their Worth; and when we pretend to commend other Men's Virtues, 'tis but a Side-wind to put other Men upon commending ours.

We often choose to make use of *Commendations*, that carry a Sting in the Tail; and by taking Men at the rebound, as it were, lay open some *Defects* in the Persons so commended. which we dare not venture to expose any other way.

Few Men are so wise as to prefer useful *Reproofs* to treacherous *Praise*.

As there are commending *Reproofs*, so there are abusive *Praises*.

He that declines Praise the first time it is offer'd, does it from a desire of being prais'd over again.

The desire of being worthy the Commendations of the World, is a great assistance and strengthening to our Virtues; and the extolling of Mens *Wit*, *Courage* or *Beauty*, goes a great way towards the improving them.

We

We generally pull down one Man's *Reputation* to set up another's ; and sometimes Men would not enlarge so much upon the Praise of the Prince of *Condé*, and *Mareschal Turenne*, if it were not out of a design to lessen them both.

We seldom commend any body in Goodness, except such as admire us.

To commend *Princes* for *Virtues* they have not, is no better than a safe way to abuse them.

Nothing so much lessens the Merit of those that have deserv'd great *Praises*, than the trouble they are eternally at, to make themselves valued by *Trifles*.

When we commend good and noble *Actions*. we make them in some measure our own,

Nothing ought in Reason to mortifie our Self-Satisfaction, more than our applauding and crying up at one time, what we blame and run down at another.

Former *Times* are sometimes cry'd up, only to run down the present ; and we value what is now no more, that we may slight that which is.

Men fancy sometimes they have an Aversion to *Flattery*, when it is only to the manner of being *flatter'd*: And that *Modesty* that would seem to decline *Praise*, is at the bottom, only a desire of having it better express'd.

* There is a kind of Insinuation and Compliance, that is far from any servile Baseness. or sordid *Flattery*, and may be term'd *Discretion* rather than *Adulation*.

* Whosoever is vex'd at a *Reproach*, would be proud if he were commended.

* 'Tis difficult to write justly in any thing, but almost impossible in *Praise*.

There are some Men greedy of Honour, that love *Praise* even from the meanest sort; and are less satisfied to be recommended by a few Judicious Persons, than to be admired by an ignorant Multitude.

† To be prais'd by Fools, is little better than being discommended by Men of Sense.

To commend the great Ones, is a nice Phrase in its Original, and signifies undoubtedly, to commend one's Self, by publishing all the good a Man rais'd in Honours has done us, or that he ever design'd to do us.

We generally commend the Great Ones, to acquaint others that we approach them, and very seldom out of Esteem or Gratitude: Nay, sometimes we commend those we never saw in our Lives; and which is yet more strange, there are occasions where our *Vanity* prevails against our *Resentments*, and make us commend those, of whom we have reason to complain.

All the Fortune of a Prince, is too little to recompence a base Flatter, if he designs to make him amends for what he forfeits of his own, (I mean, his Honour and Reputation:) But on the other hand, all the Power of a Prince is not too great to punish him, if he will make his Revenge proportionable to the Wrong he suffers by being flatter'd.

A Flatterer has neither a good Opinion of himself nor others.

'Twould be a kind of Fierceness and Brutality, for a Man to reject all manner of Praises: We may be sensible of those of the Good, because they commend in us nothing but what really deserves to be commended.

* There

* There's hardly any Man living, that may not be wrought upon more or less by Flattery: For we do all of us naturally over-wean in our own Favour; but when it comes to be apply'd once to a vain Fool, it makes him forty times an erranter Sot than he was before.

* *Flattery* will never be out of Credit, so long as there are Knaves to give it, and Fools to take it.

Flattery is never more pernicious, than in the Courts of Princes, because a good deal of it looks like Duty; as in private Cases it carries a face of Friendship. The way to rise, is to please; and whatsoever is gotten by it, comes by Treachery.

The only benefit or good of *Flattery* is this; that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

† Praise favours of *Flattery*, and Censure of Malice, be they never so just. The best way to advance another's Vertue is to follow it; and the true Means to cry down another's Vertue is to decline it.

* The Power of *Flattery*, where it is once entertain'd, is well nigh irresistible, for it carries the Countenance of Friendship and Respect; and foolish Natures are easily wrought upon, and perverted under that Semblance. When Pride, Vanity, and Weakness of Judgment meet in the same Person, there's no resisting the Temptations of a fair Tongue, and consequently, no avoiding the Secret and Malicious Designs of a false Heart. Nothing so ridiculous, nothing so impossible, but it goes down whole with him for Truth and Earnest: Nay, and the Folly is so unaccountable, and the Madness so notorious, that in this Humour, the most spiteful

Enemies we have in World, pass upon us for Friends.

* *Satyr* and *Invectives* are the easiest kind of Wit; almost any degree of it will serve to abuse and find Fault: For Wit is a keen Instrument, and every one can Cut and Gash with it, but to Carve a beautiful Image, and to polish it, requires great Art and Dexterity; a little Wit, and a great deal of Ill Nature, will furnish a Man for *Satyr*, but the greatest Instance of Wit is to commend well.

* The best things are the hardest to be duly commended: For tho' there be a great deal of Matter to work upon, yet there is a great Judgement required to make choice; and where the Subject is great and excellent, it is hard not to sink below the Dignity of it.

* If smart sayings, biting Sentences, and poignant Words, could have any good Effect upon bad People, it would be necessary for every City to have a School to learn 'em in.

Fortune, Chance.

† *Fortune* gives us nothing, she does but lend it; 'tis our Pride as well as Dishonesty that makes us angry when she demands it again.

All the Advantages and Endowments of Nature, cannot make a *Hero* without the help of *Fortune*.

Though Men are apt to flatter and value themselves upon their great Actions and *Atchievements*; yet these are seldom the Effects of Design and Industry, but generally of a lucky *Chance*.

Fortune

Fortune turns and converts every thing to the advantage of her *Darlings*.

Our *Happiness* and *Misery* depends as much upon our own *Humour*, as upon *Fortune*.

† 'Tis not often our *Merit* that makes us rise, but we seldom fall but by our own *Fault*.

Our *Actions* seem to be influenc'd by lucky and unlucky *Stars*, to which they owe the greatest part of the *Praise* or *Blame*, which is given to the *Actions* themselves.

No Man can tell what he will do, except he can answer what *Fortune* he shall have.

† The beginning of things are in our own *Hands*, but the end indeed is not so.

Fortune mends many *Faults* in us, which could not have been mended by *Reason* and *Judgement*.

In the midst of all the various and uncertain *Accidents* in the *World*; there is still to be observ'd a secret *Order* and *Concatenation* of Things, directed and over-ru'd by *Providence*; which makes every one move in its *Rank*, and follow the *Course* of its *Appointment*,

The making of a great Man, depends upon the improving all *Accidents* to some *Advantage*.

Opportunities make us known to others, but much more to our selves.

Men appear *Vicious* or *Honest* more or less, according to the *Station* they are in; so that *Fortune* is to *Virtues* and *Vices*, what *Light* is to the *Objects* of the *Sight*.

No Body thinks *Fortune* so blind, as those she has been cross to.

We should manage our selves with our *Fortune*, as we do with our *Health*; enjoy it, when *Good*; bear it patiently, when *Ill*; and never use desperate *Remedies*, but upon desperate *Occasions*. N 4 For-

Fortune, oftentimes makes a Man's *Failings* the means of his Rise; and there are some troublesome impertinent Coxcombs, who deserve to be rewarded so far, as to have their *Absence* purchased by Preferment at a Distance.

* The Grants of *Fortune*, are always made with a Power of Revocation; and a Man that holds of her, is a meer Tenant at Will, and may be turn'd out the next Day, for ought he knows to the contrary. *Resumptions* are as ordinary with this Lady, as with a House of Commons; and there's no depending upon her Favour. Therefore we ought to be loose and indifferent with her; and neither be transported when she gives, nor Dejected when she takes away; for she never acts upon Reason, but throws out every thing at Peradventure. The Rule is, never to be surprized at any of her Proceedings; nor behave our selves like some unreasonable Bankers, who when there's Money lodg'd in their Hands, are pleas'd with receiving it, and look upon it as their own; but when it is drawn out again, they are as much out of Humour, as if they had some real Injury done 'em: Never remembring they are but Casheers, and that they were trusted with the Sum, upon Condition of repaying it upon Demand.

Men's Merit is generally judg'd of by the *Vogue* of the Fortune they are in.

There is an Excess both in good and ill *Fortune*, which is beyond our Sensibility.

Greater *Virtues* are required to bear a good, than ill *Fortune*.

Fortune has as great an Influence upon our *Wisdom*, as upon our *Possessions*.

The

The generality of Men are like Plants, whose *Vertues* and unheeded *Properties* are found out by *Chance*.

Fortune gives out the *Parts* Men are to play upon the *Stage* of the *World* blindly, and just according to her unaccountable *Humour*; this is the Reason why there is so much ill *Acting*; because Men very seldom hit upon those *Characters* that are fit for them. Or to speak in a more *Christian* Style, what we call *Fortune*, is no other than the *Providence* of *God*, which permits these disorders, for *Reasons* which we are not able to dive into.

Great *Politicians*, manage and command *Fortune* as great *Captains* do their *Soldiers*.

As much as Men rail at *Fortune* upon the Account of her *Blindness* and *Whimsies*, yet it must be confest, that there is no *Prudence* like hers. Her designs are so well contriv'd, and carried on with such a *Dexterity*, that it is past our foresight to prevent them; and in spite of our own Conduct, she never fails to bring about her Undertakings.

Fortune makes *Crimes* pass for *Frolicks* in her Favourites; and *Frolicks* for *Crimes* in those she's averse to.

The Caprices of *Fortune* are observable in Mens Opinions, as well as in their Possessions. Some Years ago the *Pope* was *Infallible* at *Paris* no less than at *Rome*: But now he is accounted liable to Errors in *France*, while he remains still *Infallible* in *Italy*.

* When things go ill, each Coxcomb sets up for a Statesman, and thinks himself the wisest, if he chances to be more happy than his Neighbour.

* There

* There are certain Moments of our Lives, wherein *Fate* delights to mock our Wit and Prudence, to baffle our strict Caution, and ridicule all our Conduct, that we may learn the Lesson of *Resignation*, and not trust too much to our selves.

* *Fortune* is like the Market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the Price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like *Sybilla's* offer, which at first offers the Commodity at full, then consumes part and part, and still holds up the Price.

Friends, Friendship, Enemies.

† **N**One but good Men can be true Friends. What we call *Friendship* is no more than an Intercourse of *Society*; 'tis only a mutual Care and Management of *Interests*, and an exchange of good Turns and Services. In a Word it is only a sort of *Traffick*, in which *Self-Love* has always Profit and Prospect.

That which makes Men so unsteady and fickle in *Friendship*, is both the difficulty of knowing the Qualities and Dispositions of the *Soul*, and the Facility of knowing those of the *Wit*.

It is impossible for Men to love any thing without some respect to their private *Interests*: And we only follow our own Inclination and Pleasure, when we prefer our *Friends* before our selves; and yet this Preference is the only thing that can render *Friendship* perfect and sincere.

† Few

† Few will tell you the Truth but Friends, and they will not always tell you your Failings.

The *Reconciliation* of Enemies, is commonly Men's desire to better their Condition; a Weariness of Acts of Hostility, and a fear of some ill Accident, which they are willing to prevent.

'Tis more disgraceful for a Man to distrust his *Friends*, than to be cozen'd by them.

We oftentimes fancy that we love Persons in Authority, when it is nothing but Interest, that makes us fond of them. And all our Applications and Attendances are not so much upon the account of any good we desire to do them, as for what we expect and hope they may do us.

It shews that our Affection is but small, when we are not sensible of our Friends Coldness and Indifference.

† It is next to impossible to have three Friends, if you have but two, the one must be for Advice, the other for Reproof: If once they begin to interfere, the Band is half dissolv'd, and an implacable Enmity hanging over your Heads.

Most *Friends* create a disgust for *Friendship*, and most Religious Hypocrites for *Religion*.

We often complain of our *Friends* Fickleness, only to justify before-hand, our own Inconstancy.

We are but little concern'd for our *Friends* Disgraces, when they give us an occasion of signaling our Tenderness for them.

When we proclaim and aggravate the Tenderness our *Friends* have for us; 'tis not so much out of *Gratitude*, as for a desire to possess other People with a good Opinion of our own Worth.

'Tis

'Tis not an easie matter to love those, for whom we have not a real Esteem; but 'tis much harder still to love those, that we think desire a great deal more than our selves.

No Man can continue long in the respect he owes to his *Friends* and *Benefactors*, that allows himself the liberty to talk of their *Faults*.

We may sooner be brought to love those that hate us, than those that love us more than we desire they should.

The boldest attempt of *Friendship*, is not to discover our *Failings* to a *Friend*, but to shew him his own.

† There is one thing necessary in *Friendship*, and yet what none can bear, that is a true Narration of our own Character.

The Deceitfulness of our *Friends* may justify our Indifference to the Expressions of their *Tenderness*; but in no manner, our Insensibility of their *Misfortunes*.

The Reason why most *Ladies* are so little affected by *Friendship*, is, because it tastes very flat and insipid, after the relishing of *Love*.

In *Friendship* as well as *Love*, *Ignorance* very often contributes more to our Happiness, than *Knowledge*.

There is a certain *Relish* in true *Friendship*, above the sensibility of those that are *meanly* born.

Time strengthens *Friendship*, and weakens *Love*.

† A private Resolution to wink at each others Faults, is the most general Foundation of that Familiarity we are pleas'd to call by the Sacred Name of *Friendship*: And this Partiality to each other, has this unhappy Consequence in it, that our Vice become habitual.

As long as *Love* lasts, it subsists by it self; nay, sometimes by those very things that seem to be most
for

for its Destruction, as *Caprices*, Cruelties, Absence and Jealousies. *Friendships*, on the contrary, must have something to support it, and faints away for want of mutual Offices, Confidences and Complaisance.

Love and *Friendship* do reciprocally exclude one another.

Hatred is not so far from *Friendship*, as *Antipathy* is.

To live with our *Friends*, as if they were to be one day our *Enemies*; and with our *Enemies* as with those that may become our *Friends*, is neither according to the Rules of *Friendship*, nor the Nature of *Hatred*.

We ought to take Care not to make those our *Enemies*, which if better known, we should be glad to count among our *Friends*: And on the other side, we ought to chuse *Friends* so true and so honest, that when they cease to be so, will scorn to take an Advantage against us of our former Confidence.

We can never go a great way in *Friendship*, with out a Disposition to wink mutually at one anothers small Defects.

There's more hazard in the Succour of a new powerful Friend, than in the Hostility of an old dangerous Enemy.

A principal fruit of *Friendship*, is, the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the Heart, which are caused by Passions of all kinds. We know Diseases of Stoppings and Suffocations are the most dangerous in the Body, and it is not much otherwise in the Mind.

We may observe how high a rate Princes do set upon this *Fruit of Friendship*, since they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own Safety and Greatness:

Greatness: For Princes, by reason of the distance of their Fortune from that of their Subjects and Servants, cannot gather this *Fruit*, except they raise some Persons to be as it were Companions, and almost equal to themselves; which many times proves of dangerous Consequence,

As uncommon a thing as *True Love* is, it is yet more frequent then *True Friendship*

† A Man at Forty thinks himself Superannuated for a new Friendship, yet will Marry at Fourscore.

True Friendship destroys *Envy* as *True Love* breaks a *Coquet* Humour.

Though we ought not to love our *Friends*, only for the good they do us, yet it is a plain case, they love not us, if they do not do us good, when they have it in their power.

Though the generality of *Friendships* contracted in the World, do by no means deserve that honourable Name; yet a Man may very well make his best of them, as he sees occasion, as of a Trade, that is not fixed upon any sure Fund, and where nothing is more usual, than to find our selves cheated.

There is in all *Sciences* some *Chimera* or other, which we eternally pursue in vain. As *Chymistry* has its *Philosopher's Stone*; so has *Geomitry* its *Quadrature of the Circle*; *Astronomy* its *Longitudes*; *Mechanicks* their *perpetual Motion*: It is impossible to find out all these, but it is very useful to search after them, by reason of the Discoveries we make by the way *Mera's* have also their *Ckimera*, that is, *Disinterestness*, or *Perfect Friendship*: No Man will ever come up to it: yet it is good that all should pretend to it, since by that they attain to many other *Virtues*.

A true *Friend* is but a pleasing *Dream* of the *Love* of our selves, which Adversity and Experience dissipate.

* We speak well of our *Friends* to get the *Friendship* of others, by a shew of Gratitude.

* It is as hard to be a good *Friend*, and a Lover of *Women*, as it is to be a good *Friend*, and a Lover of *Money*.

He will be much out in his account, who numbers his *Friends* by the Visits that are made him, and confounds the Decencies of Ceremony and Commerce, with the Offices of United *Affections*.

* He will find himself in as great a Mistake, that either seeks for a *Friend* in a Court, or tries him at a *Feast*.

* A false *Friend* is like the Shadow in a *Dial*; it appears in clear Weather, but vanishes as soon as that is cloudy.

* The Name of *Friends* is commonly given to such as are linked by any Ties of Consanguinity, Affinity, Interest, Mutual Obligations, Acquaintance and the like: But these are such *Friendships* (if they may be call'd so) as are always contracted with a tacit Reserve of Interest on both sides, and seldom last longer than the Prosperity of either Party, and during that, are frequently renounc'd upon slight disobligations, or languish and die of themselves.

* He that wants either *Sense* or *Courage*, can never make a real *Friend*.

There are some *Friends*, whose only Prospect is their own Satisfaction; provided they have nothing to reproach themselves withal, the Misfortune of
ano-

another does not much affect them; nay, they would be concern'd, that it was ended so soon. They continue it sometimes for the continuance of their own Glory. They Rejoyce, they Triumph in secret, for a Disgrace, which gives them an occasion of shewing themselves, instead of searching the most ready means to assist you, they search the most signal ones to make themselves honoured, and look upon their Friends, as Victims devoted to their Reputation.

The Offices of true Friends, have something of Liveliness, which always precedes our Wants, and even prevents our very Desires. But Honour, which disguiseth it self under the Name of Friendship, is nothing but a Self-Love, that serves it self in the Person it makes an appearance of serving. The Friend, who acts but by this Motive, advances to do good in Proportion only to the encrease of his Reputation. He stops short when his Witnesses are gone: 'Tis a false Brave, that turns his Eyes to see if he is regarded: 'Tis a Hypocrite that gives Alms with an unwilling Mind, and pays this Tribute to God, only to impose upon Men.

It is matter of Prudence, and Necessity, for People in many cases, to put up the injuries of a weaker Enemy, for fear of incurring the displeasures of a Stronger.

A high spirited Man never forgives one who has found him in a fault, and complains of him with reason, till he regains his ground, and can cast the fault upon the other.

We must hold to our *Friends* by no other Ties than those of Virtue, without a regard to their Fortune, either good or bad; and when we find our selves so disposed, as to be able to follow them
in

in their Disgrace, we may boldly, and without any manner of Scruple, cultivate their Affection, in their greatest Prosperity.

We ought to be more solicitous to avoid *Enemies* than to gain *Friends*; by reason that the opportunities of doing mischief are generally more frequent than those of doing good.

* The mistake of a *Friend* for an *Enemy*, or of an *Enemy* for a *Friend*, is one of the most pernicious Errors of a just Man's Life; for there's Judgment, Good nature, Generosity, Justice, Common Prudence, and all at Stake. Nothing can be more disobliging to a *Friend* on the one hand, or more ruinous to ones self on the other. Charity however, bids us hope, and think the best, provided at the same time; that we secure the main Chance.

† With three sorts of People it is not Prudence to contract Friendships, viz. The Ungrateful Man, the Blab, and the Coward. The first cannot set a true value on our Favours, the second cannot keep our Secrets, and the third dares not vindicate our Honour.

* Tho' *Friendship* be the most important Point of Life, yet there is least care taken about it. Some make their *Friends* by the intervention of others, and most part by chance.

* There are few *Friends* of the Person, but many of the Fortune.

* A Prudent *Friend* eases many Troubles, whereas, one who is not so, multiplies and increases them.

* If thou wouldst not lose thy *Friends*, never with them a Fortune.

* There's no Tryal of a true *Friend*, but in cases of difficulty; as loss, trouble or danger; for that's the time of distinguishing what a Man does for my sake, and what for his own.

* It is an unhappy thing that Princes and Great Men, who seem to have the least need of *Friends*, should in Truth, have the greatest difficulty of knowing them too, for want of occasions to put them to the Tryal: There is no Proof of *Friendship* like frequent Experiment. Now Princes are above the want of those common Offices, that pass for *Friendship* betwixt Man and Man, as in matter of Money, Liberty, Protection and the like. People do not flock to Courts so much for their Masters Service, as for the making of their own Fortunes. How shall any Man distinguish now betwixt a Parasite and a Man of Honour, where they are all on the receiving Hand, and where Hypocrisie and Interest looks like Dury and Affection.

* *Revenge* stops at nothing that is Violent and Wicked: It divides the dearest *Friends*; Embroils Governments, and tears Families to Pieces; beside, that it hardens People into a Brutal Contempt of Death, where they may but see their *Enemies* fall for Company.

* No Man lives without *Enemies*, and no *Enemy* is so despicable, but some time or other he may do a Body a shrewd Turn. 'Tis Prudence to pass over those Indignities, which are either too little for our consideration, or out of our Power to reach and punish; for there is nothing more ridiculous, than an impotent Anger, that spends it self to no manner of purpose; and there's no better way of dealing with it, than to laugh it out of Countenance.

* The

* The wise Man draws more advantage from his *Enemies*, than the Fool does from his *Friends*. The Envious are a Spur to the Wise Man, to make him surmount a thousand Difficulties: Whereas Flatterers many times divert him. The Hatred of a Man's Enviars are a Looking-Glass, wherein he sees himself far better than in that of Kindness: That Looking-Glass shews him the Faults, which he corrects; and thereby prevents Back-biting; for Men keep upon their close Guard, when they have Rivals or *Enemies* for Neighbours: But Flattery Palliates our Faults, and renders them in some measure, incorrigible.

Gesture, Countenance.

ALL *Passions* and *Resentments* of the Soul, have their *Tone of Voice*, their *Gestures* of the *Body*, and their *Forms* and *Air* peculiar to them; and the mutual Relation of them, either good or bad, makes accordingly Persons either pleasant or unpleasant.

All Men affect an *Air* and *Out-side* suitable to their *Profession*, that may make them appear what they have a mind to be taken for; So that we may say, That the *World* is made up of nothing but formal Countenance and Shews.

The *Air* and *Affectation* of a *Citizen*, is sometimes lost in an *Army*, but never in a *Court*.

Hatred, Revenge.

When our *Hatred* is too fierce, it subjects us to the Persons we hate.

† Never seek *Revenge* but when it cannot fail.

† The greatest Misfortunes in some Affronts, is that we can't revenge 'em.

The most illustrious *Revenge*, is to pardon where we might destroy.

As we love more and more those we still oblige ; so we hate most violently those we have injur'd.

It is as hard to smother the *Resentment* of a fresh Injury, as to preserve it after a certain Time.

Some People, to gratifie their *Resentments*, court their Enemy's Persecution, that they may have deeper grounds for *Revenge*.

Hatreds, are generally so obstinate and sullen, that the greatest sign of *Death* in a sick Body, is his desire of being reconcil'd to his Enemies.

The most subtle and artificial *Revenge*, is to make as if one was not offended ; For the grief and smart our Enemy intended us by the Affront, falls foul upon him, and cruelly torments him with the Sting of the Disappointment.

Weakness makes us hate an Enemy, and seek to be reveng'd on him: But *Laziness* generally allays our *Resentment*, and makes us pass by the Affront.

* *Revenge* is a kind of wild Justice, which the more Man's Nature runs to; the more ought Law to weed it out : For as the first Wrong, it does but offend the Law ; but the *Revenge* of that Wrong, puts the Law

Law out of Office. Certainly in taking *Revenge*, a Man is but even with his Enemy; but in passing it over he is Superiour; for it is only a Prince's part to pardon,

* The most tolerable sort of *Revenge*, is, for those Wrongs, which there is no Law to Redress: But then, let a Man take heed that the *Revenge* be such as there is no Law to punish; else a Man's Enemy is still before-hand, and it is two for one.

* Some People are Slaves to their *Revenge*, and are sometimes so angry with others, as to hurt themselves for it.

† *Revenge* will sweeten the most uneasy Pangs of Death,

Health.

'T IS a troublesome sort of *Disease*, the Living strictly by Rule, for the Preservation of *Health*.

Sobriety, in the Generality of Men, is only a fondness of *Health*, or the effect of a weak Constitution, which will not bear *Intemperance*.

We ingratiate our selves with other People, either by humouring their Reigning Passion, or being compassionate to, and bearing with their Bodily *Infirmities*: To these may be referr'd all our Applications and Attendances: and hence it is, that Men in perfect *Health*, or free from Passions, are more difficult to be manag'd.

Honour.

Honour and Disgrace are mistaken and imaginary Appellations, if not related to the real good or ill that attends them.

† Men of Honour often fight for a Trifle ; nor but that there are some Provocations not to be born with.

Nothing can be more Foolish and Chimerical, than the Passion of those, that through a world of Hardships and Dangers, endeavour to transmit a famous Name to after Ages. All this Honour and Reputation, which they look upon as boundless, is yet confin'd within the narrow compass of their Imagination, which, crowding all Posterity into one Age, sets before their Eyes, as if they were present together, those future Honours, which they shall never live to enjoy.

It is with Glory, as with Beauty ; for as a single fine Lineament cannot make a handsom Face, neither can a single good Quality render a Man Accomplish'd ; but a Concurrence of many fine Features and good Qualities makes True Beauty and True Honour.

Honour is but an imaginary Duty, which robs us often of real Conveniences.

* Every Man sets up a Court of Honour within himself, Pronounces every thing Honourable that serves his purpose, and laughs at them that think otherwise.

Humour,

Humour.

THE Caprice of our *Humours* are more whimsical and unaccountable, than those of Fortune.

We are sensible only of great *Transports*, and extraordinary *Emotions* in our *Humour* and Constitution; as of *Anger*, when it is violent; but very few take notice that these *Humours* have a regular and stated Course, which moves and winds our Wills to different Actions, by gentle and insensible Impressions. They go their Rounds, as it were, and command us by turns; so that a considerable part of what we do is theirs, though we are not able to see how it is so.

All the Gifts of Fortune are no more, than our *Humour* is pleas'd to rate them.

There are always more Defects in the *Humour*, than in the *Mind*.

It is with our *Humours*, as with the generality of Buildings; they have several Facings and Prospects, some of them fine and pleasant, and some rough and disagreeable.

Fools and Blockheads see every thing through their own *Humour*.

The Composedness, or Perturbation of our *Humour*, does not depend so much upon the great and most considerable Accidents of our Lives, as upon a suitable or unsuitable Management of little Things that befall us every day.

† Unacquaintedness with danger makes the fiery Temper seem brave, the Flegmatick fearful; this apprehends too much, the other too little.

Some Men adapt themselves to all sorts of Characters, with so dexterous a Compliance, that one would swear their Humours were that of all others; they appear Generous with Men of Honour; subtil with Intriguing Persons; without Parts to the Stupid; and commit voluntary Fopperies to agree with real Fops,

As those who concert things the best, don't always stick to the Justice of Rules; so the most irregular don't always follow the Disorders of their Inclinations and Humours.

Some People are always in good Humour, because they are never out of Conceit with themselves.

When we say of a Man who is hasty, passionate, inconstant, quarrelsome, morose, exception, whimsical, &c. *That's his Humour*, we do not so much excuse him, as confess unawares, that his Faults are so great that they are past mending.

Hope.

Hope, though never so uncertain and deceitful, still is of this good Use to us, that it conducts us to our Journey's End an easier and more pleasant way.

In a miserable Condition, where all things are despair'd of, a Man is easily perswaded rather to confide in another, than in himself.

Happiness.

Happiness, Misfortunes.

† **T**O sleep in Health, and wake in Plenty, to live in the Esteem and Affection of every Body; what is wanting to make such a Man happy? Why, a great deal: no wonder then so many are miserable.

* It is the Lot of Mankind to be Happy and Miserable by Turns: The Wisdom of Nature will have it so; and it is exceedingly for our Advantage, that it should be so. By the Mediation of this Mixture we have the Comfort of *Hope* to support us in our Distresses, and the Apprehensions of a change, to keep a check upon us in the very Huff of our Greatness and Glory, So that by this Vicissitude of *Good* and *Evil*, we are kept steady in our Philosophy, and in our Religion; the one minds us of God's Omnipotence and Justice, the other of his Goodness and Mercy; the one tells us, that there's no trusting to our own strength, the other preaches Faith and Resignation in the Prospect of an over-ruling Providence that takes care of us.

The Vigour and Jollity we enjoy makes the contrary Estate appear in so great a Disproportion to our present Condition, that by imagination we magnifie and make those Inconveniencies Ten times greater than they are; and apprehend them to be much more troublesome, than we find them really to be, when they lie the most heavy upon us.

* No Body pities a Man for any Misfortune that befalls him in Matters out of his way, Business or Calling. Every Man has his Post assign'd him, and in that Station he is well, if he can but think himself
so;

so ; and he that cannot keep himself well when he is well, may thank himself. But Men of Curiosity and Levity can never be at rest ; for let their present State be what it will, it never pleases them ; they have a sickly uneasiness upon them, which way soever they lye, or in what condition soever they are ; no Place, no Posture, no State either of Life or of Fortune agrees with them ; but they run on shifting and changing, from one Error, and from one Qualm to another, hankering after Novelties, and trying new Experiments. We are naturally given to be peeping into forbidden secrets, and groping into the Dark after I know not what. We never think of the main business of Life, till a vain Repentance minds us of it at the wrong end on't ; and then we find that we have been doing of one thing all this while, when we should have been doing another ; and abandon the Station, that God and Nature allotted us, to our irreparable ruin.

† He cannot be without a great deal of Compassion that is always sensible of anothers Misery.

* 'Tis Fancy, not the reason of Things, that makes Life so uneasie, as we find it. 'Tis not the Place, nor the Condition, but the Mind alone that can make any Body Miserable or Happy, And Men that are Impatient under Imaginary Afflictions, change commonly for worse.

* The impression of any notable Misfortune, will commonly stick by a Man as long as he lives : For things that we have once set our Heart upon, will hardly be ever got out of our Head, but every Hint and Occasion, will be putting us in mind of 'em again : So that upon the whole, the only way to be Happy and Quiet, is to make all Contingencies indifferent to us.

Hap-

Happiness lies not in the Things themselves, but in our own Palate, and the relish we have of them: We are happy by the Enjoyment of what we fancy and desire, and not what other People think lovely and desirable.

One considerable part of *Happiness*, is, to know how far a Man may be *Unhappy*.

We generally make a false Estimate, both of our *Misfortunes* and *Felicities*; and we are never so happy or unfortunate, as we think we are.

† The disappointments of this World bring a Man to himself: The Smiles of Fortune only make him fond of himself.

If a Man cannot find Ease within himself 'tis preposterous for him to seek it any where else.

Nothing goes so far in the *Happiness* of our Lives, as to know things as really they are; and this Knowledge is to be acquired by frequent Reflections upon Men, and the several Affairs of the World, rather than by the perusal of Books,

Nothing goes nearer a Man in his Misfortunes, than to find himself undone by his own Folly; or but any way necessary to his own Ruin.

† Every misfortune would be a Felicity if our Ignorance and peevishness did not put 'em in false Lights.

Pity and Compassion is often a Resentment of our own Miseries, occasion'd by those of our Neighbours, It is an Ingenious Foresight of the Disgraces we may fall into; we relieve others, to engage them to return the like, when our own occasions call for it; and the good Offices we do them, are, in strict speaking, so many Kindnesses done to our selves before-hand.

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It goes a great way towards *Felicity*, the using of our selves to other Peoples *Follies*, and not taking offence at every Impertinence that passes in our Company.

It is an ordinary Impertinence, for Men in *Disgrace*, to infect every thing with their *Misfortunes*.

There are some common *Misfortunes*, which have a Relation to all Men ; but every Man has his particular Sentiments of them, and so endures in that Sense, the whole weight of his Affliction singly. But in our private *Disgraces*, that which affects us most, is to see no body bear a Resemblance to us. We cannot with Patience behold our selves destin'd to suffer an Unhappiness alone, which all the World may be affected with as well as we : And nothing so much augments the Sharpness of our Afflictions, as the Fierceness and Pride of those who seem to brave and despise them.

The more we struggle with our *Misfortunes*, we draw the Knot the harder ; as the more the Bird flaps and flutters in the Snare, the surer she is caught.

* The *Misery* and *Happiness* of the whole Life of Mortals, are Themes scarce worth a Passion. Whatever we endure as an *Evil*, or possess as a *Good*, are both so short, that as the one need not sink us to an Excess of *Grief*, so neither does the other deserve an Excess of *Joy*.

There is but one real Misfortune that can befall a Man, which is to be in Fault, and to be reproacht with any ill Thing by one's own Conscience.

* No Man is to account any thing a loss, if he gets *Wisdom* by the bargain ; for as we say, *Bought Wit is best*. And it is in some Proportion in the Business of this World as it is in that of

the next; in the Cases, I mean, of Losses, Mis-carriages and Disappointments: We are in both Respects the better for them, for they are Monitory and Instructive. Affliction makes a Man both Honest and Wise; for the Smart brings him to a sense of his Error, and the Experiment to the knowledge of it.

* There are no People so *Miserable*, but that at some time or other, in some thing or other, they have reason to account themselves happy. And if they would but duly consider, how it is with many of their Neighbours, they would find it their Duty to be thankful, that it is no worse with themselves; for it is some Relief to the Unfortunate, to shew them that there are others yet more Miserable.

* It may seem to be a kind of a malicious Satisfaction, that one Man derives from the Misfortunes of another. But the Philosophy of this Reflection stands upon another Ground; for our Comfort does not arise from other People's being Miserable, but from this Inference upon the Ballance, that we suffer only the Lot of Humane Nature; and as we are Happy or Miserable, compar'd with others, so other People are Miserable or Happy compar'd with us: By which Justice of Providence, we come to be convinc'd of the Sin, and the mistake of our Ingratitude.

* In all the Cases of our Lives, we fancy our selves much more miserable than we are; for want of taking a true Estimate of Things, we fly into Transports without Reason, and judge of the Happiness or Calamity of Humane Life, by false Lights. A strict Enquiry into the Truth of Matters will help up in the one, and Comparison will set us right in the other.

Idleness,

Idleness, Sloth.

MAny People are kept within their Duty, because they have not the Courage, or will not be at the Pains of being Wicked. And in such Cases *Virtue* runs away with that Praise, which is due only to *Timidity* or *Sloth*.

When *Idle Men* have indulg'd themselves, as much as they think fit, no body is then so full of Haste and Activity as they; because, they hope, this quickning of others will give them the reputation of Diligence.

Of all the *Passions* we are expos'd to, none is more conceal'd from our knowledge than *Idleness*; it is the most violent, and the most mischievous of any, tho' its Violence be insensible, and its Mischievousness unheeded and secret: If we carefully consider its power, it will be found upon all occasions to have an absolute Sway over our Sentiments, our Interests, and our Pleasures. This is a *Remora* that can stop the largest Ships, and a Calm more dangerous to our Undertakings than any *Rocks* or *Sands*, or even the most violent *Storms*. The Ease and Tranquility of *Sloth* is a powerful *Charm*, that suppresses on the sudden our most vigorous pursuits, and controuls our most peremptory Resolutions; In a Word (to give a true Notion of this *Passion*) *Idleness* is a Blessedness of the *Soul*, that makes her easie under all her Losses, and supplies the place of her Enjoyments and Advantages.

'Tis a mighty Error to suppose, that none but violent and strong *Passions*, such as *Love* and *Ambition* are able to conquer the rest. Even *Idleness*, as feeble and languishing as it is, does often triumph over

over them all: This *Usurps* the Throne, and sits Paramount over all the Designs and Actions of our Lives; and insensibly wastes and destroys both all our *Virtues* and *Vices*.

† 'Tis having nothing to do, makes us do nothing.

Of all our *Failings*, we are apt to confess *Laziness* the more easily, because we persuade our selves, that it sticks close to all peaceable *Virtues*; and as for the rest, that it does not destroy any of them utterly, but only suspends the Exercise of them.

There is more *Laziness* in the *Mind*, than in the *Body*.

Idleness and *Constancy* fix the Mind to what it finds easie and agreeable: This Habit always confines and cramps up our Notions, and no body was ever at the pains to stretch and carry his Understanding, as far as it could go.

We have very often more Strength than good Will to use it; but we fancy things impossible to be done, to reconcile our selves to our own *Idleness*.

If we cast an Eye on all the *Tempests* which arise within our Breasts, and consider the Causes and Remedies of all the violent *Desires*, malicious *Envy*, intemperate *Joys*, and irregular *Griefs*, by which the Lives of most Men become *Miserable*, or *Guilty*; we shall find that they are generally produc'd by *Idleness*, and may be most naturally cur'd by *Diversions*, What-ever *Art* shall be able to busie the *Minds* of Men, with a constant course of *Innocent Works*, or to fill them with as vigorous and pleasant Images, as those ill *Impressions*, by which they are deluded; it will certainly have a surer Effect in the composing and purifying of their thoughts, than all the *Precepts* of the *Moralists*.

Jealousie,

Jealousie.

Jealousie lives upon *Doubts* and *Suspensions*; but as soon as these become *Certainties*, then the *Passion* either ceases or turns absolute *Madness*.

Jealousie is always born with *Love*, but it does not always dye with it.

Unfaithfulness ought to quench our *Love* quite; and we do ill to be jealous when there is no *Reason*: No body deserves the *Jealousie* of another, who will give any just occasion for it.

Jealousie is not so much the effect of the *Love* of another, as the *Love* of our selves.

The reason why the pains we feel from *Shame* and *Jealousie*, are so smart and cutting, is, because *Vanity* cannot assist us to bear them.

Jealousie is the greatest of *Evils*, and yet the least pity'd by those that occasion it.

Interest.

Interest speaks all manner of *Languages*, and acts all sorts of *Parts*, even that of *Impartiality*.

Interest makes some People *blind*, and others *quicksighted*.

We promise according to our *Hopes*, and perform according to our *Fears*.

Virtues are lost in *Interest*, as *Rivers* are swallowed up in the *Sea*.

The bare Name and Pretence of *Virtue*, is more serviceable to a Man's *Interest* than *Vice*.

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Interest puts Men upon exercising *Virtues* and *Vices*, as the occasion requires.

Interest, upon which we generally lay the blame of all our ill Actions, oftentimes deserves to be commended for our good ones.

* He that trims between two *Interests*, loses himself with both, when he comes to be detected, for being true to neither.

Luxury and too great *Delicacy* of Manners in a State, are infallible Symptoms of its Declension: For when Men are so over-curious and nice in their own *Concerns* and *Interests*, the Good of the Publick is generally neglected.

Magnanimity despises all, that it may grasp all.

* Whosoever gains by the Dead, has not much Kindness for the Living.

Interest supercedes all Arguments of *Affection* and *Consanguinity*.

Justice, Injustice, Judgment.

J*ustice*, in strict speaking, is nothing else, but a quick and intimate Fear of losing one's own. This makes Men tender of their Neighbours Property and Interests, and religiously careful not to invade it. This Fear holds Men in, within the compass of that Estate which either *Birth* or *Fortune* has given them; and were it not for this, they would continually be making IncurSIONS upon one another.

Justice, in moderate and well-behav'd *Judges*, is often only the love of their Preferment.

We except against some *Judges* in matters of very little concern, when at the same time we are content

tent to have our Reputation and Honour depend upon the Judgment of Men, which are byass'd against us, either by Jealousie, Prejudice or Ignorance: And we expose our Ease and our Loves only to bribe them, to give Sentence in our Favour.

Men and Actions are like Objects of Sight, and have also their *Points of Perspective*; some must be seen at a distance, and others, at close view, to be exactly judg'd of.

The *Judgments* our *Enemies* make concerning us, come nearer to the Truth, than those we pass concerning our selves.

Every one erects a *Court of Judicature* for himself: There he sits supream Judge over his Neighbour, and proceeds upon him in as Arbitrary and Authoritative a manner, as if he had some particular Prerogative over him. But, methinks, we should be more modest and sparing, in passing Sentence thus upon others, if we did but consider, that they too will take the same Freedoms, and use us with the same Severity, when in their Power.

* Of all *Injustices*, that is the most abominable and capital, which imposes upon us under the colour of Kindness and good Meaning.

* It is not only generous but profitable too, for a Man in some Cases to remit somewhat of the strictness of his just due.

The Duty of a *Judge* is to administer *Justice*, and his *Trade* to delay it: Some know their Duty, and only follow their Trade.

Those that make ill *Judgments* of us, without being acquainted with us, do not wrong us in the least; 'tis not us they condemn, but only an imaginary *Chimera* of their own making.

We

We are revenged upon the ill *Judgments* some Men make of our Wit and Manners, by the Unworthiness of those they approve of.

* The Wickedness of other Men we have always in our Eye, but we cast our own over our Shoulders. He that loves his Neighbour's Wife, and for that very reason, because she is anothers, locks up his own: And a worse Father chastises a better Son.

It is very hard to find an equal Judge: There are no great exacters of Faith, than the Perfidious; no greater Persecutors of Falshood, than the Perjurious: A Tyrant is offended at Bloodshed, the Sacrilegious punishes Theft, and the greater part of the World quarrels with the Offender, rather than with the Offence.

* It is with Justice as with sick Men: In time past, when we had few Doctors, as well of *Law* as of *Physick*, we had more *Right* and more *Health*: But we are now destroy'd, by Multitudes and Consultations, which serve to no other end, than to enflame both the *Distemper* and the *Reckoning*.

* It may seem somewhat a hard Case for the greater Thieves to punish the less, and for publick Purloiners and Oppressors to sit in Triumph upon the Lives of the little ones, that go to the Gallows; for the yoke of Morality is the same upon both, and they stand both accountable to the same Master: But Time, Power and Corruption give a Reputation to the worst of Practices; and it is no longer Oppression when it comes gilded, with the Name of Authority. Now in the sight of Heaven. the greater the Temptation, the less is the Sin; and yet in the Vogue of the World, it passes for an Exploit of Honour, for Kings and States to run away with

whole Countries, that they have no Colour or Pre-
tence to; when many a poor Devil stands con-
demned to a Halter, or a Whipping-Post, for the
pilfering of a Silver-Spoon perhaps, or the rob-
bing of a Hen-Roost.

* We cannot judge of Characters of Things and
Persons, given at second hand, unless we know ex-
actly how capable those Persons, from whom such
Characters were first taken, were to pass a right
Judgment upon such Subjects; and also the parti-
cular Motives that byals'd them to pass such
Censures.

It is easie for Men to fall into gross Errors, and
to mistake the wrong Causes for the true, in the
Judgment which they make of others Opinions and
Inclinations: When they behold them addicted to
such or such *Vices*, and to have withal some good
Qualities, in which they themselves do not excel,
they presently are apt to imagine the *bad* to raise
from the *good*, and so condemn both together;
whereas, perhaps, it sprung from some other hid-
den Cause, of which they took no notice.

Knowledge, Learning, Ignorance.

† **H**E has learnt but little that values himself up-
on what he knows, or despises another for
what he knows not.

There are two sorts of *Curiosity*, the first pro-
ceeds from *Interest*, and is a desire to learn things
that can be useful and beneficial to us; the other
springs from *Pride*, and is a desire of being wiser
than our Neighbours.

'Tis

'Tis much easier to know what Men are in general, than to know a single Man in particular.

The love of new *Notions* and greater *Knowledge*, proceeds not so much from our being weary of what we had before, or any Satisfaction there is in Change, as from the concern for being too little admir'd by those that know us well, and from the hope of being admir'd more by them that know us but little.

It is with some good *Qualities*, as with our *Senses*; those that never had the use of them, can never have any Notion of them.

It is so usual with most Men to judge of things so very slightly and superficially, that the most ordinary *Words* and *Actions*, set off with a good Grace, and some little Knowledge how Matters go in the World, very often gain a Man more Reputation than the most profound Wisdom and Learning.

It is not so very difficult for Men to know themselves, if they did but take pains of enquiring into themselves; but they are more solicitous to be thought what they should be, than really careful to be what they should be.

Ignorance creates Weakness and Fear, but *Learning* makes Men bold and assured: Nothing affects or disturbs a Mind, that has a true Apprehension of Things, and knows how to distinguish them rightly.

Study and the enquiry after *Truth*, have seldom any other Effect, than to make us experimentally convinc'd of our natural *Ignorance*.

This Maxim, *Let a thing be never so secret, yet it will be discover'd at one time or other*: is very uncertain, if not false: For it has no other ground, than those things that have been found out; and for ought we know, there may be as many that never did or shall come to our knowledge.

There are some sort of People that never look into a Book, and yet with their own stock of natural Parts, have a better Sense of Things that depend upon clear and true *Reason*, than some great and bookish *Professors*.

A great many People are fond of Books as they are of Furniture, to dress and set off their Rooms, more than to adorn and enrich their Minds.

If we set aside those Cases, in which *Reason* is concern'd, a Man ought to measure his Studies and his Books by the *Standard* of his own *Reason*, and not enslave his *Reason* to his Books.

Studious Men propose to themselves the filling their Heads with Notions, that they may talk fluently and nicely, and be taken notice of in the World; more than their own real Improvement, and better Information, that they might be qualified to make a right Judgment of Things.

Such words as *Sympathize*, *Je ne scay quoy's*, *Oculti Qualities*, and a thousand more of the same stamp, have no Sense nor Signification at all. A Man is wonderfully deceiv'd, if he fancies himself one jot the wiser for them. They were only found out to supply the want of *Reason*, and to be used when we would fain say something, but indeed have nothing to say.

In the study of Humane Learning, our *Mind* ought always to preserve its own Freedom, and not to enslave its self to other Peoples Fancies. The liberty of the Judgment should have its full scope, and not take any thing upon trust, from the Credit of any Man's Authority. When different *Opinions* are propos'd to us, we should consider and chuse, if there are such odds between them, as to admit of a Choice; and if there be not, then we should continue in suspense still.

The

The highest Pitch of Humane Understanding, is to be thoroughly acquainted with our own Weakness, Vanity and Misery; and the less Wit a Man has, the less he knows of these Matters.

That sort of *Ignorance*, which is but a Privation or Emptiness of *Knowledge*, is much less despicable than the other kind of *Ignorance*, which is full of, and puff'd up with Error and Impertinence, and which the World oftentimes mistakes for Learning and Knowledge.

Too servile a submission to the Books and Opinions of the *Ancients*, has spoil'd many an ingenious Man, and plagu'd the World with abundance of *Pedants*.

The knowing of others well is a fair step to gain an *Ascendant* and *Mastery* over them; for the Man that is thoroughly known, depends in some measure upon the Person that knows him.

As there is no Man but may draw great Supplies and Advantages from *Learning*, so there are very few who do not find great Prejudices from the Notions they acquire by Studies, except they use them, as if they were natural to them.

Men are most esteemed when the *World* does not know the utmost of their Parts and Abilities. For things that are understood but by halves, are always presum'd greater than really they are.

The eager desire Men have of making their Parts and Abilities known, hinders 'em generally from acquiring any considerable: For whilst they are busie to let the World see what knowledge they have, they lose the opportunity to learn that which they want.

The best Disposition, when untaught, is always blind and unsettled. A Man ought to take all imaginable Care to inform himself, that his *Ignorance*

may make him neither *Childishly* Bashful, nor *Ridiculously* Confident.

None but little Souls are disturb'd at having their *Ignorance* reprov'd; and the reason is, that being generally very *Blind* and *Foolish*, they never trouble themselves with *Doubts*; and are fully satisfied they see those things clearly, which they saw only through the thick Mist of a clouded Understanding.

To know things judiciously, we ought always to be upon our guard; against the Reputation of him that speaks them; the *Air* of the Face; the Manner of Speaking; the Quality, the Time, the Place, all in pose.

Study makes a greater difference between a *Scholar* and an *Ignorant* Man, than there is between an *Ignorant* Man and a *Brute*. But the *Air* of the World, yet makes a greater Distinction between a *Polite* and a *Learned* Person. *Knowledge* begins the *Gentleman*; and the Commerce of the World compleats him.

'Tis the fault of weak Reasoners to venture upon many things they don't understand, and to renounce them as soon as they come to know them.

All *Objects* have different *Faces*, and the Mind, which is in continual Motion, looks upon them as it turns, insomuch that we have nothing, if I may so speak, but new *Aspects*, thinking to enjoy new *Discoveries*.

The great Commerce in the World hinders all Attention; what we see in others, keeps us from examining well our selves.

By a little knowledge of *Nature* Men become *Atheists*; but a great deal returns them back again to a sound and religious Mind.

• Though

* Though it may be an Argument of great Wit, to give ingenious Reasons for many wonderful Appearances in Nature; yet it is an Evidence of small Judgment, to be positive in any thing, but the acknowledgment of our own *Ignorance*.

* Our *Pride* is always greater than our *Ignorance*; and what we want in *Knowledge* we supply by *Sufficiency*. When we have look'd about us as far as we can, we conclude there is no more to be seen; when we have shot our best, we are sure none ever did, nor ever can shoot better, or beyond it. Our own *Reason* is the certain measure of *Truth*; our own *Knowledge* of what is possible in *Nature*. Though our *Mind* and our *Thoughts* change every seven Years, as well as our *Strength* and our *Features*: Nay, though our *Opinions* change every Week, or every Day, yet we are sure, or at least confident, that our present *Thoughts* and *Conclusions* are just and true, and cannot be deceiv'd: And among all the Miseries to which Man is born, and subjected in the whole Course of his Life, he has this one Felicity to comfort and support him, *That in all Ages, in all things, every Man is always in the right*. A Boy of fifteen is wiser than his *Father* at forty; the meanest *Subject*, than his *Prince* or *Governours*; and the *Modern Scholars*, because they have for a Hundred Years past learnt their *Lessons* pretty well, are much more knowing than the *Ancient Masters*.

* It is undoubtedly true, that scarce any Man's Mind is so capable of thinking strongly, in the presence of one whom he *Fears* and *Reverences*, as he is when that Restraint is taken off. And this is to be found not only in weighty Matters, but also in the Arts of *Discourse* and *Raillery* themselves: For we have often seen Men of bold Tempers, that have
over-

over-aw'd and govern'd the Wit of most Companies; to have been disturb'd and dumb, and bashful as Children, when some other Men has been near, who us'd to out-talk them. Such a kind of natural Sovereignty there is in some Men's Minds over others, which must needs be much greater when it is advanc'd by long use, and the venerable name of a *Master*.

* Those who take their Opinions from others Rules, are commonly stricter imposers upon their Scholars, than their own Authors were on them, or than the first Inventors of things themselves are upon others. Whatever the Cause of this be, whether the first Men are made meek and gentle, by their long search, and by better understanding all their Difficulties of Knowledge; while those that learn afterwards, only hastily catching things in small *Systems*, are soon satisfied, before they have broken their Pride, and so become more imperious; or whether it arises from hence, that the same meanness of *Soul*, which made them bound their Thoughts by other Precepts, makes them also *Insolent* to their Inferiours, as we always find *Co-wards* the most *Cruel*: Or whatever other Cause may be alledg'd, the Observation is certain, that the *Successors* are usually more positive and tyrannical, than the *Beginners*.

It is *Liberty* alone which inspires Men with lofty Thoughts, and elevates their Souls to a higher Pitch, than Rules of Art can direct. Books of Rhetorick make Men Copious and Methodical; but they alone can never infuse that true Enthusiastick Rage which *Liberty* breaths into their Souls who enjoy it, and which, guided by a sedate Judgment, will carry Men further than the greatest Industry, and the quickest Parts can go without it. All

All Men who make a Mystery of Matters of *Learning*, and industriously oblige their Scholars to conceal their Dictates, give the World great Reason to suspect, that their *Knowledge* is all Juggling and Trick.

* No Pretences to greater measures of *Knowledge*, grounded upon account of long Successions of Learned Men in any Country, ought to gain belief, when set against the Learning of other Nations who make no such Pretences, unless *Inventions* and *Discoveries* answerable to those Advantages, be produced by their Advocates.

* The growth of *Learning*, as well as of Natural Bodies, has some short Periods beyond which it cannot reach, and after which it must begin to decay. It falls in one Country or one Age, and rises again in others, but never beyond a certain Pitch. One Man, or one Country, at a certain time runs a great length in some certain kinds of *Knowledge*, but lose as much ground in others, that were perhaps as useful and valuable. There is a certain degree of *Capacity* in the greatest Vessel, and when 'tis full, if you pour in still, it must run out some way or other, and the more it runs out on one side, the less runs out at the other: So the greatest *Memory*, after a certain degree, as it learns or retains more of some Things or Words, loses and forgets as much of others. The largest and deepest reach of Thought, the more it pursues some certain Subjects, the more it neglects others.

It is natural to all Ranks of Men, to have some one Darling, upon which their Care is chiefly fixt. If *Mechanicks* alone were to make a Philosophy, they would bring it all into their Shops, and force it wholly to consist of Springs, and Wheels, and Weights: If *Physitians*, they would not depart from

from their Art; scarce any thing would be consider'd besides the *Body of Man*, the *Causes, Signs*, and *Cures of Diseases*. So much is to be found in Men of all Conditions, of that which is called *Pedantry* in Scholars, which is nothing else but an obstinate Addiction to the forms of some private Life, and not regarding general things enough.

We meet with very few Authors that are plain and natural; for even the Best are seldom contented either with their first *Thoughts* or with those *Expressions*, which present themselves without study. The generality of Men mistake the Perfection of the Productions of *Wit*, and value them in Proportion to the pains and troubles they stand them in; as if Thoughts and Expressions were like Silver and Gold, which must be digg'd out of Earth, and purg'd of their Dross with great Labour, before they can be good for any thing.

A *Dogmatical Tone*, is generally the effect of great *Ignorance*. He that knows nothing, thinks that he teaches others what he has learnt himself a Moment before: On the contrary, he that knows much, does hardly think, that what he says can be unknown to other People, and so he speaks with a kind of indifference,

* The Men of *Reading* do very much busie themselves about such *Conceptions*, which are no where to be found out of their own Chambers. The *Sense*, the *Custom*, the *Practise*, the *Judgment* of the World, is quite a different thing from what they imagine it to be in private: And therefore it is no wonder, if when they come abroad into Business the Sight of Men. the Tumult and Noise of Cities, and the very Brightness of Day it self affright them.

* The *studious* Men, while they continue heaping up in their Memories the Customs of past Ages, fall
insensibly

insensibly to imitate them, without any manner of Care, *how* suitable they are to *Time* and *Things*. In the Ancient *Authors*, which they turn over, they find Descriptions of *Virtues* more perfect than indeed they were : The Governments are represented better, and the ways of Life pleasanter than they deserv'd. Upon this, these *Bookish* Wise Men strait compare what they read with what they see ; and here beholding nothing so heroically Transcendent, because they are able to mark all the *Spots* as well as *Beauties* of every thing, that is so close to their sight, they presently begin to despise their own *Times*, to exalt the past, to condemn the *Virtues*, and aggravate the *Vices* of their *Country* ; not endeavouring to amend them, but by such Examples as are now unpracticable, by reason of the Alteration of *Men* and *Manners*.

*Kings, Princes, Courtiers, Favourites,
Government.*

* **N**othing is of so much Moment to a Prince as Reputation, and none more than that of being a Religious observer of his Word and Promise ; but especially of his Oaths, without which he could never be trusted by his Subjects or Neighbours.

* No Condition of Humane Life is ever perfectly secure, nor any force of Greatness, or of prudence beyond the reach of Envy, and the blows of Fortune. Princes, as well as private Men, are often in most danger, at those Times, and in those Parts, they think themselves safest ; as strong Towers

ers are sometimes taken on those sides, that are thought impregnable, and so left undefended, or little regarded.

† A Prince may be familiar with his Subjects, without derogating from his Majesty, but not Supercilious without Danger.

* The Infelicities of some Princes, may be occasion'd only by ill timing their Councils, when to attempt and when to desist, in the justest endeavours; and the greatness of others, may be preserved by unforeseen Accidents, where the greatest reach of foresight and conduct, might have failed.

* The Decrees of Heaven are wrapp'd up in the Clouds, and the Events of future things, hidden in the Dark, from the Eyes of mortal Men. The wisest Councils may be discomposed by the smallest Accidents; and the securest Peace of States, and Kingdoms, may be disturb'd by the lightest Passions, as well as the deep designs of those who Govern them. For though the wise Reflections of the best Historians, as well as the common Reasonings of private Men, are apt to ascribe the Actions and Councils of Princes, to Interests or Reasons of State; yet whoever can trace them to their true Spring, will be after forc'd to derive them from the same Passions and personal Dispositions, which Govern the Affairs of private Lives.

* No injuries are so sensible to Mankind in general, as those of Scorn; and no Quarrels pursued between Princes, with so much sharpness and Violence, as those which arise from personal Animosities or private Passions, to which they are subject like other Men.

* The Secrets of Government, ought not to be touch'd with unwash'd Hands, and expos'd to the

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Multitude ; for upon granting the People a Privilege of debating the Prerogatives of Sovereign Power they will infer naturally enough a Right and a Title to the controuling and the over-ruling of it.

* An affectation of Popularity has often prov'd a Snare, strong enough to tempt many Men, who have otherwise been in great Temperance and Virtue. Nor indeed, can there be any more dangerous Enemies to a State or Kingdom, than such as come sober to endeavour its Destruction.

* When a *Prince* fails in Point of *Honour* and *Common Justice*, 'tis enough to stagger his People in their Faith and Allegiance.

† 'Tis an unhappy thing for *Princes* to be sometimes necessitated to promise, when they know, it would not be prudence to perform.

* It is as impossible for a Government to be without Faults, as for a Man to be so.

* *Reason of State* in the Simplicity of the Notion, is only that of *Political Wisdom*, abstracted from the ordinary Rules and Method of *Conscience* and *Religion* ; it consults only legal Utility, and never matters it, provided the Publick may be the better for't tho' the Instruments and Managers go to the Devil. In short, it is most certain that *Reason of State* is a very devilish thing under a specious Name, and a Cover for all Wickedness. What are Alliances and Ruptures, but Temporary Expedients ? And the ordinary Reasons of War and Peace, are very little better than Banter and Paradox.

* Laws with Penalties are made for the Government of the Simple and the Weak, like Cobwebs, to catch Flies ; but Power is the Law of Laws, and there's no disputing with it, but upon the Swords Point.

'Tis

'Tis matter of Prudence, to have a care not to out-do ones Master. All Superiority is odious, but in a Subject over his *Prince*, it is ever Foolish or Fatal: An accomplish'd Man conceals vulgar Advantages, as a modest Woman hides her Beauty under a negligent Dress. There are many who will yield in good Fortune, or in good Humour; but no body will yield in good Wit, and least of all a Sovereign: *Princes* are willing to be assisted, but not surpass'd; those who advise them, ought to speak, as if they put them in mind of what they forgot, and not as teaching them what they knew not.

* Religion is a kind of a Two-Edged-Sword in the Hands of a Man of Might, that cuts both ways alike, and it is either right or wrong, or wrong or right, as occasion serves. Power, in short, is Beauty, Wit, Courage, and all good things together in one, where Slaves and Parasites are Judges.

We read in History, that most *Princes*, who have been in the apprehension of Conspiracies, have taken the course to meet and prevent them by Punishment and Revenge; but I find very few who have reaped any advantage by this proceeding, and whoever finds himself in this danger, ought not to expect much either from his Vigilancy or Power; For how hard a thing, is it for a Man to secure himself from an Enemy, who lies conceal'd under the Countenance of the most officious Friend we have; and to discover, and know the Wills and inward thoughts of those who are continually doing us Service? And moreover, this continual suspicion, that makes a *Prince* jealous of all the World, must of necessity be a strange Torment to him.

* There

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* There are few instances found in Story, of a *Prince* that began and atchieved any great and famous Enterprize after Fifty years of Age; whether the decline of Nature leaves not Vigor enough for such Designs or Actions; or Fortune, like her Sex, have no kindness left for Old Men, how much soever she favour'd them when they were Young.

* The safety of a *Prince*, is never so firm and well established upon any other bottom, as the general Safety, and thereby Satisfaction of the Common People, which make the bulk and strength of all great Kingdoms, whenever they conspire and unite in any common Passion, or Interest: For the Nobles without them, are but like an Army of Officers without Soldiers; and make only a vain shew or weak noise, unless raised and encreased by the Voice of the People; which for this Reason, is in a common Latin Proverb, called the Voice of GOD.

* As Clemency is produced by Magnanimity, and Fearlessness of Dangers, so is Cruelty by Cowardise and Fear, and argues not only a depravedness of Nature, but also a meanness of Courage and Imbecility of Mind; for which reason it is both hated by all that are within its reach and danger, and despised by all that are without.

† Tyrants can never be safe; for Cruelty is more terrible than any danger we are expos'd to, by endeavouring to avoid it.

* There is not any thing more dangerous for a *Prince*, than to consult only with Persons that he thinks are of his own Mind, or will be so when they know it; nor more pernicious in a Coun-

cellor, than to give only such Advices as he thinks most agreeable to him that asks, or receives them.

We do so willingly slip the Collar of Command upon any pretence whatever, and are so ready to usurp upon Dominion, and every one does so naturally aspire to Liberty, and Power, that no Utility whatever, derived from the Wit or Valour of those he does employ, ought to be so dear to a Superiour, as a downright and sincere Obedience. To obey more upon the Account of Understanding, than of Subjection, is to corrupt the Office, and subvert the Power of Command.

† That must be a wonderful good Prince, and a Miracle of a Favorite, whose Exaltation will not at one time or other make the Prince uneasy, or the People invidious.

* The common Subjects of a Kingdom, are not so apt to trouble themselves about the Rights and Possession of a Crown, as about their own; and seldom engage in the quarrels of the first, but upon some general and strong apprehension that the last are in danger.

Some make the quaintness of their Wit to consist in employing bad Instruments: A dangerous Point of Honour, and worthy of an unhappy issue. The Excellence of the Minister has never lessened the Glory of the Master: on the contrary all the Honour of the success, rebounds upon the Principal cause, and in like manner, all the Blame; for Fame always sounds the Praises of the first Authors, Therefore a Prince must endeavour to chuse his Ministers well, since on them depends the immortality of his Reputation.

Govern-

* *Government* can no more subsist without Subjection, than the Multitude can agree without Government: And the duty of obliging, is no less of Divine Appointment, than the Authority of Commanding,

Princes may be said in some sence, to command every thing that they do, and to forbid every thing that they do not; their Example has an attractive Power to draw others after them: Both their *Virtue* and their *Vices* spread themselves over all their Diminions; and are, in some measure, eternized by imitation. The least *Crime* that they commit, renders them guilty of a Thousand others; and all the *Virtues* with which they are adorned, are incessantly reproduc'd in the Hearts of an infinite Number of Persons that are ambitious of resembling them.

They who give the first Shock to a State, are voluntarily the first overwhelm'd in its Ruin. The Fruits of Publick Commotions are seldom enjoy'd by him who was the first Master: He only troubles the Water for anothers Net; and beats the Bush whilst another gets the Hare.

* As the absence of an ill *Prince* seldom fails of raising Disquiets and Commotions amon the People in a Government which is obey'd only from fear, so nothing contributes more to the Satisfaction and Obedience of Subjects, than the presence of a good King; and this is the reason why all distant Provinces, govern'd by Commissions, or subordinate Authorities, are so subject to frequent Seditions and Revolts, how lawfully soever they are inherited, or how well soever they are established, after any new Conquest, or Acquisition; the Force and influence of Authority,

growing still weaker by the change of Hands, and distance of Place.

* To have been privy to the Secrets of Superiours, has been the undoing of many. Confidence is not the favour, but the impost of a *Prince*; many break their Looking-Glass, because it shows them their Uglinefs. A *Prince* cannot abide to see the Man who may have seen him; and the witness of an ill art, is always ill look'd upon. He that has entrusted his Secret to another has made himself his Slave: And in Sovereigns, it is a violence that cannot last long; for they are impatient to redeem their lost Liberty. In a word, the best Maxim for Secrets, is, *neither to bear them, nor tell them.*

"Princes are generally kept so much in the Dark, as to *Things*, and have so seldom a true Character given them of *Persons*, that 'tis a wonder they commit no greater Errors, either in the management of Affairs, or in the choice of their Ministers.

† A *Prince* should constantly reflect, that he Governs Men, and that he himself is but a Man.

† Our Hatred of *Fourites*, shews our Esteem of the Favour, and our Envy makes us refuse them that Respect, which their Interest and Power procures 'em from others.

† Reasons of State are so very intricate, that a good Minister can hardly be a good Man.

† The Affability of some Great Men, is to make us believe their Goodness greater than their Fortune.

† Courage is not always innate; and Men may learn to be Brave, as well as to Exercise a *Bat-talion*.

'Tis

* 'Tis great Wisdom in a *Prince*, to understand the Critical Seasons and Circumstances for Rigour or Remisness; when 'tis proper to take up, and when to slacken the Reins of Government.

" 'Tis the highest Pitch of Greatness in a *Prince* to know how to support his Authority, without the Ceremony of Guards; to shrink himself almost into the Figure of a private Gentleman, and yet act nevertheless, with all the Force and Majesty of his Character, when the Government requires it. How creditable is it to the Sex, we account the weaker, that this was never done in *England*, but by Queen *Elizabeth*?

* Falshood and Legerdemain, sink the Character of a *Prince*, and make him look like a Royal Juggler; Publick Character and *Common Good*, as they call it, are no defence in such cases. *Sextus VI.* who was a great Man, us'd to say, That 'twas short thinking, which made Conscience impracticable, and *Politicks* fall foul upon *Morals*; That if *Statesmen* were well qualified, and work'd their Heads, there would be no occasion for *Latitude* and *Insincerity*. *Reason*, without doubt, well manag'd, would fence against inconvenience much better than *Craft*: In earnest, 'twould be a very hard Case, and a great Reflection upon Prudence, if Men could not be happy, without breaking their Faith, and blemishing their Honour. However, to say nothing more, some People are too *Lazy* to be *Honest*; but this ill Custom apart, there's no necessity to make *Reason of State* incompatible with the Laws of Justice.

Court Civilities, are either meer empty Grimaces, or study'd design. In 1598, when Queen Elizabeth went from Temple-bar along Fleet-street, the Lawyers were ranked on one side, and the Companies of the City on the other: Said Master Bacon (since Lord-Chancellor) to a Lawyer that stood next him; Do but observe the Courtiers: if they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if first to us, they are in Law.

"No Men more dangerous in a free State, than those who have nothing to lose; for under the plausible Pretence of Liberty and Publick good, they raise Clamours against the present Ministers, that so either themselves, or those who support 'em, may get employment. Corbulo would never have been at the Pains of writing so many Volumes against the Court, had he either preserv'd his Place, or better managed his Senate.

"We envy the Great for those very Things, which are the greatest Plagues to them; I mean their great Retinue.

"Nothing can make a King of England absolute but his Goodness, and strict Regard to the Laws.

"A Prince, who has the Hearts of his Subjects, has no occasion either for a Standing Army, or a Brib'd Senate; for whoever Commands the Affection, Commands the Purse.

† The Duties are at present so high upon Preferment, that Men of Honour don't care for Trading.

† Favourites are justly the Envy of the People: They get every Thing, and generally merit nothing.

† There

† There is nothing so odious to Men in Favour, as Men in disgrace: it is a sort of *Memento* to 'em of the fickleness of Fortune, or the capriciousness of Princes.

“ A good Architect takes care to make those Figures, which he places on the Top of Buildings, *bigger than the Life*; that so they may lose nothing of the *just Size* they represent, notwithstanding their Elevation; But Fortune, or rather *Princes*, who generally act by Caprice, and without Rule, place oftentimes in the highest Posts, Persons of so inconsiderable Merit, that they appear no more than *Shrimps*, to the gazing Spectator.

“ He that first invented the Names of *Whigg* and *Tory*, has done the Nation as much Harm, as the Gun-Powder Treason would have done it, if it had taken Effect.

“ The Words of *Whigg* and *Tory*, have undergone almost as many Revolutions in their Signification, as the Parties to which they have been given: Now a days a *great Whigg* or a *great Tory*, signifies little else, than a Man who stirs to be in a *great Employment*.

“ We have lately had the History of Unfortunate Favourites: 'Tis pity the Author has not given us at the same time, the History of *Princes*, that have been undone by them. I'm sure this Second Part would have been as seasonable and useful as the first.

* A *Private Man* is judg'd of by his *Companions*, a *Prince* by his *Ministers*.

† Good and bad Times, are only modest Terms for good or bad Men in Employments.

"*Truth* is only agreeable to the *Virtuous*. And
 " 'tis no small Reflection on *Princes* and Great Men,
 " that few of 'em can bear to hear it.

" An *English King* will never be able to hold the
 " Ballance of *Europe*, if he knows not how to hold
 " the Ballance of *England*: For his Reputation a-
 " broad, will raise or sink, as his Affairs go well or
 " ill at Home.

" A King of *England* should cause his Corona-
 " tion Oath to be written in Golden Capitals in
 " his Closet, as the Ten Commandments are in
 " his Chappel; the observation of the first being
 " as necessary for his Happiness in this World,
 " as the keeping of the other for his Felicity
 " hereafter.

" A Prince that Governs by Parties, is like a
 " Philosopher that grows wise by Starts and bro-
 " ken Fancies.

" Governing by Parties may keep a Prince a-
 " bove Water for a while, but will sink him at
 " last.

" A wise Prince had much better make a Favou-
 " rite of his Minister, than a Minister of his Favourite.
 " But Beasts of Pleasure, are seldom Beasts of
 " Burthen.

" As King *James II.* was undone by Trusting too
 " many; so other Princes may be ruin'd by trust-
 " ing no body.

" A King who never gave his Subjects a cause of
 " Dissatisfaction, can never trust 'em too far;
 " whereas a Prince who has once rendred himself
 " suspected, will do well not to trust 'em at all;
 " Queen *Elizabeth* justifies the first; and King
 " *Charles I.* and *James II.* the latter.

" *Innova-*

"Innovations are generally pernicious in Govern-
ment as well as in Religion ; and therefore
* 'tis much better to bear with small Grie-
vances, than unravel the present Constitu-
tion.

* Changing Officers is very ill Husbandry ; for
where a Man finds he is not like to make a
long Gain, he will make a quick one.

" Changing the *Ministry*, is sometimes as fatal
as changing the whole *Constitution*.

• When a *Prince* has overcome the Rebels, he
should deliver the forfeited Estates into the
Hands of his People, who have before-hand paid
the Purchase by enabling him to Triumph o'er
his Enemies.

"The Disease of a Kingdom first breaks out in
the Ministry, which if not remov'd, 'twill in-
fallibly Corrupt and Destroy the whole Body
Politick.

† Great Men care not to converse with any but
such, as are inferiour to 'em in Parts.

† We are often mistaken for Men of *Pleasure*, be-
cause we are not Men of *Business* ; and for Men of
Business, because we are not Men of *Pleasure*. A
Man of Great Parts finds leisure for both ; an infe-
rior Genius for neither.

† Whilst Courtiers speak for one another, all of
them obtain what none of them deserve.

" A *Steady Conduct* is the great Art of Govern-
ing a *Fickle People* : Whereas chopping and
changing of Measures keeps 'em always in a Fer-
ment, and ready to Rebel.

† A *Prince*, who has the Love and Veneration of
his People, may easily satisfy all Parties ; whereas
Courting them is endless.

" It

"It is with a Court, as with a great many other Things, a necessary Evil.

† 'Tis more difficult to find an *Honest Man*, than an *Able* one; *Business*, which improves the one, corrupts the other.

Opportunity corrupts Men, as well as Women.

† Among the *Ancient Greeks* and *Romans*, the Philosophers and Orators were *Brave*, and the *Brave Men* Studied *Philosophy* and *Eloquence*; among us the *Scholar* is but a *Scholar*, the *Lawyer* does but plead, and the *Soldier* only Fights. In short, if a *Man* excel in any one thing, he either despises the rest, or is unfit for it.

"All Men love *Flattery*, tho' sometimes they may hate and despise the *Flatterer*.

"Learning improves the *Honest Man* and the *Knave* alike; the Reading of *Tacitus* and *Matchiavel*, has made as many sound *Politicians*, as *State-Fugglers*.

† A *Roman Consul* had the thanks of the Senate (tho' he was beaten) that he did not despair; and a *French General* was made a *Mareschal* of France after he had lost *Namur*; but with us, if any thing goes cross, we are presently for changing the Ministry.

* The wisest *Politicians* may sometimes be drawn into wrong measures by being over cunning; but then their mistakes are so many Lessons of instruction.

"'Tis impossible to frame *Oaths*, but what some People will readily Swallow, to gratify their *Ambition*: *Addresses*, *Associations*, *Abjurations*, and the like, pass with them for insignificant Promises, which they keep for their Interest, and will break for their Convenience.

"For-

"Formerly our Nobles signalized their entrance upon the Stage of the World, with Fighting Two or Three Battles, or at least a Duel: Now a Days, our young *Patricians* generally make themselves first talk'd of, either by Debauching an Actress, or by losing eight or ten Thousand Pounds at *New-Market*.

* Nothing shews more the weakness of a Government, than a loose Administration of the Exchequer; for it argues either a Prince's negligence, or that he is unsettled in his Throne, and oblig'd to make Creatures with exorbitant Gifts.

* The Times past, read useful Lectures to the Time present: He that would see what shall be, let him consider what has been.

* A wise Prince ought to observe Popular Sects, and to nip 'em in the Bud; but being once full aged, it is Prudence not to oppose 'em with too strong a Hand, lest in supressing one, there arise two. A soft Current is soon stop't; but a rapid Stream resisted, breaks into many, or over-flows all.

* The first and chiefest Part of a good Patriot is to over-look personal Wrongs.

* Popular Love, and Popular Hate, have many times prov'd equally dangerous and fatal.

'Tis a hard Matter to determine whether those who preached *Passive Obedience*, did King James more Harm, than those who spake against his *Prerogative*. We may rail against the King of France as much as we please; but to give him his due, he ever rewarded *Virtue* and *Merit*, and punish'd *Vice* better than some of his Neighbours.

"The

"The unequal dispensation of Rewards and Punishments, will soon or late prove Fatal to a Prince.

* *Knaves* have generally the greatest share of managing, if not making Laws; as *Fools* have of bringing up New *Fashions*, and forming *Customs*.

* *Kings* that have been Fortunate Conquerors in their first Years; it being not possible for them to go forward infinitely, but that they must have some Check in their Successes, turn generally Superstitious and Melancholy in their latter Years.

The surest way of Governing, both in a private Family and a Kingdom, is for a *Husband* and a *Prince*, sometimes to yield something of their Prerogative.

A Neighbouring Monarch has oftentimes taken wrong Measures, upon account of our intestine jars not considering that those who are Factionous among themselves, and Jealous of one another, are more strongly prepared to encounter with a Common Enemy.

"'Tis an easier matter for a *Prince* to maintain a Conquest made by the Sword, than one gain'd by Cunning and Stratagem.

* *Liberty* in a *Prince*, is no Virtue, when maintain'd at the Subjects unwilling Cost; and it is less Reproach, by Parsimony to deserve Popular Love, than by Profuseness to deserve Private Thanks.

* It is the excellent Property of a good and Wise *Prince*, to use War as he does *Physick*, carefully, unwillingly, and seasonably.

* Let

Let a *Prince*, that would Beware of Plots, be rather Jealous of such whom his Favours have advanc'd, than of those whom his Displeasure has discontented. These want the Means the others have, to execute their desires; and Ambition to Rule, is more vehement than Malice to Revenge.

It is very dangerous to try Experiments in a State, unless in cases of extreme necessity, and 'tis better to connive for a while at any Inconveniencies, than suddenly to run upon a Reformation.

It is a necessary Wisdom for a *Prince* to grow in strength, as he encreases in Dominions, for Conquests, nor having power answerable to their greatness, invite New Conquerors to the ruin of the Old.

A Kingdom is a great Building, whose two main Supporters are the Law and the Church; and it is the part of a Wise Master, to keep those Pillars in their first Posture irremoveable. If either fail, 'tis Prudence rather to repair, than remove it; lest he should endanger the ruin of the whole Fabrick.

When the Humours of the People are stirr'd by Discontents, 'tis Policy in a *Prince* to give them moderate Liberty to vent their Spleen. He that turns the Humour back, makes the Wound Bleed inwardly, and fills the Body with Malignity.

It is almost impossible for any *Prince*, or Magistrate, utterly to avoid the Evil Report of Men; for if he be Good, he incurs the offence of wicked People; if he be Evil, Good Men will exclaim against him. This Danger therefore Wise

and Vertuous Princes have little regarded, because Hate may be gain'd, as well by Good as Evil doing.

* No Prince ever lost the love of his Subjects by punishing the Wicked; if at the same time he rewarded the Good and well deserving; for no Man can think him Cruel, that for Love to Vertue uses severity, which will appear when he is bountiful to the Vertuous.

* Next to *Sensuality* and *Sloth*, are the suspicion of *Simplicity*, *Commande*, or any such Vice. Nothing renders a Prince more contemptible to his People, than his being *mutable*, *inconstant*, *light* and *inconsiderate* in bestowing Honours and Offices of State.

* Tho' Frankness and Plain-dealing be most worthy Praise, chiefly in private Persons; yet because all Men do not act upon such Principles, it behoves Wise Men, and Princes above others, to *Dissemble* upon some Occasions; For as in all Actions, a Prince ought to be slow and advis'd; so in consent and believing, Haste and Facility is most dangerous.

* As I wish a Prince would not over-slightly believe all Men; neither would I have him, for small causes, distrust every Man.

* *Diffimulation*, is only tolerable in Princes and Magistrates; and is chiefly to be used with Strangers and Enemies, for good and necessary ends.

* A Peace cannot be lasting, except the Conditions of it be Reasonable and Honourable to both Parties; for no People can live contented under such a Law as forces them to loath the State where in they are.

† All

† All States ought to desire Peace; yet so as to be always prepar'd for War.

* The Time does not always serve to put an Enterprize in Execution: Yet whoever expects every opportunity, shall either attempt nothing at all, or if he do, the same, for the most part, turns to his own disadvantage. A Wise Politician *forces Occasions*, not *waits* for them.

Every *Wise Prince* ought to Govern his *Subjects* and *Servants* in such manner, that by his *Affability* and *Vertue*, they may be endear'd to his *Service*, rather *Voluntarily*, than for *Pay* or *Hope* of *Preferment*: For otherwise, whenever the *Prince* shall want means to reward, the *Subjects* likewise will fail in their *Good-will* to serve. But he that faithfully *Loves*, does neither become arrogant in *Prosperity*, nor withdraw in adverse *Fortune*.

* All Nations do naturally imitate the Manners of their *Prince*; and observing his *Proceedings*, resolve either to *Hate* or *Love* him. "Therefore it highly imports a King upon his first *Accession* to the *Throne*, to give a *Good Opinion* of himself to his *People*; for 'tis that first step which determines either the *Happiness* or *Misery* of his *Reign*. If the *People* happen once to *Hate* their *Sovereign*, then his *Actions*, *Good* or *Evil*, are never afterwards accounted *Good*: But if at the beginning he gains the *Love* of the *People*, then every bad *Action* is reputed a *Virtue*; as tho' he could not be induc'd to do amiss, without good *Cause* or *Reason*.

* All

All

* All Men are naturally *Good*, when no respect of profit or pleasure draws them to become *Evil*. But the Corruption of this World, and our Frailty is such, as easily, and often for our particular Interest, we incline to the worst; which was the cause that Wise Law-givers found out *Rewards* and *Punishments*; the one to invite Men to Good, the other to deliver them from being Evil.

* The Laws and Constitutions made at the first settlement of a State, or Commonwealth, when Men were Good, do often prove unprofitable when they are become Evil; and therefore new Laws are made according to the Accidents which happen.

* A *Prince* that desires, by means of his Ambassador, to deceive any other *Prince*, must first abuse his own Ambassador, to the end he should Act and Speak with more earnestness, as being perswaded that the intent and meaning of his Master is real; which perhaps he would not do, at least so effectually, if he was privy to his Masters dissimulation.

* 'Tis a dangerous thing in all Common-wealths, by continual Punishments to hold the minds of Subjects in suspicion; for Men ever fearing their Ruin, will, like those in despair, resolve to save themselves any way, and so attempt innovations. All capital Executions ought therefore to be done suddenly, so to secure the minds of Men from further Cruelties.

* In a State divided by Sects and Parties, the Leader of any side is able to kindle Civil War, yet is he unable to moderate the Victory; For to stir up Seditions and Troubles, the worst Man commonly bears the stroke; but Peace and

Quiet-

Quietness are only settled by Men of rare Gifts and excellent Virtue.

* The Authority which *Princes* communicate to their Subjects, is chiefly in respect of *Wisdom*, or *Valour*; yet it generally happens, that they account them the wisest and bravest Men, that can best accommodate themselves to their Humour.

* Ancient and well-govern'd Common-wealths were wont by their Conquests to fill the Treasuries with Gold and Silver, to give Rewards to Soldiers; to exempt the People from Taxes; to make Triumphs and Publick Feasts; but now a-days, as *Princes* manage the Wars, the Exchequer is exhausted, the People impoverish'd without being secur'd from their Enemies; and the Soldiers disbanded and unrewarded.

* Every State well govern'd, rewards Men of Merit, and punishes all Offenders; and if any Person that has well deserv'd of the Common-wealth, shall afterwards wilfully offend, he ought to be punish'd, notwithstanding his former Services.

* Some People being displeased with Innovations that happen in the State, do sometimes without just reasons, complain of those that Govern; nor unlike a Sick Man, who should think the Physician, not the Fever to be the cause of his Pain.

* A *Prince* makes himself first unhappy, when he makes others so.

* There are some fierce Souls, who have but an imperfect Pleasure in being *Masters*, if they don't make their Power felt by others, who place Greatness in Force, and the Happiness of their

Condition in making People miserable at their Pleasure.

'Tis as great a *Severity* in a *Prince* to pardon all Crimes, as to pardon none.

Frequent *Executions* cast as great blemish on the *Reputation* of a King, as frequent *Funerals* on that of a *Physician*.

* The publick is but one Body, and the Prince the Head on't; so that what Member soever withdraws his Service from the Head; is no better than a Negative Traitor to his Country and himself.

Princes and their *Ministers* have their Nature much like that of *Celestial Bodies*; they have much Splendor but no Rest.

Princes are no farther touch'd with one anothers Misfortunes than concerns their own *Interest*.

* The Periods of *Empires*, like Natural Bodies, grow for a certain Time, and to a certain Size, which they are not to exceed.

* The Sources of *Conquests*, like those of great Rivers, are generally obscure, or taken little notice of; until their Streams increasing by the Influence of many others, make so mighty Inundations, as to grow famous in Stories, as well as Maps of the World.

Usurpers and *Tyrants* do commonly Justice upon themselves, for the Injuries they have done to others; their own Consciences doing the Office of *Tormentors*, and avenging their Publick Crimes, by their Private Sufferings; for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with Fears and Jealousies.

* It is an easie matter for *Princes* to cover and defend their unlawful Desires, and unfaithful Vows, with many outward seeming fair Pretences; especially,

cially seeing there is no Umpire or Moderator of Matters concluded upon, to whom a Reason should be rendred.

* When Princes that ought to be common Parents, make themselves as a Party, and lean to a Side; it is a Boat that is overthrown by uneven weight on the one side. For when the Authority of Princes is made but an Accessary to a Cause, and that there are other Bands that tie faster than the Band of Sovereignty; Kings begin to be almost put out of Possession.

It is a miserable state of Mind, to have few things to desire and many things to fear; and yet that commonly is the Case of Kings, who being at the highest, want matter of Desire which makes their Minds more Languishing; and have many Representations of Perils and Shadows, which makes their Minds the less clear.

* Nothing destroys Authority so much, as the unequal and untimely interchange of Power, *press'd* too far, and *relaxed* too much.

* The Honour of a *Prince*, is a good excuse, when he has no mind to engage in a deceitful or unjust War; but it is often forgotten. when the Circumstances are more favourable.

* There is no way more effectual to engage all to adhere to the *Crown*, than the grateful Acknowledgments of past Services.

* In a weak Government, an ill digested Insurrection raises the Power of the *Prince*, and adds as much Spirit to his Friends, as it depresses the Faction against him; and it also gives a handle to do some things, for which it were not easie otherways to find either Colours or Instruments.

* A Prince that does not secure Friends to himself, while he is in Power, and Condition to oblige them, must never expect to find 'em when he is Old and Impotent, and no longer able to do them any Good: If he governs Tyrannically in his Youth, he will be sure to be treated Contemptibly in his Old Age; and the baser his Enemies are; the more insolent and intolerable will be the Affront.

† There is no Subject so inconsiderable, but his Prince at one time or other, may have occasion for him; and it holds through the whole Scale of the Creation, that the Great and the Little have need of one another.

† A great many Men rise we know not how, and fall we know not why: But there are secret Causes for both; and we only wonder because they are out of reach, it may be, as well as our sight.

There's no meddling with Princes, either with Text or Argument. Morality is not the Province of a Cabinet Council; and Ghostly Fathers signify no more than Spiritual Bug-bears in the case of an unaccountable Privilege.

Truth discovers it self to Princes, no longer than while they are Young and under Age: It flies a Crown, and vanishes out of sight, as soon as they come to be invested with Power. If these first Years be not made use of to give them good Advice and Instruction, there will be no retrieving it in the following part of their Lives; for all then goes off in mere juggle and disguise.

Their

There wants nothing more to make a Prince compleatly happy than the Sweetness of a private Life: If any thing can make him amends for so great a Loss, it must be the Charms of *Friendship*, and Fidelity of true *Friends*.

One of the greatest Misfortune that can attend a Prince, is, that he has often Secrets that lye heavy upon his Soul, and which it is not safe for him to disclose. His Happiness consists in finding a true bosom Friend, on whom he may throw off his Burden.

Nothing is so much for a *Prince's* Credit, as the Modesty of his *Favourites*.

† A Courtier never desires to retire till he is almost sure of being sent Home, if not further out of the way.

What a happy Condition is that, which gives a Man so frequent Opportunities, to do good to so many Thousands! What a dangerous Post is that, which exposes a Man to do hurt to so many Millions!

* All Precepts concerning *Kings*, are summarily comprehended in these two; *Remember that thou art a Man, and that thou art instead of God*: The one Bridles their Power, and the other their Will.

Laughing, Raillery, Bantering.

Nothing is more rare, than to see a Man either *Laugh* or *Weep* to the purpose.

The Enjoyments which a plentiful Fortune affords, and the Calm and Smoothness of Prosperity, furnish Princes and great Men with so much Mirth, that they can *Laugh* at a Monkey, a Dwarf, and oftentimes at a Cold Jest: But Men of Inferiour Fortunes seldom *Laugh* but where there is occasion.

All the World is plagu'd with Cold *Jesters*, we tread every where upon those *Insects*. A good *Jester* is a thing very uncommon; and even those that are born such, find it a very hard Task to make good their Character a considerable Time: And besides, he that makes other People *Laugh*, seldom makes himself Esteem'd,

To *Laugh* at *Witty Men*, is the Priveledge of *Blockheads*: They are in the *World* what your *Scurrilous Jesters* are at Court.

* No Men are more unwilling to bear a Jest, than those who are forward to break it.

† There is more Wit in Reparteeing than in Rail-lying; the one may be studied, the other is *ex tempore*.

† We love to hear Jest, because we are naturally envious and malicious.

* The Wounding of a Friend for the sake of a *Jest*, is an Intemperance and Immorality not to be endur'd.

* Men ought to find the difference betwixt Saltiness and Bitterness; for he that has a Satyri- cal Vein, as he makes others afraid of his Wit, so he had need be afraid of others Memory.

† He that says a severe thing merrily, may be pardon'd, but if he dwells upon the Subject he shews rankour and should be pistol'd,

† It

* It is commonly the Fate of Apes and Buffoons, that while they think to make sport with others, they serve only in the Conclusion for a Laughing-stock themselves.

† Ill Language shews an ill Mind, and the finest Raillery, is but a finer Dress for the Malice of our Inclinations.

* The true Raillery shall be a Defence for good and virtuous Works, and should only design the derision of extravagant, and the disgrace of vile and dishonourable Things. This kind of Wit ought to have the nature of Salt, to which it is usually compar'd ; which preserves and keeps sweet the good and sound Parts of all Bodies, and only frets, dries up, and destroys those Humours which putrify and corrupt.

† We are always cunning enough to pass by the Jest we can't return.

* There's not one Man of a Thousand, that understands the just, the safe, warrantable, decent and precise Limits of that which we call *Bantering* or *Fooling* ; but it is either too Course, too Rude, too Churlish, too Bitter, too much on't, too Pedantick, too Fine, out of Measure, or out of Season. Now the least Error or Mistake in the Management of this Humour, lays People open to great Censure and Reproach. It is not every Man's Talent to know when and how to cast out a pleasant Word, with such a regard to Modesty and Respect, as not to Transgress the true and fair Allowances of Wit, good Nature and good Breeding. The Skill and Faculty of Governing this Freedom within the Terms of Sobriety and Discretion, goes a great way in the Character of an agreeable Conversation ; for that

which we call *Raillery*, in this Sense, is the very Sawce of Civil Entertainment; and without some such Tincture of *Urbanity*, even in Matters the most serious, the good Humour flattens for want of Refreshment and Relief. But there is a Medium yet betwixt *All-Fool* and *All-Philosopher*; I mean, a proper and discreet Mixture, that in some sort partakes of both, and renders Wisdom it self the more grateful and effectual.

*Tis the Nature and Practice of Jesters and Buffoons, to be insolent towards those that will bear it; and as slavish to others that are more than their Match.

Life, Death, Time.

ONE cannot look either the *Sun* or *Death* in the Face.

Very few People are acquainted with *Death*; it is generally submitted to, rather out of Insensibility and Custom, than Resolution; and all Men yield to *Death*, only because they cannot help it.

We often see those that are led to Execution, effect a Constancy and Contempt of *Death*; which in truth, is nothing else, but the fear of looking it in the Face: So that this pretended Bravery and Contempt, may be said to do their Mind the same good Office, that the Head-band or Night-cap does their Eyes.

Nothing can be more counterfeit and deceitful, than the Contempt of *Death*. That Contempt of it,

I mean, which the *Heathens* pretended to out of their natural Reason and Constancy, without the Hopes of a better Life. There is a great deal of difference between dying with Bravery and Resolution, and slighting *Death*. The former is frequent enough, but I look upon the other to be never real and sincere; and yet *Philosophers* have us'd all the Arguments that the *Subject* can bear, to perswade us that *Death is no Evil*; and Men of very inferiour Characters, as well as Heroes, have furnish'd us with a great many Eminent Examples in Confirmation of that Opinion. Nevertheless, I do still question whether any *Thinking Man*, ever gave his assent to it; nay, the trouble they are at to perswade others and themselves, plainly shews that this was no such easie Undertaking. A Man indeed may have a great many Reasons to be out of conceit with Life, but he can have none to despise *Death*: Even those, who voluntarily lay violent hands upon themselves, do not look upon it as an inconsiderable matter, but are startled at it, and decline it as much as others, if it approach them in any other shape, but that of their own chusing. The Unevenness of *Courage*, observable in a World of Brave Men, has no other bottom, than the various Influence of *Death*, which works more powerfully upon their Fancy, upon some Occasions, and at some Times, than it does at others. Hence it is, that after having slighted what they did not know, they fear it now, when they come to be better acquainted with it. If a Man would perswade himself, that it is not the greatest of Evils, he must decline looking it in the Face, and considering all its *Ghastly Circumstances*. The Wisest and Bravest Men, are they that take the fairest and most honourable Pretences

Pretences to keep their View from it. But every body that knows it, as it really is, finds it to be a thing full of Horror. The Constancy of *Philosophers*, was nothing else but the necessity of Dying; they thought when there was no Remedy, but a Man must go, it was best to go with a good Grace. And since they were not able to make their Lives *Eternal*, they would stick at nothing to make their Names so; and secure all that from the *Wreck*, which was capable of being secur'd. Let us put the best Face upon the Matter we can, content our selves with not speaking all we think, and hope more from a happy Constitution, than all the feeble Reasonings, that gull us with a Fancy that we can approach it without concern. The Glory of Dying gallantly, the Hope of being Lamented when we are gone, the desire of leaving a good Name behind us, the Assurance of being set free from the Miseries of the present Life, and of depending no longer upon a fickle and humourful Fortune, are Remedies not altogether to be rejected, though they be far from being Sovereign. They help no more to put us in Heart, than a poor Hedge in an *Engagement* contributes to encourage the *Soldiers* that are to march near where the Enemy is firing; it appears a good Shelter at a distance, but proves a very thin Defence at close view. We do vainly flatter our selves to think that *Death* will be the same when near, as we fancy it to be when remote; and that our Reasonings, which in Truth are Weakness it self, will prove of so harden'd a Temper as to hold out proof, and not yield to the severest of all Tryals: Besides, it shews we are but little acquainted with *Self-Love*, when we imagine, that it will do us any Service toward

ward the looking upon that very thing as a Trifle, which must unavoidably cause its utter Ruin; and Reason, from which we expect so many supplies, is then too weak to persuade us what we wish to be true: Nay, Reason it self generally betrays us upon this occasion, and instead of animating us with a *Contempt* of *Death*, gives us a more lively Representation of its Terrors, and Ghastliness. All it is able to do in our behalf, is only to advise us to turn our Heads another way, and divert the Thought by fixing our Eyes upon some other Objects. *Cato* and *Brutus* chose Noble Ones. A Lackey, not long ago, satisfied himself with dancing upon the *Scaffold*, whither he was brought to be broke upon the Wheel. And thus, though the *Motives* be different, they produce still the same Effects. So true it is, that after all the disproportion between Great Men and the vulgar. People of both sorts do often meet *Death*, with the same Face and Disposition: But still with this difference, that in the *Contempt* of *Death* which Great Men express, the Desire and Love of Honour, is the thing that keeps *Death* from their sight; and in the Vulgar, 'tis Ignorance and Stupidity that leaves them at liberty to think upon something else, and keeps them from seeing the greatness of the Evil they are to suffer.

Every thing in this Life is Accidental, even our Birth, that brings us into it: *Death* is the only thing we can be sure of; and yet we behave our selves just as if all the rest were certain, and *Death* alone accidental.

* We are apt to pick Quarrels with the World for every little Foolery, or every trivial Cross:

Cross: But our Tongues run quite to another Tune, when we come once to parting with it in earnest.

Nothing but the Conscience of a Virtuous Life can make Death easie to us: Wherefore there's no trusting to a Death-bed Repentance. When Men come to that last Extremity once by Langor, Pain or Sicknels, and to lye Agonizing betwixt Heaven and Hell, under the stroke, either of a Divine Judgment, or of Humane Frailty, they are not commonly so sensible of their Wickedness, or so effectually touch'd with the remorse of a true Repentance, as they are distracted with the Terrors of Death; and the *dark Visionary* Apprehensions of what's to come. People in that Condition, do but discharge themselves of burdensom Reflections, as they do of the Cargo of a Ship at Sea, that has sprung a Leak: Every thing is done in a Hurry, and Men only part with their *Sins* in the one Case, as they do with their *Goods* in the other; to fish them up again so soon as the Storm is over. Grace must be very strong in those Conflicts, wholly to vanquish the Weaknesses of distressed Nature. That certainly is none of the Time to make choice of for the great Work of reconciling our selves to Heaven, when we are divided and confounded betwixt an Anguish of Body and Mind: And that Man is worse than Mad, that ventures his Salvation upon that desperate Issue.

There is not any thing that Men are so prodigal, and at the same time, so fond of, as their *Lives*.

Death

Death happens but once ; but the Sense of it renews in all the Moments of our Lives ; and the fear we have of it, is ten times worse than the Submitting to it.

That part of *Death* which is certain, is much alleviated by that which is uncertain.

We hope to grow Old, and yet we fear Old Age ; that is to say, we love *Life*, and decline *Death*.

Nature generally makes a long Sickness, intermediate betwixt *Life* and *Death* : with design, it seems, to make *Death* it self a kind of Release, both to him that Dies, and those that Survive him.

That *Death* which prevents a crazy Old Age, comes in better time, than that which terminates it.

There are but three great Events for us Men, *Birth*, *Life* and *Death* : We are not sensible of our Birth ; we suffer in Dying, and forget to Live.

Most Men spend the first part of their Lives in rendering the other miserable.

* Men fear *Death*, as Children fear to go in the Dark ; and as that natural Fear is encreased in Children with Tales, so is the other. Certainly the *Stoicks* bestowed too much cost upon *Death*, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. It is as natural to die as to be born ; and to a little Infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other.

* It is observable, that there is no Passion in the Mind of Man, but it masters the Fear of *Death* : And therefore *Death* is no such terrible Enemy, when a Man has so many

many Friends about him, that can gain him the Victory. *Revenge* Triumphs over *Death*; *Love* flights it; *Honour* aspires to it; *Grief* flies to it; *Fear* procures it. Nay, we read, that *Pity* it self, which is the Tenderest of all Affections, has provok'd many to die out of meet Compassion. Nay, *Seneca* adds *Niceness* and *Satisty*; *A Man* (says he) would die, though he were neither *Valiant* nor *Miserable*, only upon a *Weariness* to do the same thing so oft over and over.

* We are apt to pick Quarrels with the World for every little Foolery, or every Critical Cross; but our Tongues run quite to another Tune, when we come once to parting with it in earnest.

The Point of Death, if once abstracted from the Pomp and Terror of the Ideas, is nothing more than a pure Natural Action: Now he that dreads the Course of Nature is a Child.

Suppose, you were to live Three thousand, or if you please, Three millions of years, yet you are to remember that no Man can lose any other Life than that which he lives by. From whence it follows, that the longest Life, as we commonly speak, and the shortest, come all to the same reckoning. The Proof lies thus: The *Present* is of the same Duration every where, and of the same Extent to all People; every Bodics loss therefore is of the same bigness, and reaches no farther than to a point of Time. For to speak strictly, no Man is capable of loosing either the *Past* or the *Future*; For how can any one be depriv'd of what he has not? So that from this Reflection we

we may gather these two important Notions. One is, that a little while is enough to view the World in; for things are repeated and come over again apace: Nature treads in a Circle, and has much the same Face through the whole Course of Eternity. The other Hint is, that when the longest and shortest-lived Persons come to die, their loss is equal: For as I observe, the *Present* is their *All*, and they can suffer no farther.

The Extent of humane Life, is but a Point; Matter is in a perpetual Flux; the Faculties of Sense and Perception are weak and unpentering; the Body slenderly put together, and but a Remove from Putrefaction; the Soul a rambling sort of Thing. Fortune and Futurity are not to be guess'd at; and Fame does not always stand upon Desert and Judgment. In a Word, that which belongs to the Body, Streams off like a River; and what the Soul has, is but Dream and Bubble: Life to take it rightly, is no other than a Campaign, or course of Travels; and Posthumous Fame has little more in't than Silence and Obscurity. What is it then that will Stick by a Man and prove Significant? Why, nothing but Wisdom and Philosophy; for Wisdom brings the Mind to take Things as they fall, and acquiesce in the distributions of Providence; and above all to have an easie Prospect of Death.

Don't Manage as if you had Ten thousand years to throw away: Look you, Death stands at your Elbow; make the most of your Minute, and be Good for something while 'tis in your Power.

What

What a great deal of Time and Ease that Man gains, who is not troubled with the Spirit of Curiosity, who lets his Neighbour's Thoughts and Behaviour alone; confines his inspections to himself, and takes care of the point of Honesty and Conscience.

How can Death be a Misfortune to a Man which is no disappointment to his Nature? And how can that cross upon a Man's Nature, which falls in with the very intention and design of it.

* 'Tis part of the Business of Life, to lose it handsomely.

You may remember at a Play, or such resembling Diversions; coming over and over with the same thing, tires the Sense, and palls the Pleasure. Remove this Contemplation into Life: For here all Things come round, and bring the same Causes and Appearances along with them. Recollect your own Memory, you'll perceive the Sences of Life strangely Uniform, and nothing but the Old Plays Reviv'd, only the Actors are Different. How long then will it be before you are cloy'd with those Repititions?

You are not angry because you weigh so light in the Scale, and don't ride Thirty Stone; Why then should you be dissatisfied because your Life is not drawn out to an unusual and extraordinary Period? You ought be no more Covetous of Time, than you are of Bulk, but be contented with the common Allowance.

I'll tell you a way how you may live your time over again: Do but Recollect, and Revive what you

you have seen already, and the Work is done.

By looking back into History, and considering the Fate and Revolutions of Government, you will be able to draw a Guess, and almost Prophecy upon the future. For Things *Past*, *Present*, and to *Come*, are strangely Uniform and of a Colour; and are commonly cast in the same Mould; So that upon the matter, forty Years of Humane Life, may serve for a Sample of ten Thousand.

† The best Dress we can put upon Death, is the Goodness and Wisdom of God.

* To be afraid of *Death*, is to be long a dying.

The Birds of the Air, the Beasts of the Field, and the Fishes of the Sea, die and sustain us, and find their common Sepulchres in our Stomachs. Good God! With how many Deaths are our Lives patch'd up! How full of Death is the Miserable Life of Momentary Man!

* If we rise again with Bodies, sure there must be Corporeal Pleasures after the Resurrection; for since the Organs are not now in vain, much less will they be so when perfect.

* The Difficulty is not so great to *Die* for a Friend, as to find a Friend *worth Dying for*.

We are seldom *Weary* of the World, before the World has been weary of us.

Of a Publick, or Private Life.

* **T**HE Advantages of a Private Life, above those of a Publick, are certainly very great, if the Blessings of Innocence, Security, Meditation, good Air, Health and sound Sleeps, without the Rages of Wine and Lust, and the Contagion of Idle Examples can make them so: For every thing there, is Natural and Gracious. There's the Diversion of all Healthful Exercises for the Body, the Entertainment of the Place and of the Rivers, without any base Interest to corrupt either the Virtue or the Peace of our Lives. He that's a Slave in the Town, is a kind of a Petty Prince in the Country. He loves his Neighbours without Pride, and Lives in Charity with the whole World. All that he sees is his own, as to the Delight of it, without Envyng the Property. His Doors are not troubled either with Duns or Fools, and he has the Sages of all Times in his Cabinet for his Companions. He Lives to himself as well as to the World, without Brawls or Quarrels, of any sort whatsoever. He sees no Bloody Murders; he hears no Blasphemous Execrations. He Lives free from the Plagues of Jealousy and Envy: And this is the Life, in fine, that the Greatest, and the Wisest Men in the World have, or would have made Choice of, if Cares and Business had not hinder'd them from so great a Blessing.

† Those

† Those that are the most in Love with the World, are the most sensibly jilted by it.

* 'Tis against common Justice to pass Sentence without hearing both sides : And the only way to come to a true Estimate upon the odds betwixt a Publick and a Private Life, is to try both. Virtue is only Glorious in the Native Simplicity of it ; and while it holds no Communication with Interest, Fancies, Sense or Ornament. What signifies the Splendor and the Luxury of Courts, considering the Slavish Attendances, the Invidious Competitions, and the Mortal Disappointments that go along with it ? The Frowns of Princes, and the Envy of those that judge by Hear-say, or appearance, without either Reason or Truth ; to say nothing of the innumerable Temptations, Vices and Exercises of a Life of Pomp and Pleasure. Let a Man but set the Pleasure of his Palate, against the Surfeits of Gluttony and Excess ; the Starving of his Mind against a pamper'd Carcase ; The restless Importunities of Tale-bearers and Back-Friends against fair Words and Professions only from the Teeth outward : Let him, I say, but set the one in Ballance against the other, and he shall find himself Miserable, even in the very Glut of his Delights. To say all in a Word Let him but set the Comforts of a Life spent in Noise, Formality and Tumult, against the Blessings of a Retreat, with Comperency and Freedom, and then cast up his Account.

† If Man were not a conversable Creature, he could not delight in Solitudes ; the Prospect of himself would give him so just an Idea of what he was, that it would put his

his Vanity out of Countenance, and make him ashamed of himself.

† He that has given over the vain pursuit of the World, is by so much the nearer a perfect Sublunary Felicity, as he is less dependent. He is exempted from the tedious Attendance upon this Duke; he has nothing to do with that fluttering Lord; no Petitions to deliver to a supercilious Secretary of State; apprehends no delays in his Affairs from a hollow-hearted Favorite; nor being jostled out of the Ring at Court, or being insulted for knocking twice at a proud Prelate's Door. One day well spent in this Retreat, will convince a Man more than the judged Arguments of his most zealous and instant Friends could do before.

† Tho' the continued Traverses of Fortune may make us out of humor with the World, yet nothing but a noble Inclination to Virtue and Philosophy can make us happy in Retirement.

Liberality, Prodigality.

Liberality it ostentimes nothing else but the Vanity of Giving, of which we are more fond than the Things we give.

There goes a great deal of Art and Address to make a Denial go down, and by fair and civil Expressions, to supply the Kindness we cannot grant.

There

There are a sort of Persons that say No so very naturally, that their No always ushers in whatever they are about to say. This renders them so disagreeable, that though they be prevail'd upon with much Importunity to grant any Request, yet all the Grace and Commendation of such Grants are utterly lost by very untoward a beginning.

All things are not to be granted at all times, nor all Men to be gratified: And it is altogether as commendable to refuse, upon Occasion, as to give. This makes some Peoples No, better received than other Peoples Yes. A Denial, accompanied with Sweetness and Civility, pleases more a Man of Understanding, than a Courtesie granted coldly and rudely.

We engage others more effectually to serve us by Promises, than by Presents; for while Men are kept upon the Tenters, they endeavor to deserve those Kindnesses they expect from us.

* He that gives to all without Discretion, will soon stand in need of every Body.

* He that defers Charity till Death, is rather Liberal of another Man's, than of his own.

Liberality does not consist so much in giving largely, as in giving seasonably.

† Princes never mind what they give, because it is not their own that they do give.

There is something Heroical in great *Liberality*, as well as in great *Valour*; and there is a great Analogy between those two Virtues; the one raises the Soul above the Consideration of Wealth, as the other beyond the Management and Desire of Life. But with all these Gay and Generous Motives, the one becomes Ruinous and the other Fatal.

There are some Men jealous of the Honour of their Motions, who refuse all things at the Inspirations of others, because they would not be prevented in their Designs, and troubled in the order of the good they would do. That may proceed sometimes from a good Principle, and be met with in very lofty Souls; but for the most part they are Dishonest, Jealous, and false Niceties of Honour, which produce a true Repugnancy to the doing of Favours.

Those whom cross Accidents of Fortune have undone, are pity'd by all the World, because it is a Misfortune the Condition of Humanity submits us to: But those who are reduc'd to Misery by *Vain Profusion*, raise more Contempt than Commiseration, because it is the issue of a peculiar Folly, from which every Man has the good conceit to think himself exempt.

Love.

IN *Friendship* we take notice of those *Failings* that may prejudice our *Friends*; In *Love* we never see in the *Party* beloved, but those *Defects* only by which we are offended.

† *Love* never produces *Friendship*; and when *Friendship* produces *Love*, it is quickly destroy'd by it.

There is but the first *Quarrel* in *Love*, as the first *Fault* in *Friendship*, which may turn to good account.

Coldness or Slackness in *Friendship*, has generally a Cause: In *Love*, there is most commonly no other reason for People loving no more, than their having lov'd too much.

Both the beginning and Decay of *Love*, shew themselves by the Uneasiness and Trouble *Lovers* are in; when they are together by themselves.

When a Man has a Passion for an ill favour'd *Woman*, it must needs be an extraordinary one: For either his *Love* proceeds from his own Weakness, or is influenc'd by more secret and irresistible Charms than those of *Beauty*.

When a *Passion* is worn out, we often visit a *Mistress* out of Custom; and tell one another that we love still, when our Actions testify that we love no more.

Being absent from what we love, is a Good, in comparison of living with what we hate.

As disinterested as a Man may be, either in *Friendship* or *Love*, he ought sometimes to put a Constraint upon himself, and be so generous as to receive a Present.

Love is to the *Soul* of a *Lover*, what the *Soul* is to the *Body*.

It is very hard to give a just Definition of *Love*; the most we can say of it, is this: That in the *Soul*, it is a greedy Desire to Govern; in *Spirits*, it is a *Sympathy*; and in the *Body*, it is only a nice and secret *Longing* to enjoy the thing beloved, after a great deal of *Bustle* and *Formality*.

If there be any such thing as *Love* pure, and untainted with the Mixture of any other Passion, it is that which lurks in the deepest Recesses of our *Hearts*, unknown to our selves.

Love has such peculiar distinguishing Characters, that it is as hard to hide it when true, as to dissemble it when false.

Considering how little the Beginning or the Ceasing to love, is in our own Power, it is equally unreasonable for a *Lover* to complain of his *Mistress's* Fickleness, as for a *Mistress* of her *Lover's* Inconstancy.

If we judge of *Love* according to most of its Effects: we shall find that it more resembles *Hatred* than *Friendship*.

Love can no more continue without a constant motion, than *Fire* can; and it ceases to be, when it ceases either to *Hope* or *Fear*.

It is with true *Love*, as it is with *Ghosts* and *Apparitions*, a thing that every body talks of, and scarce any body has seen.

We father upon *Love* several Dealings and Intercourses, in which it is no more concerned,

cern'd, than the *Doge*, is in all that is done at *Venice*.

When we have loved our selves weary, the kindest and most welcome thing that can be, is, the *Infidelity* of others, which may give us a fair Pretence to disengage our Faithfulness.

The more passionately a Man loves his *Mistress* the readier he is to hate her.

When a *Woman* has once given her self over to entertain *Love*, *Loving* is then the least Fault she can be guilty of.

Some Persons had never been in *love*, had they never been entertain'd with any discourse of it.

The greatest Pleasure of *Love*, is *Loving*; and a Man is more happy in his own Passion, than in that he influences in another.

Absence cools moderate Passions, and inflames violent ones; just as the *Wind* blows out Candles, but kindles Fires.

It is much easier to usher in *Love* into one's Breast, than to drive it out when it is once admitted.

In *Love*, loving but little, proves often the best way to be lov'd again.

The Sincerity which *Lovers* and their *Mistresses* bargain for, in agreeing to tell one another when they can love no longer, is not ask'd so much out of a Desire to know when their *Love* is at an end, as to be satisfy'd that *Love* does really continue, so long as they are told nothing to the contrary.

In *Love*, he that's first cur'd is best, cur'd.

To

To speak *feelingly* of *Love*, is as *coquetish* in a young Woman, as 'tis *ridiculous* in an old Man.

* *Love* is a kind of penurious God, very niggard of his *Opportunities*; he must be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treasurer; for he bolts out of a sudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

* There is no reason in the World to revenge upon a *Lover*, the *Deceits* of his *Love*; for as in *War*, so in *Love* Stratagems are always allow'd.

* A silly *Mistress* is like a weak Place, soon got, soon lost.

* *Mistresses* are like *Books*; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for Company; but if us'd discretely, you are the fitter for Conversation by them.

* Some *Women* pray for *Husbands*, that they may the better love at random.

* Many a *Spark* that hunts after a *Mistress*, often gets a *Wife*, and stands condemn'd to a Repentance during Life, without Redemption, except one of the two dies.

* Some People fall in love by *Contagion*, and meerly by conversing with the infected.

* Men do not see, or taste, or find the thing they love; but they create it: They fashion an Idol in what Figure or Shape they please; set it up, worship it, dote upon it, pursue it, and sometimes run mad for it.

* The extravagant Transports of *Love*, and the wonderful Force of *Nature*, are uncontrollable: The one carries us out of our selves, and the other brings us back again.

† In

† In Love there is no Inconveniency so great as the not obtaining our Wishes: It is so uneasy to desire, that we had rather expose our selves to any danger than suffer its Cruel Strings.

Two passionate *Lovers* cannot partake of other Pleasures, than those which they receive from their *Love*.

There is no *Passion* that more excites us to every thing that is Noble and Generous, than an honest *Love*.

Women who preserve a *Passion* for Persons that are absent, raise but little in those who see them; and the continuation of their Love for the Absent, is less an *Honour* to their Constancy, than a *Scandal* to their Beauty.

The *Love* of young People is only an irregular *Passion*, and boiling *Desire*, that has no other Object than *Pleasure*, and which *Enjoyment* dissipates.

Love comes in by the Ears, as well as by the Eyes; and therefore it is a great Indiscretion in a Man, to make a long Descant upon his *Mistress's* Perfections, before his *Friend*.

Love has, as it were never well establish'd his Power, till he has ruin'd that of Reason.

Love begins by *Love*; and the greatest *Friendship* can never influence but a very small *Passion*.

Nothing resembles true *Friendship* so well, as those Engagements which have a secret *Love* at the bottom.

† 'Tis the perfection of Art to imitate Nature well; but the uttermost Transports of

of the Theater fall infinitely short of the fury of a cholerick Man provoked, the Distance only helps off the Cheat. And a Man really in Love is more pathetick, than Wit and Eloquence can be without it.

That *Passion* which is rais'd on the sudden, is the most difficult to be cur'd.

That *Love* which encreases by degrees, is so much like *Friendship*, that it can never be a violent *Passion*.

As nice as we are in *Love*, we still forgive more Faults in that, than in *Friendship*.

We tell our Secrets in *Friendship*, but they slip from us in *Love*.

There are many *Remedies* to cure *Love*; but never a one of them is infallible.

The greatest *Miracle* *Love* can work, is to cure a *Coquet Humour*.

Coquets make it a *Pride* to be jealous of their *Lovers*, only to conceal their *Envy* of other *Women*.

The reason why *Lovers* are but seldom uneasie in one another's Company, is because they never talk of any thing but themselves.

It is a *Lover's Fault*, if he is not sensible when he ceases to be belov'd.

A Man of Parts may love indiscreetly, but not sottishly.

The Grace of *Novelty* is to *Love*, what the *Blue-mourn*, or *Gloss*, is to the Fruits; it gives them a Lustre, which is easily defac'd; and when once gone, never returns any more.

A *Fever* is properest *Simile* of *Love*; for in both Cases, the Degree and the Continuance

nuance of the *Disease* is out of our own Power.

† There is something so wonderfully powerful in Love, that the certainty of being betray'd will not always cure our Passion.

'Tis better for a Man sometimes to be deceiv'd in what he *loves*, than to be plainly dealt with.

It is as hard for a *Woman* to manage a *fond Lover*, as a *cold one*.

Women generally keep the first *Lover*, only for want of a second.

Men often go from *Love* to *Ambition*, but seldom come back again from *Ambition* to *Love*.

† Nothing seems impossible to real Love, the Difficulties that startle it do not shew it reasonable, but weak.

† There is no Personage too low for a Lover to act.

All our *Passions* engage Men in some Faults; but those of *Love* are the most ridiculous.

Of all violent *Passions*, *Love* becomes a *Woman* best.

In the first *Passion*, *Women* have commonly an Affection for the *Lover*; but afterwards they seldom *Love*, but for the Pleasure of *Loving*.

Love, tho' never so agreeable a Passion, pleases still more by the ways it takes to shew it self, than it does upon its own account.

Tho' *Love* is worn out, yet it makes both *Lover* and *Mistress* uneasy to part.

It is oftentimes much harder to forbear *loving* an unkind *Mistress*, than to bear with her cruel Usage.

It

It is with old *Love*, as with old *Age*, a Man lives to all the *Miseries*, but is dead to all the *Pleasures of Life*.

There is one kind of *Love*, whose excess prevents *Jealousie*.

In *Love*, *Coxenry* always exceeds *Distrust*.

There are some *self-conceited Fops*, who, when they are in *Love*, entertain themselves with their own *Passion*, instead of the Person that causes it.

† The Character of a happy *Lover* does not please a Man in *Love*, so much as the Character of a true *Lover*.

† Not only Reason, but even Nature it self is too weak to oppose Love: It claps so strong a Bias upon our Actions, that the most pressing of all our Sensitive desires run narrow.

Marriage, Matrimony, Children.

• **J**ealousie betwixt Man and Wife, does but provoke and enflame the Appetite, as it sets the invention at work upon ways and means of giving one another the slip: And when it comes to a Trial of Wit once, 'tis a carrying of the cause to gain the Point, and there's a kind of perverse satisfaction in getting the better on't. Nay, the very will to do a thing, is as good as the thing done; and his Head is as Sick, that but Fancies the thing done, as if he saw the very doing of it with his own Eyes. The ways of a Woman that has a Mind

Mind to play *Fast* and *Loose*, are as unsearchable as the very thoughts of her Heart.

A Man that's free and single, if he have Wit and Parts, may raise himself above his Fortune; get into Companies, and live sometimes upon the square with the Best: This is more difficult to one that's hampered; for Marriage, it seems sets all things a-right, and confines every Man to the degree of his Condition.

* Men that Marry for Riches, many times bring into their Families an Insupportable Mistress.

Many Marriages prove convenient and useful; but few delightful.

'Tis much with *Wedlock*, as with our *Elixirs* and *Antidotes*; there goes a thousand Ingredients to the making of the Composition; but then if they be not tim'd, proportion'd, and prepar'd according to Art, 'tis a Clog to us rather than a Relief.

* *Marriages* are govern'd rather by an overruling Fatality, than any solemnity of Choice and Judgment; tho' 'tis a hard matter to find out a Woman, even at the best, that's of a just Scantling for her Age, Person, Humour, and Fortune, to make a *Wife* of. The one single disparity of Years, is of it self sufficient, without a more than ordinary Measure of Virtue and Prudence, to make a Man ridiculous.

A *Wife* and *Children* are a kind of Discipline of Humanity; and *Single Men*, tho' they be many times more charitable, because their Means are less exhausted, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted, because their Tenderness is not so oft call'd upon.

* Grave

* Grave Natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving *Husbands*.

* Chaste Women are often proud and forward, as presuming upon the Merit of their Chastity.

* It is one of the Best bonds, both of Chastity and Obedience in the *Wife*, if she think her *Husband* *Wife*; which she will never do, if she find him *Jealous*.

* *Wives* are young Mens *Mistresses*; *Companions* for middle-Age; and old Mens *Nurses*.

* The Joys of Parents are secret; and so are their Grievs and Fears: They cannot utter the one, nor will they express the other. *Children* sweeten Labour, but they make Misfortunes more bitter: They increase the Cares of Life, but they mitigate the Remembrance of Death.

* They that are as the First Raisers of their *Families*, are most indulgent toward their Children, be holding them as the Continuance, not only of their Kind, but of their Works; and so both *Children* and *Creatures*.

* He that has *Wife* and *Children*, has given Hostages to Fortune; for they are Impediments to great Enterprizes, either of Virtue or Mischief. The Perpetuity by Generation is common to Beasts; but Memory, Merit, and Noble Works, are proper to Men: And certainly a Man shall find the Noblest Works and Foundations, have always proceeded from *Childless Men*, which have sought to express the Images of their Minds, where those of their Bodies have fail'd; and both in Affection and Means have

*

married

married and endow'd the Publick : So that the Care of Posterity is the most in them that have none.

* The most ordinary cause of a *single Life* is Liberty, especially in certain Self-pleasing and Humourous Minds ; which are so sensible of every Restraint, that they will go near to think their Girdles, and Garters, to be Bonds and Shackles.

* Unmarried Men are best Friends, best Masters, best Servants, but not always best Subjects ; for they are light to run away, and almost all Fugitives are of that Condition.

* Partiality in a Parent is commonly unlucky, if not a little unnatural ; for Fondlings are in danger to be made Fools, by the very Error of their Education ; and we find it experimentally, that the Children that are least Cocker'd, make the best and Wisest Men. 'Tis well to be Tender, but to set the Heart too much upon any thing, is what we cannot justify, either in Religion or in Reason. I was saying, that Partiality was a little unnatural too. I do not mean, a Partiality of Inclinations, for we cannot command our Likings, or our Aversions ; but I speak of a Partiality that shews it self in a distinguishing Preference of one to the other, for they are both our own Flesh and Blood alike. Children are naturally Jealous, and Envious, and the quenching of their Spirits so early, hazards the Damping of them for ever. Beside, that there's no such Fop, in fine, as my Young Master, that has the Honour to be a Fool of his Lady Mother's making : She blows him up with a conceit of himself, and there he stops, without ever advancing one step further. In short,

the makes a Man of him at Sixteen ; and a Boy all the days of his Life after.

* Self-Love is so natural an infirmity, that it makes us partial even to those that come of us, as well as to our selves. And then it is so nicely divided, betwixt Piety, Pride, and Weakness, that in many cases 'tis a hard matter to distinguish the one from the other. 'Tis a frailty for a Man to think better of his Children than they deserve : But then there is an impulse of Tenderneſs, and of Duty, that goes along with it, and there must be some sort of an Esteem in the Case too, for the setting of that true-bred Affection at work. The Difficulty lies in the moderating of the Matter, and the getting the true *Medium*, betwixt being wanting to our own Flesh and Blood, once removed, and assuming too much to our selves. Let the attachment be what it will, we must not suffer our Judgments to be either perverted, blinded, or corrupted by any Partiality or Prepossessions whatsoever. And the moral here, extends to the Fruits and Productions of the Brain, as well as of the Body : And to deformities in the matter, as well of understanding as of shape.

There is a sort of Fathers, who seem to be intent upon nothing else all their Life-time, but to furnish their Children with Reasons, for being indifferent at their Death.

Of

Of Managing, and being Managed.

A Man's being Manag'd, argues as much Sluggishness as Weakness.

We must not pretend to manage a Man all of a sudden, in a business of weight and consequence, He would presently be sensible of the Ascendant we intend to take over him, and shake off our yoke either out of Shame or Caprice: We ought to allure and ingage him by small things, and these by degrees will make sure our Progress to the greatest, *Bathylus* attempted no more at first with *Crypto*, than to make him fetch a walk in the Park, or take Horse for a short Journey into the Country perhaps, but he gain'd so far upon his Affection and Compliance, that he came at last to draw his Will, in which *Crypto* leaves but a Legacy to his Son.

The only way to have a long and perfect management of a Man, is to handle him very tenderly, and not let him be sensible of his being Govern'd.

There are those who suffer themselves to be manag'd to a certain degree, beyond which they grow untractable and impatient of Government. A Man loses his hold on the sudden, and finds himself at a loss how to regain the Ascendant he had over them. 'Tis not either State or Compliance, Authority or Submission, Force or Industry, that will bring them to their first Dependence. But there is still this difference to be observ'd, that some shake off their Yoak by Reason, and others only by Humour and Complexion.

There are others who are deaf to Reason and good Council, and voluntarily run into Errors and Mistakes only for Fear of being Govern'd.

Others again, give up themselves to the Management of their Friends, in small and indifferent Things, and thereby assume a Right to themselves, to Govern them in their turn, in great and material ones.

A Wise Man will never be managed himself, nor cares to manage others. He thinks that Reason alone ought to Govern us at all times.

I could be content, confidently, and absolutely to resign up my self to be Govern'd by a reasonable Man, in all things, and upon all occasions; For I should be sure to do well, without being at the trouble of deliberating upon the matter; and enjoy the Tranquillity and Composedness of one who is Govern'd by Reason.

The Art of managing Humours, and of gaining our ends upon Men, is to find out their weak side: There's no Man that has not his Predominant Passions, and these Passions are different, according to the diversity of Tempers. All Men are Idolaters, some of Honour, others of Interest, and most of their Pleasures. The Skill is first to know the Character of the Person, next to to feel his Pulse, and then to attack him by his strongest Passion, which is his weaker side,

Mind

Mind, Understanding, Wit, Memory, Heart.

THE Strength and Weakness of a Man's Mind, are improper Terms, since they are really nothing else but the *Organs* of our *Bodies*, being well or ill dispos'd.

'Tis a great Error, the making a difference between the *Wit*, and the *Judgment*: For, in truth, the *Judgment* is nothing else but the *Brightness* of *Wit*, which penetrates into the very bottom of Things, observes all that ought to be observ'd there, and describes what seem'd to be imperceptible. From whence we must conclude, That 'tis the *Extention* and *Energy* of this *Light* of *Wit*, that produces all those Effects, usually ascrib'd to *Judgment*.

All Men may be allow'd to have a good Character of their *Hearts* (or *Inclinations*) but no body dares to speak well of his own *Wit*.

Polite Wit consists in nice, curious, and honest *Thoughts*.

The *Gallantry* of *Wit* consists in *Flattery* well couch'd.

It often happens, that some things offer themselves to our *Wit*, which are naturally finer and better, than is possible for a Man to make them by the Additions of *Art* and *Study*.

Wit is always made a *Gully* to the *Heart*.

Many People are acquainted with their own *Wit*, that are not acquainted with their own *Heart*.

It is not in the power of *Wit*, to act a long while the *Part* of the *Heart*.

A Man of *Wit* would be sometimes miserably at a loss, but for the Company of *Fools*.

A Man of *Wit* may sometimes be a *Coxcomb*; but a Man of *Judgment* never can.

The different Ways or Methods for compassing a Design, come not so much from the Quickness and Fertility of an industrious *Wit*, as a dim-sighted *Understanding*, which makes us pitch upon every fresh Matter that presents it self to our groping *Fancy*, and does not furnish us with Judgment sufficient to discern at first sight, which of them is best for our Purpose.

The *Twang* of a Man's *Native Country*, sticks by him as much in his *Mind* and *Disposition*, as it does in his *Tone of Speaking*.

Wit serves sometimes to make us play the *Fool* with greater Confidence.

Shallow *Wits* are apt to censure every thing above their own *Capacity*.

'Tis past the Power of *Imagination* it self, to invent so many distant *Contrarieties*, as there are naturally in the *Heart* of every Man.

No body is so well acquainted with himself, as to know his own *Mind* at all times.

Every body complains of his *Memory*, but no body of his *Judgment*.

There is a kind of general *Revolution*, not more visible in the turn it gives to the Fortunes of the *World*, than it is in the Change of Men's *Understandings*, and the different Relish of *Wit*.

Men

Men often think to conduct and govern themselves when all the while they are led and managed; and while their *Understanding* aims at one thing, their *Heart* insensibly draws them into another.

Great *Souls* are not distinguish'd by having less *Passion*, and more *Virtue*; but by having nobler and greater Designs than the *Vulgar*.

We allow few Men to be either *Witty* or Reasonable, besides those who are of our own Opinion.

We are as much pleas'd to discover another Man's *Mind*, as we are discontented to have our own found out.

A straight and well-contriv'd *Mind*, finds it easier to yield to a perverse one, than to direct and manage it.

Coxcombs are never so troublesome, as when they pretend to *Wit*.

A little *Wit* with *Discretion*, tires less at long-run, than much *Wit* without *Judgment*.

Nothing comes amiss to a great *Soul*; and there is as much *Wisdom* in bearing other People's *Defects*, as in relishing their good *Qualities*.

It argues a great height of *Judgment* in a Man, to discover what is in another's Breast, and to conceal what is in his own.

If Poverty be the Mother of Wickedness, want of *Wit* must be the Father.

* A *Mind* that has no Ballance in it self, turns insolent, or abject out of measure, with the various Change of Fortune.

* Our *Memories* are frail and treacherous; and we think many excellent things, which for want of making a deep impression, we can never recover afterwards. In vain we hunt for the stragling *Idea*, and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirements of our Soul, for a lost Thought, which left no Track or Foot-steps behind it: The swift Offspring of the Mind is gone; 'tis dead as soon as born; nay, often proves abortive in the moment it was conceiv'd: The only way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to fasten them in Words, and chain them in Writing.

* A Man is never so great a *Dunce* by Nature, but *Love*, *Malice*, or *Necessity*, will supply him with some *Wit*.

* There is a *Defect* which is almost unavoidable in great *Inventors*; it is the Custom of such earnest and powerful Minds, to do wonderful Things in the beginning; but shortly after, to be over-born by the Multitude and Weight of their own Thoughts; then to yield and cool by little and little, and at last grow weary, and even to loath that, upon which they were at first the most eager. This is the wonted Constitution of *great Wit*; such tender things are those exalted Actions of the Mind; and so hard it is for those Imaginations, that can run swift and mighty Races, to be able to travel a long and constant Journey. The Effects of this Infirmary have been so remarkable, that we have certainly lost very many Inventions, after they have been in part fashion'd, by the meer *Languishing* and *Negligence* of their *Authors*.

Moderation

Moderation.

Moderation in Prosperity, generally springs either from apprehension of the Shame and Reproach that attends Passion and Excess, or the fear of losing our Fortunes and Advantages.

Moderation is like *Temperance*; a Man would be well enough pleas'd to eat more, but only he is afraid of a Surfeit.

The *Moderation* of some fortunate Men, is the effect of a smooth and composed Temper, owing to the Calm of their Prosperity.

How many People seem to be Fortune's Favourites, and yet are very far from Felicity; 'tis for want of *Moderation*.

Moderation is a fear of falling into that *Envy* and *Contempt*, which those who grow giddy with their good Fortune, most justly draw upon themselves; it is a vain Ostentation of the Greatness of our Mind: And, in short, the *Moderation* of Men in the most exalted Fortunes, is a Desire to be thought above those very Things that have rais'd them so high.

Moderation is represented as a *Virtue*, with a design to restrain the *Ambition* of Great Men; and to perswade those of a meaner Condition, to be contented with a less proportion of *Merit* and *Fortune*.

Merit,

Merit, Worth.

TIS not a just way of taking the Elevation of a Man's *Merit* from his *Misfortune*; there are always Men in Adversity more deserving, than those in *Scarlet* or *Lawn*.

How many Men of extraordinary Parts and Merits have died unknown? How many are there still at this very Day, that live unknown, and who will never be taken notice of?

How hard is it for a Man who has no body to introduce him, and Cry him up in the World; who is no Member of any Club, or Society, but stands single without any thing to recommend him, but great Parts and true Merit; How hard is it, I say, for such a Man to break through the obscurity he finds himself in, and come upon the same Level with many an empty Fop in Vogue and Fashion?

Natural Gifts and Parts are often wanting; and no less frequently opportunities of time and Place, to exert natural Parts; wherefore some Men deserve to be commended for what they have done, and some again for what they might have done.

It is not so rare a thing to find Wit in other People, as to meet with a Man that knows how to improve his own, and make use of that of others to his advantage.

It

It is but a slender Commendation, to say of a Man that *he is fit for any thing*; for in strictness of speaking, that can signify no other but that his Talent is not greater one way than the other, or which is almost the same, that *he is fit for just nothing at all*.

A Man has need of a great Spirit, and a vast Genius, to Live quiet at Home, without the Hurry, and Bustle of Offices and Employments: And not one in a Thousand so qualified as to act this Part with Credit and Dignity, and fill up the gap of his Time, without that which the vulgar calls *Business*. And yet there wants nothing to the Leisure of a Wise Man, but a better Name perhaps, and that *Meditating, Reading, Writing*, and enjoying a quiet and compos'd Mind withal, should be call'd *Business*.

A Man of great Merit in Place, never makes himself troublesome to others by Vanity and Pride. He is less puff'd up with the Preferment he has, than humbled by a higher Post he has not, and which he is conscious he deserves; he is more apt to be Uneasie, than Proud; and does not so much despise others, as he is a burden to himself.

A good Man finds the Reward of his application to his Duty, in the Testimony of his own Conscience; and the Secret Pleasure he feels in discharging it, makes him amends for the Esteem, Acknowledgments, or Praises which he seldom meets with in the World.

If I might be allowed a Comparison betwixt two Conditions of Men infinitely distant from each other, I should be tempted to say, that a Courageous Captain goes about the performing of a Military Exploit, with the same disposition of mind

mind, with which a Mason goes about his Work ; they do neither of them Court danger, nor are they discourag'd by it. Death is no more to them than a casual inconveniency, that attends their Trade, but is never an Obstacle to their Business. And indeed the former seldom draws a greater Vanity from having been in the Trenches. Assaulted an Out-work, or Storm'd a Town, than the other does of climbing on the Scaffolds of *Pauls*, or the Top of a Spire perhaps ; they are both intent upon the doing of their Business, while Mr. *Braggadocchio* aims at nothing but to make himself talk'd of, and admir'd.

Gold, you tell me, glitters in *Philemon's* Cloaths ; well, — But does it not glitter also at the *Lace-mans* ? He is clad with the finest Stuffs. — Why, are they not the same which I saw as I went along expos'd for a Sample ? Yes, say you, but the Richness of the Embroidery has added a Degree to the Magnificence of the Habit. Very well ; — Then, pray, let me admire the Industry and Skill of the Artificer. If any Man, say you again, ask him the Hour, he presently pulls out *Tompion's* Master-piece : His Wig, is the most bushy, and the best made, that ever came out of *Devillie's* Shop, the Hilt of his Sword is a perfect *Onyx* ; he has the finest and the largest Diamond that ever I saw on any Courtiers Finger upon a Birth-Day, which he so manages to Advantage, with an artful negligent Air, that no Man's Eye can escape its Brightness : In short, he wants none of those Curious *Gewgaws* which make all the accomplishments of our Modern *Beaux*, and spares no more cost in his Equipage and Furniture, than a younger Brother

Brother newly Married to a Rich Widow.

Now, indeed you set my Curiosity a gog, and I beseech you, oblige me with the sight of those precious Fooleries, I excuse you for his Person; I am too well acquainted with that already.

Thou art greatly mistaken *Philemon*, if thou thinkst to captivate our Esteem by a fine Chariot, a numerous Train of Slaves, and those Six Animals which drag thee along the Streets; we put away all that adventitious Equipage to penetrate to the *Fop*.

Not, but that a Man ought sometimes to be excused for pretending to Quality and Wit, upon the Account of a great Revenue, a Rich Apparel, and a magnificent Furniture: For how can he have any other thoughts of himself, than those he Reads in the very Looks and Countenance of his Flatterers and Admirers.

No Man is apt to envy the Merit of another, that has any of his own to trust to.

Among us, the *Soldier* is brave, and the *Gown-Man*, Learned: We seldom go any further; whereas, among the *Romans*, Gown-Men were brave, and Soldiers Learned; That is, a *Roman* was both a Gown-Man and a Soldier at once.

An *Heroe*, according to the Notion I have of him, is fit for nothing but War: Whereas a great Man is fit for any thing indifferently, whether it be the Gown, the Sword, the Closet, or the Court; yet both these together are not worth a Good-Man.

In the Business of War, it is a nice distinction, That which is betwixt an *Heroe* and a Great-Man, since all Military Vertues do equally

ly contribute to the making of both. Nevertheless it may be said; that it is the Character of the first, to be Young, Bold, Daring, Resolute and Fearless, amidst the greatest Dangers; and that the other's chief Qualifications are, a great Judgment, a Sagacious Forecast, a vast Ability, and a Consummated Experience. *Alexander* was perhaps but an *Heroe*; but *Cæsar* was a Great Man.

Menippus, is a Bird adorned with borrowed Feathers; for he neither Speaks nor Judges of Things, but only repeats the Stories and Sentiments of others; it is grown so habitual with him to make use of another Man's Wit, that he is the very first Person that mistakes it for his own; and often fancies that he tells you his own Thoughts, when he is only the *Echo* of him he parted with a moment before. He is a Man of Parts, and good Company, for a quarter of an Hour; the next Minute after, he lowers, degenerates, loses his lustre, and wears threadbare: He is the only Man who knows not how infinitely short he comes of Sublimity and Greatness of Genius; and as he is incapable to guess how far a Man's Wit can go, so he has the good Opinion to think himself furnish'd with as much as any Body can possibly have. This gives him the Air and Assurance of one who desires nothing, or envies no Man as to this particular. He often talks to himself, and as tho' he was a Judge of some Controversy, positively determines what is, and what is not. If you chance to Salute him in the Street, 'tis Ten to One that he will be puzzled whether he ought to Salute you again or no; and before he

he comes to resolve upon the matter, you are gone a great way out of sight. He is wholly taken up with his Dear self; he admires the agreeableness and happy March of all his Apparel, and how well every thing becomes him; and in this Tickling extasy, he fancies no less than that he attracts the Eyes of every Body.

There appear now and then in the World, some Worthy and Excellent Men, whose rare Virtues and Eminent Qualities cast an incomparable brightness: They have neither Ancestors nor Descendants, but make up themselves all their own Pedigree, like those extraordinary Apparitions, in the Heavens, which we know not how they rise, or how they come to disappear.

Great Talents and Abilities, are not so necessary to advance ones self to great Employments, as to discharge 'em with Credit; and that's the reason why those that are in place, have generally but an indifferent Merit, and so very few acquit themselves well of their Charge. The most general way to Preferment, is to be under the Protection of a general Favourite, who is ambitious of having many Creatures: But then, if the Upstart has nothing of his own to maintain the Dignity of his Character, he becomes Ten times more despicable and ridiculous than he was before.

Some Men are born Prudent: By a natural Inclination they enter into the way of Wisdom; and they are got almost half way at first. Their Reason ripens with Age and Experience, and at length they attain to the highest degree of Judgment. Some Men deserve to sit at the Helm of Government,

Government, or at least to be Councillors to those who hold it.

There are but few Men, but what stand indebted to Adversity for their Virtues.

People that are conceited of their own *Merit*, do sometimes take a Pride in being unfortunate; in order to perswade themselves and others, that they are considerable enough to be the *Envy* and the *Mark of Fortune*.

The undeceiving a Man strongly possess'd with an Opinion of his own *Merit*, is the very same ill Office that was done the Fool at *Athens*, who fancied all the Ships that came into Harbour, were his own.

The surest Evidence of true *Merit*, is when a Man is commended even by those that envy him most.

The *Merit* of some People consists in saying and doing useful *Explores*; and when they are once taken out of this *Road*, you quite spoil them, and they are good for nothing.

Princes put a value upon Men as well as *Money*; and we are forc'd to take them both, not according to their true Worth, but according to what they are stamp'd for.

Importunity is a surer way to *Preferment* than *Merit*: Some Men get into Employment by resolving not to be deny'd, as some *Irish-men* pick up Women by hunting them, as School-boys do Squirrels, till they are weary, and fall down before them.

Nature gives *Merit* and *Parts*, but 'tis *Fortune* proves and exerts them.

The Address and Industry of improving moderate *Abilities* to the best Advantage, steal away,

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if I may so speak, our Esteem, and bring a Man oftentimes into greater Reputation than real *Merit*.

Real *Merit* gains a Man the Esteem of good Men; but 'tis only Fate and Chance that gains him that of the *Multitude*.

The Appearances of *Merit* are oftner Rewarded than *Merit* it self.

There are a great many Men valu'd in the World, who have no other *Merit* than *Vices* profitable to Commerce and Society.

A Man's *Merit* has its particular Season, as well as *Fruits*.

A Man's *Palate* (or discerning Faculty) lowers proportionably to his *Merit*.

As much as the World is inclin'd to think ill of one another, we see them oftner favourable to false *Merit*, than injurious to true.

Some Men are like *Ballads*, which are in vogue only for a while.

A Noble Birth, or a Great Fortune, proclaims *Merit*, and makes it the more conspicuous.

Nature.

Most young People think often to follow *Nature*, when they are only unpolish'd and ill-bred.

Nothing hinders Men so much from being plain and natural, as the straining themselves to be thought so.

Nature was given to exercise the *Philosophers*, like some dark intricate *Riddle*; every one makes his own Sense the Key, and out of that contrives his *System*. He that by his Principles explains most Difficulties, may be allow'd thus far to value himself, That he has hit upon the most probable Opinion.

Something of one's Temper always enters into the best formed Designs; and *Nature* is never so much reduc'd but that she keeps as much Right over our Actions, as we can take over her Motions.

* Persons and Humours may be jumbled and disguis'd, but *Nature* is like Quick-silver that will never be kill'd.

* It is a wonderful thing how the very Force of *Nature* will exert it self, in the meanest and the weakest of Creatures, in cases of extream Necessity and Danger.

* The different Abilities of Men, which we call Wisdom, or Prudence, for the Conduct of publick Affairs, or private Life, grow directly out of that little Grain of Intellect, or good Sense, which they bring with them into the World; and the Defect of it in Men, comes from some want in their Conception, or Birth. And though this may be improv'd, or impair'd, in some degree, by Accidents of Education, Study, Conversation, or Business; yet it cannot go beyond the reach of its Native Force, no more than Life can, beyond the Period to which it was destin'd, by the Strength or Weakness of the Seminal Virtue.

'Tis impossible to renounce *Nature*, and to raise our selves above the Condition God has plac'd us in. We shall see a Wise Man not able to defend himself

self from *Humour* and *Folly*; an Heroe feeble, full of Defects, and as much a Man as they which are below him: For, in truth, there are no great Men, if we compare 'em one with another; but they are in themselves weak, unequal, and deficient: in some part or other.

Nothing is durable, that is not suited to *Nature*. Too austere a Philosophy, makes few wise Men; too rigorous a Government, few good Subjects; too harsh a Religion, few religious Souls; I mean, that will long continue so.

Nobility, Gentility.

NOBILITY is ambitious, *Commonalty* seditious, therefore they are irreconcilable Enemies.

There cannot be a meaner thing, than to take advantage of one's *Quality* and *Greatness*, to ridicule and insult over those of an inferior Condition.

They that are so ridiculous, as to value themselves meerly upon their *Quality*, do in a manner slight that very thing that gave them their *Quality*: since 'tis only the *Virtue* of their Ancestors that first ennobled their *Blood*.

The great Mistake of most *Nobl-men*, is, That they look upon their *Nobility* as a Character given them by *Nature*.

True *Quality*, and that which is the Gift of *Nature*, is only the Noble Advantages and Endowments of the *Body* and *Mind*.

The more ancient that *Nobility* is which we derive from our *Ancestors*, the more suspicious and uncertain it is; and therefore the less valuable. The Son of a *Mareschal of France*, who by his own Worth has rais'd himself to this Office, should, in all Reason, be more *Noble*, than the Posterity that descend from him. The Spring of *Honour* is yet fresh in the Son's Veins, and kept up by the Example of the *Father*; but the further it runs from the Fountain, the weaker and drier it grows.

We are surpris'd every Day, to see some Men, that are come from the Scum of the *People*, raise themselves to great *Fortunes* and *Honours*; and we commonly mention this with Scorn and Reproach; as if all the Great *Families* in the World had not as mean a Beginning, if we would but take pains to trace them back to their Originals.

* A bragging *Fool* that's rais'd out of a Dung-hil, and sets up for a Man of *Quality*, is asham'd of nothing in the World but his own Father.

It is with the *Original* of *Nations*, as with *Genealogies* of private *Persons*; these are purely imaginary; those shew themselves in Fables. From whence it comes to pass, that the Ancients held themselves oblig'd to some Deity or other, either upon the account of descending from it, or else because they acknowledg'd a particular Care and Protection from its Tutelary Virtue.

* It is the Saying of a Great Man, That if we could trace our Descents, we should find all Slaves to come from Princes, and all Princes from Slaves: But *Fortune* has turn'd all Things topsie-turvy, in a long

long Story of Revolutions. But it matters not whence we come, but what we are; nor is the Glory of our Predecessors any more to our Honour, than the Wickedness of their Posterity is to their Shame.

It is a great Advantage for a Man to be Nobly descended; but it is still a greater one for him to be such by his own Merit, that People never enquire whether he be a Gentleman, or no.

* *Nobility* of Birth, commonly abates Industry; and he that is not industrious, envies him that is. Beside, Noble Persons cannot go much higher; and he that stands at a stay, when others, rise, can hardly avoid Motions of Envy.

* A *Monarchy*, where there is no *Nobility* at all, is a pure absolute *Tyranny*; for *Nobility* tempers *Soveraignty*, and draws the Eyes of the People somewhat aside from the *Royal Line*.

* Those that are first rais'd to *Nobility*, are commonly more virtuous, but less innocent, than their Descendants; for there is rarely any Rising, but by a commixture of good and evil Arts.

Obstinacy, Contradiction.

* A stiff and a Stubborn *Obstinacy*, is not so much Firmness and Resolution, as Willfulness. A Wise, and a steady Man, bends only in prospect of rising again.

* There are many Cases, and many Seasons, wherein Men must either *Bend* or *Break*. But Conscience,

ence, Honour, and good Manners, are first to be consulted, and Discretion is to govern us, where, and when we may be allow'd to Temporize, and where, and when not. When Bending or Breaking is the question, and Men have no other choice, 'tis no easie matter to distinguish, where, when, how, or to what degree, to yield to the importunity of the Occasion, or the Difficulty of the Times. It is a certain Rule, 'tis true (but a general one) That *no Ill is to be done, that Good may come on it*: Now, the Point will be at last, what's simply Good or Evil; what in the *Contemplation*, and how far the *Intention*, or the *Probable Consequences* of such or such an Action may qualify the Cases: Taking this Consideration along with us too, that we are under a great Temptation to be partial in favour of our own selves, in the matter of Ease, Profit or Safety. The first point to be preserv'd sacred, and from whence a Man is never to depart, tho' for the saving of his Life, Liberty, Popular Credit, or Estate, that first Point, I say, is *Conscience*; now, all Duties are matter of *Conscience*, respectively to the Subject that they are exercis'd upon, only with this Restriction, that a Superior Obligation discharges, or at least suspends the Force, or an Inferior; And to such a Circumstance for the purpose, such a Degree, or such a Season. Now there are other niceties also, as of Honour, Decency, and Discretion, Humanity, Modesty, Respect, &c. that border even upon the indispensable ties of Religion it self; and tho' they are not matter of *Conscience*, simply and apart, they are yet so reductively, with a regard to other considerations: That is to say, tho' they are not so in the Abstract, they become so by Affinity and Connexion; and such Civil matters they

they are, as fall within the Purlews of Religion.

Stubborness and *Obstinacy*, are the Effects of a shallow *Wit*; for we can never believe, what we cannot apprehend.

Men of mean *Capacities*, but especially your half-witted Fellows, and *pedantick* Scholars, are most apt to be stiff and peremptory. None but Manly *Souls* can unsay what they have said, and forsake an Error, when they find themselves on the wrong side.

Contradiction should awaken our *Attention* and *Care*, and not our *Passion*: Our Interest ought to be no other than that of *Truth*, and therefore we must rather hear those that oppose it, than avoid them, which is little better than yielding the Victory.

There can be no arguing with a Man *obstinate* in his Opinion; for when he has once contradicted, his Mind is barr'd up against all Light and better Information; Arguments, tho' never so well grounded, do but provoke him, and make him even afraid to be convinc'd of the *Truth*.

The generality of Men do not make it their Business to be in the right, so much as to be thought so: This makes them stickle so stiffly for their own Opinions, even when they know and are satisfied, they are false.

The *Obstinacy* of some People in contradicting Opinions generally receiv'd, is the effect rather of *Pride* than *Ignorance*: Those that are on the right side have got the upper hand, and they scorn to take any with the lower.

No Men are so often in the *wrong*, as those who pretend to be always in the *right*.

Offences, Injuries,

THE following consideration may abundantly serve to teach us to Pardon *Injuries*. The Committers of them must be either *chosen* or *Reprobate*: If the first, how dare we to hate those whom God shall eternally Love? And if the other, are not the Flames, which shall eternally devour them, sufficient to quench our Thirst after Revenge?

'Tis Folly to give Satisfaction to those who Demand none; for an anticipated Excuse, awakes a Discontent that slept. A prudent Man ought not to seem sensible of another's Suspicion, because that is to court his Resentment: He ought only to endeavour to cure that Suspicion, by a Sincere and Civil Deportment.

There is more Dexterity in shunning *Offences*, than in revenging them. It is great Address to make a Confident of him, who might have been an Adversary; and to transform those into Butteresses of Reputation, who threatned to ruine the same.

Tho' an *Offence* be pardon'd, yet it always leaves a bitter impression in the mind of him that committed it; and this is the corner Stone of all our *Ingratitude*.

Passions.

Passions.

Passion often makes a Fool of a witty Man and no less frequently a witty Man of a Fool.

It is with our Passions, as it is with Fire and Water; they are good Servants, and bad Masters, and Sub-minister to the best and worst of Purposes at once.

The continuance of our Passions, is no more in our own Power, than the Term of our Lives.

Those great and glittering Actions which dazzle the Eyes of most Men, and are represented by Politicians, as the Effects of great Wisdom and Design; are indeed generally influenced by little Humours and Passions. Thus the War of Augustus and Anthony, for the purpose, which is ascrib'd to the violent Ambition each of them had to get the Mastery of the whole World, was occasion'd, perhaps, by a little rise of Jealousie between them.

Passions are Nature's never-failing Rhetorick, and the only Orators that can master our Affections. The plainest Man, inspir'd by a Passion, persuades much better than the most eloquent, who is inspir'd by none.

There is in all Passions a kind of Injustice and Self-interest, which makes them very dangerous to be follow'd; and we ought not to trust them, even when they appear most fair and reasonable.

There

There is in our *Hearts* a constant Generation of *Passions*; so that the Destruction of one, is generally the Production of another.

As wary and cautious as Men are to conceal their *Passions*, under the specious Dress of *Honour* and *Piety*, this Disguise is too thin; and they seldom fail to break through it at one time or other.

Passions often give Birth to others of a Nature quite contrary to their own: *Avarice* sometimes brings forth *Prodigality*; and *Prodigality*, *Avarice*: Some are Resolute out of Weakness, and Bold out of Timorousness and Fear.

All *Passions* are nothing else, but the different Degrees of Heat and Cold in the *Blood*.

The Victory we gain sometimes over our *Passions*, is owing to their *Weakness*, more than our own Strength.

The *Health* of the *Mind* is as frail and uncertain, as that of the *Body*: And tho' a Man may seem free from all manner of *Passions*, yet is he in so much danger of falling into them, as one in a perfect state of Health, is of having a fit of Sickmess.

It is one of the greatest Secrets of *Nature*, that Men's *Passions* are more capable of being rais'd to higher degrees in *Company*, than in *Solitude*; and that we sooner grieve, fear, rejoice, love, admire, &c. when we behold many others so mov'd, than we are alone.

No Man can guess in cold *Blood*, what he may do in a *Passion*.

While

While our *Heart* is ruffled by the remains of a *Passion*, it is more susceptible of a new one, than if it was entirely settled.

Those that have had great *Passions*, find themselves perpetually happy and unhappy, in being cur'd of them.

We are to blame to distinguish between the several sorts of *Anger*; for there is a Light, and, as it were, a harmless one, which results from a warm Complexion; and another exceeding vicious, which is, in strict speaking, the *Rage* and *Fierceness* of *Pride*.

Nature, it seems, has treasur'd up, in the bottom of our Hearts, some secret *Talents* and *Abilities*, which *Passions* only have the privilege to improve; and which, upon some Exigencies, give us a surer prospect of Things, than ever Art could do.

It is as unreasonable to recompence in a fit of *Joy*, as to punish in a *Passion*.

* That *Mind* is truly happy which can entirely deny some *Passions*, and only unbend it self to some others.

The *Soul* is tir'd to be always in the same posture, and at a long run, it would lose all its Vigour, if it were not awaken'd by the *Passions*.

Love is the only *Passion* that cannot be conceal'd.

Philosophy.

Philosophy.

Philosophy easily conquers and triumphs over *past* and *future* Evils; but the *present* one's triumph over *Philosophy*.

The Contempt of *Riches* in *Philosophers*, was only a desire of vindicating their own *Merit*, and taking a Revenge upon the Injustice of *Fortune*, by undervaluing those Enjoyments which she had not given them: This was a Trick to secure themselves from the Disparagement of Poverty, and a By-way to arrive to that Consideration and Esteem, which they could not compass by *Riches*.

The *Philosophers*, and *Seneca* among the rest, did not remove Men's *Faults* by their *Precepts*: but only improv'd them by the setting up of *Pride*: So that their *Virtues* (as a Father of the *Church* has it) were but *glittering Vices*.

* There is no Condition that does not sit well upon a wise Man: For this Reason, I shall never quarrel with a *Philosopher* for living in a Palace; but shall, at the same time, not excuse him, if he can't content himself with a Cottage. I shall not be scandaliz'd to behold him in the Apparel of Kings, provided he have not their Ambition.

Pleasures.

ALL our Actions have no real Object but *Pleasure*; and tho' we take different ways, yet we see all Mankind incline to the same end; without that, the most laborious Persons would live languishing and Idle: 'Tis that alone which makes us active, which moves all Bodies; 'tis that which gives motion to all the Universe. He that searches for *Reputation* in the Field, and breaks through all the Dangers of Fire and Bullets to obtain Honour, would not expose himself to the least Danger, if he did not expect that satisfaction he finds in himself, or that which is derived from Fame: And he that grows old in the Cloister, amongst a parcel of Mouldy, Moth-eaten Books, would not employ the least pain, in the acquisition of Sciences, if he did not receive from it some *Pleasure* in the pursuit.

II. A Man that knows how to mingle *pleasures* with *Business*, is never possess'd of them; he quits them, and retakes them at his Will; and in the habit which he has made of them, he rather finds an unweariness of Spirits, then a dangerous Charm that might corrupt him. It is not so with these austere Persons, who by an alteration of Temper, come to taste of *Voluptuousness*, they are immediately enchanted with its Sweetness; and having nothing but an Aversion for the Austerity of their past Lives, abandon themselves to the first Delights they meet with.

Our

Our *Pleasures* wou'd be insippid, if some Disappointment did not highten their Relish.

III. * 'Tis not so hard to counterfeit *Joy* in the depth of *Affliction*, as to dissemble *Mirth* in the Company of *Fools*.

IV. The excess of Delights palls our appetites oftner then it pleases.

V. It is much better to seek every thing that can please in any Man, then to seek for a Man that can please in every thing; for a Man in all respects agreeable, is so great a rarity, that it is no Wisdom to hunt after that we are hardly ever like to find.

VI. We are so fond of every thing that is fresh and uncommon, that we take a secret *Pleasure*, and find entertainment even in the sight of the dismal-lest and most Tragical *Accidents*; and that partly because they are new, and partly from a Principle of Ill nature that is in us.

VII. The continual Society, even of the best Men, becomes at length tiresome, or insensible; which makes those Persons that have a delicate Apprehension of *Pleasure*, voluntarily remove themselves from one another, to avoid the Disgust that threatens them, and to have a better Taste of the Charms of Conversation, by a new Vigour which they bestow upon their Thoughts.

VIII. There is no Man but is sometimes at a loss with himself; the Wisest are weary of themselves, after they have been weary of others.

IX. We never fail to be tiresome to our selves, by too long and too serious a Commerce with our own Thoughts. He that intends to live
happy,

happy, must make but few Reflections upon Life; nay, he must often depart, as it were, from himself; and amidst the Pleasures which exeteriour Objects furnish him with, steal from the Knowledge of his own Miseries.

X. Pleasures, unless they be wholly innocent, are never of so long continuance, as the sting which they leave behind them.

PRIDE.

Pride always indemnifies it self one way or other; and loses nothing, no not in Self-denial.

II. When Pride has appear'd in all its Shapes, and play'd all the Parts of Human Life, as if it were tir'd with its own Disguise and Transformations, it pulls off the Mask; and shewing its true Face at last is known by its Insolence; so that, properly speaking, Insolence is the breaking out, and Demonstration of Pride.

III. 'Tis only because we are proud our selves, that we complain of, and cannot bear with the Pride of others.

IV. Pride is much the same in all Men, as to Degree of it, and differs only by the various Methods of exerting it.

V. The Wisdom of Nature is to be admir'd not only in fitting the Organs of the Body for our Happinels and Convenience, but also in bestowing Pride upon Men, to keep their Sight from

from the troublesom View of their own Imperfections.

VI. There is oftentimes more *Pride* than *Goodness* in our *Reproofs*; and we chide other People for their Faults, not so much with design to correct them, as to make them believe that we our selves have none.

VII. *Blindness* and *Folly* are the most pernicious Effects of *Pride*; for they both cherish and encrease the *Vice*, by concealing from us those Remedies, that might conduce to the Cure of our Miseries, and correct our Excesses and Extravagances.

VIII. Nothing flatters our *Pride* so much, as the Intimacy and Confidence of Great Persons; for we are apt to think our selves admitted to these by our own Desert; and never consider that it happens much oftner, from a particular *Vanity* in their Humours, or their not being able to keep their own Council,

IX. * All proud Men, over and above the Stroke of a Divine judgment, are miserable, even in themselves, and no Circumstances in the World can ever make them otherwise. Their Appetites are insatiable, and their Hearts consequently never at rest; whether it be *Wealth*, *Power*, *Honour*, *Popular Esteem*, or whatever else they pretend to: They envy, and are envy'd: 'Tis impossible for them to be at rest, without enjoying what it is impossible for them to attain; they live, gaping after more, and in a perpetual fear of losing what they have already: The higher they are rais'd, the giddier they are, the more slippery is their Standing, and the deeper they Fall. They are never well, so long as any thing is above them; and their

Ambition

Ambition carries them to the supplanting of their Masters and Makers; when yet, by a most ridiculous Contradiction, they lie effectually, in the same instant, at the Mercy of the Men they most despise.

X. *Humility* is very often the putting on of a *Submission*, by which Men hope to bring other People to submit to them. It is a mere artificial sort of *Pride*, which debases it self with a design of being exalted: And tho' this *Vice* transform it self into a Thousand several Shapes, yet it is never more effectually disguis'd, or more capable of imposing upon the *World*, than when conceal'd under a *Form* of *Humility*.

XI. A readiness to believe *Ill*, without a previous Examination, proceeds from *Laziness* and *Pride*: We are pleas'd to find others to blame, and loth to give our selves the trouble of enquiring, how far, and whether they are so, or not.

XII. *Pride*, that so often inspires Men with Envy, does sometimes moderate it too.

XIII. The same *Pride* that disposes us to condemn the *Faults* we think our selves free from, inclines us to undervalue the *Good Qualities* We want.

XIV. The Compassion we express for our Enemies Misfortunes, is sometimes more the effect of *Pride*, than *Good-nature*, and only a Desire to let them know that we are above them.

XV. *Pride*, as well as other *Passions*, is unaccountable and humourfome. We are asham'd to own our being *Jealous*, when we are so; and yet we value our selves upon having been so, and for being capable of being so.

XVI. It is as good and commendable to be *Proud*, with one's self, as it is ridiculous with others.

XVII. *Magnanimity* is a bold Stroke of *Pride*, which makes a Man Master of himself, in order to make him so of every thing else.

XVIII. A Man of *Wit*, that is naturally *proud*, loses nothing of his *Pride* and *Stiffness*, by being low in the *World*; but, on the contrary, if any thing can soften his Humour, and make him more courteous and sociable, it must be a little Prosperity.

XIX. * *Humility*, tho' it may seem to expose a Man to some Contempt, yet it is truly the readiest way to Honour; as, on the contrary, *Pride* is a most improper and absurd means for the accomplishing of the End it aims at. All other Vices, in some measure, attain their End; *Covetousness* usually raises an Estate, and ambitious Endeavours often advance Men to high Places; but *Pride*, *Insolence*, and *Contempt* of others, infallibly defeat their own Design. They aim at Respect and Esteem, but never attain it, for all Mankind naturally hate and slight a *Proud Man*.

XX. * There's no state of Life without a Mixture of Good and Evil, and the highest pitch of Fortune is not without Dangers, Cares and Fears; so that all consider'd, the *Mean* is best both for Body, Mind and Estate. *Pride* is not only uneasie, but unsafe too; for it has the Power and Justice of Heaven, and the malicious Envy of Men, to encounter at the same time. In a Word, *Humility* is a Vertue that never goes without a Blessing.

Primacy.

Primacy.

I. IF *Primacy* be back'd by Parts, it is on a double account Excellent. It is a great advantage to have the Hand at Play for that gives the better on'r, if the Cards be equal. Several had been the *Phoenix* of their Profession, if others had not gone before them. The first have the Birth-right in the Inheritance of Reputation, and there remains but a scanty Portion for their Juniors; nay, and that too contested. It is to no purpose for these to fret, they cannot baffle the Opinion which the World has, that they do no more than imitate.

Pursuits.

I. WHAT shall we say of those, that spend their Days in gaping after Court Favours and Preferments; Servile Flatteries, and slavish Attendances, that live and entertain themselves upon Blessings in Vision? (for fair Words and Promises are no more than empty Appearances.) Whats is all this, but sacrificing a Man's Honour, Integrity, Liberty, Reason, Body, Soul, Fortune, and all, for Shadows? We place our

Trust in things that have no Being ; disorder our Minds, discompose our Thoughts, entangle our Estates, and sell our selves, in one Word, for Bubbles. How wretched is the Man that does not know when he is well, but passes away the Peace and Comfort of his Life, for the gratifying of a fantastical Appetite or Humour? Nay, and he misses his aim, even in that too, while he squanders away his Interest, and forfeits his Discretion, in the pursuit of one Vanity after another. Ambition is a Ladder that reaches from Earth to Heaven and the first Round is but so many Inches in a Man's way, towards the mounting of all the rest. He's never well, till he's at the top ; and when he can go no higher, he must either hang in the Air, or fall ; for, in this case, he has nothing above him to aspire to, nor any Foot-stool left him to come down by. Every Man has what's sufficient at hand, and in catching at more than he can carry away, he loses what he had. Now, there's Ingratitude, as well as Disappointment, in all these rambling and extravagant Motions: Besides that, *Avarice* is always beggarly, for he that wants, has as good as nothing. The desire of more and more rises by a natural Gradation to most, and after that to all ; till in the conclusion we find our selves sick and weary of all that's possible to be had ; Solicitous for something else, and then when we have spent our Days in quest of the meanest things, and at the Feet too of the worst of Men, we find at the bottom of the Account, that all the Enjoyments under the Sun are not worth struggling for. What can be vainer now, than to lavish our Lives and Fortunes in the Search and Purchase of Trifles, and at the same time

time to lie carping for the unprofitable Goods of this World, and in a restless Variety of Thoughts for what's to come. The Folly, in fine, of these vexatious and frivolous Pursuits, shews it self in all the Transports of our wild and ungoverned Affections.

II. We are not so eager upon the making of our Fortune, as we are upon the pursuit of some frivolous and imaginary Conceit of our own. The reason of that is, because there's a Gust of Liberty, in the following of a Man's Humours; and that, on the contrary, the running after Favours and Preferments carries a Face of Slavery: It is natural with us to wish for these, to do little for the attaining of them, and to think our selves so deserving, that they should come to us without any trouble of our own.

III. He that can wait for what he wishes, runs no hazard of hanging himself, if he chance to lose his longing; and, on the contrary, the trouble that Man is at, who impatiently wishes for any thing, is too great to be sufficiently recompens'd, by the very accomplishment of his Desires.

IV. There are those, who are so desperately eager in their Pursuits, that for fear of missing what they aim at, they forget nothing of that which can make them miss it.

Rashness.

Rash Men do many things in haste, that they repent of at leisure. 'Tis not good to be over-fierce upon any thing, for fear of mistaking or misunderstanding the Matter in Question. Moderation is a high point of Wisdom, and Temerity, on the other hand, is ever dangerous: For Men are subject to be contented with outward Appearance, and so take the vain Images and Shadows of things for the Substance. One Man may have the advantage of another, in the benefit of a Presence of Mind, which may serve, in a great measure, to fortifie us against Surprizes and Difficulties not to be foreseen: But a sound Judgment is the Result of second Thoughts, upon due Time and Consideration, which may bring Matters to a fair Issue. This precipitate Temper is little better than a Physical Madness; for there's somewhat of an Alienation in't, when people proceed not only without, but contrary to Reason.

'Tis gallant in a Commander, to shew the Difficulties they are necessitated to encounter; but to lead Men into 'em, out of mere Bravado, is foolish.

REASON

REASON.

I. **WE** have not Strength enough to follow our *Reason*, so far as it would carry us.

II. That Man has but little *Reason* left him, who is past hopes of finding *Reason* from others.

III. He is not to be accounted *Reasonable*, who stumbles upon *Reason* by chance; but he that knows, and can judge, and has a true Relish of it.

IV. Our *Reason* is much better employ'd, in bearing up, and allaying present *Misfortunes*, than in forecasting future ones.

V. A Man never wishes for any thing very eagerly, which he wishes for only by the Dictates of *Reason*.

VI. No Man can be perfectly just and good, without a great measure of *Sense* and *Right Reason*, which will always incline him to chuse the juster Side in every Action of his Life. And it is a foolish thing to extol wicked Men and Knaves, as the World commonly does, for Persons of *Wit* and *Understanding*: Such People have only one part of that sound *Sense*; which is the Reason why they are successful upon some Occasions, but imperfect, and at a loss, upon a thousand others.

VII. As nothing betrays greater *Weakness*, and want of *Reason*, than to submit one's Judgment

to another Man's, without any Examination or Consideration of our own; so nothing argues a great Spirit, and true *Wisdom*, more than the submitting to Almighty God, with absolute and implicit Faith; and believing whatever he says, upon the single Authority of his own Word.

VIII. Some *reason* juster than others, but when we meddle with Things above our *Understanding*, we are much alike.

IX. We attribute more to *Reason*, than is her due; she frequently usurps what of right belongs to our Constitution, and would have but few Advantages, if she had no more than are strictly her own.

X. *Reason* does seldom cure any *Passion*, but rather strikes in with the strongest; for there is no *Passion*, but is authoriz'd and countenanc'd by some *Reason* or other.

XI. Good and Right *Reason* is a Light in the *Mind*, by which it discerns things as they are in themselves: But in this World, this Light is encompass'd and darkned by a thousand Mists and Clouds.

XII. Good *Sense* and *Reason* ought to be the *Umpire* of all Rules, both Ancient and Modern; whatever does not agree with this Standard, is false.

XIII. * The same Faculty of *Reason*, which gives Mankind the great Advantage and Prerogative over the rest of the Creation, seems to make the greatest Default in Humane Nature; and subjects it to more Troubles, Miseries, or, at least, Disquiets of Life, than any other of its Fellow-Creatures. 'Tis this furnishes us with such variety of Passions, and consequently of Wants
and

and Desires, which no others feel; and these, follow'd by infinite Designs, and endless Pursuits, and improv'd by that Restlessness of Thought, which is natural to most Men, give us a Condition of Life, suitable to that of our Birth; so that as we are born crying, we live complaining, and die disappointed.

XIV. Since we cannot escape the Pursuit of Passions, and Perplexity of Thoughts, which our *Reason* furnishes us, there is no way left, but to endeavour what we can, either to subdue, or to divert them.

XV. *Superstition* renders a Man a *Fool*, and *Scepticism* is enough to make him *mad*. To believe all things, is above *Reason*; to give credit to nothing, is below it.

XVI. Most Men rather chuse to believe implicitly, than to put themselves to the expence of judging; without instructing themselves in the nature of Things, they take those to be the best, that have the most Examples, and the greatest Crowd of Admirers: They don't follow *Reason*, but only the Resemblance of it; and stiffly retain their Errors, because they are countenanc'd by those of other Men.

XVII. It is much better for a Man to fall naturally into the good Sense of others, by his *Reason*, than to make his Humours receiv'd by force.

XVIII. * There are times when *Sense* may be unreasonable, as well as *Truth*.

XIX. Common Sense is of the Growth of every Country; and all People who unite into Societies, and form Governments, will, in time, make prudent Laws of all kinds; since it is not Strength
of

of Imagination, or Subtilty of Reasoning, but Constancy in making Observations upon the several Ways of working Humane Nature, that first stored the World with Moral Truths, and put Mankind upon forming such Rules of Practice, as best suited with these Observations.

Reputation, Esteem.

I. **T**IS good Policy for a Man never to keep Company with him that may eclipse, but him that may set off his Lustre. The most accomplish'd will have always the first Rank; if his Companion have any part in the Praise, it will be but his Leavings. The Moon shines, whilst she is among the Stars, but so soon as the Sun begins to appear, she either shines no more, or disappears. A Man must never run the risque of being incommoded side-ways, nor do Honour to others at the expence of his own *Reputation*. It is good to frequent the Society of eminent Persons, for shaping and modelling one's self; but when a Man is fashioned and completed, to strike in with those of inferiour size.

II. 'Tis matter of *Prudence* to leave off with an Appetite, for Desire is the Standard of *Esteem*. Even in bodily Thirst, it is a skilful management to provoke it, and not to satisfy it wholly. The Good

Good is doubly so, when there is but little of it. The Abatement is great at the second Bout, and too full an Enjoyment causes the highest Perfections to be despis'd.

III. 'Tis good to make Absence an Expedient for being respected or esteem'd; for if Presence lessen *Reputation*, Absence increases it. Perfections lose their Lustre, if they be look'd upon at too near distance; because Men look more upon the Out-side than the intrinsick Value of the thing. *Imagination* goes much farther than the *Sight*; and the Mistake that commonly enters by the Ears, goes out by the Eyes.

IV. There goes great Art in making the best of a Man's being *New*. An ordinary Thing, but spick and span *New*, is more valued than a *Rarity* that is seen often. *Excellencies* wear out, and soon grow old. Make use then of the first Fruits of *Esteem*, by gaining speedily all that you can pretend to from a transient Complaisance. For if once the fresh Gloss be gone, the Passion will cool; and that which pleas'd as being *New*, will cloy as being *Common*.

V. * A Man of Parts ought not to be lavish of himself; for it is the misfortune of all that is excellent, to degenerate into Abuse, when it is too much made use of; and he that desires to be Good at every thing, generally comes to be Good at nothing. All *Perfections* are obnoxious to this Lot; so soon as they lose the *Reputation* of being Rare, they get that of being Common. Upon the whole matter, the only Remedy for every thing that excels, is to be moderate; for what is cut off from Appearance and Ostentation, is abundantly made up in *Esteem*.

VI. There

VI. There are some, who to set off their own *Value*, are oblig'd to change Countries, especially if they aspire to great Places. A Man's Country is the Step-mother to eminent Qualities; *Envy* reigns there, as in its native Land. Men remember better the *Imperfections* that one had in the beginning, than the *Merits* whereby he is advanced to Grandeur. We have seen Men who have been the Refuse of a little Canton, and are now the Honour of the World, being equally revered by their Country men and Strangers; by the one, because they are far off; and by the others, because they come from afar.

VII. An accomplish'd Man ought never to give the least Sign that he is persuaded of his own *Merit*; the less he appears to make it known, the more all will mind it. He is doubly Excellent, who confines all his Perfections within himself, without bragging of any; he arrives at the height of *Plausibility* and *Esteem*, by a way not much frequented.

VIII. Some Men have the Good-will of all that can do 'em no Good, but very often of none that can.

IX. * *Common Fame* is as false and impudent, as a common Strumpet. Let every Man live to his own Conscience, and never trouble his Head with the Talk of the People.

X. * *Reputation* is always upon the Extremes, either of Applause or Execration.

XI. * Nothing can be more vain, than the Courting of *Popular Applause*, if we consider the Emptiness of the Sound, the precarious Tenure, the little Judgment of those that give it us, and the narrow Compals 'tis confin'd to; for the

the whole Globe is but a Point, and of this little, how little is inhabited? And where 'tis peopled, we'll have no Reason to brag, either of the Number, or Quality of our Admirers. What! Shall we be Ambitious of a Man's Good Word, that, it may be, in an Hour's time, shall curse himself to the Pit of Hell? Are we so fond of being in their Favour, that can't keep in their own?

XII. * He that is so very solicitous about being talk'd of when he is dead, and makes his Memory his Inclination, does not consider that all his Admirers will be quickly gone; That his Fame will grow less to the next Generation, and flag upon the Course; and, like a Ball that's handed from one to another, 'twill be dropt at last: But granting, your Monuments and your Men Immortal, what's their Panegyrick to you, when you are dead, and know nothing of the matter? And if you were living, what would Commendation signify, unless for the Convenience of Imitation? To conclude, if you depend thus servilely upon the Good Word of other People, you'll act below your Nature, and neglect the Improvement of your self.

XIII. * What a strange Humour there is among some People? They don't care for the good Word of their Contemporaries, and yet are very desirous of being prais'd by Posterity: That is, by those they never saw, nor ever will have the least acquaintance with: Now this is always such a Freak, as it would be, to be disturb'd, because you were not commended by the Generations that liv'd before you.

XIII. * 'Twill

XIII. * 'Twill not be long before you will have forgotten all the World, and in a little time, to be even, all the World will forget you too.

XIV. * To moderate your Ambition about *Fame*, consider the generality of People that are to commend, and take notice of you; how insignificant they are, and how little in their Pursuits and Aversions? Consider also, that as one heap of Sand thrown upon another, covers the first, so it happens in the business of *Fame*; a new Glory eclipses an old one, and the latter Age is a sort of Extinguisher to the former.

XV. * There's no Man so happy in his Family and Friends, but that some of them, when they see him going, will wish for a good Riddance, and almost keep a Holiday for his Death; let him be a Person of never so much Probity and Prudence.

XVI. * People generally despise where they flatter, and cringe to those they would gladly over-top; so that *Truth* and *Ceremony* are two Things.

XVII. * 'Tis matter of wonder, that every body should love themselves best, and yet value their Neighbours Opinions about themselves more than their own.

XVIII. * If God should order a Man to turn his Inside outwards, and publish every Thought and Fancy, as fast as they come into his Head; he'd think it a very hard Chapter, and not submit without grumbling, so much as to a Day's Confession. Thus we stand more in awe of *Fame* than

han Conscience, and regard other People's Judgments above our own.

XIX. It ought to be a very great Mortification to a Man, to consider how very inconsistent he is with himself.

XX. There must be a Concurrence of Chance, to make a Great Man; Merit alone would never do it. An unexpected turn of Affairs has often given a Reputation to an indifferent Politician.

XXI. * He that rewards Flattery, begs it.

XXII. * Many are capable of getting Reputation, but few to keep it; which last is the harder task of the two.

XXIII. * A Thousand Actions pass in the World for Vertuous, which proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord Sly releases Floridor out of Gaol, pays his Debts, and gets him a Commission. This the World applaud, as an Act of the most disinterested Generosity; they little know, at the same time, that Floridor supplies his Lordship with Mistresses out of the Play-house.

XXIV. * Most Men, when they speak of their Neighbours, are apt, out of a Principle of Emulation and Envy, to lessen and tarnish their Fame, whether by open Scandal and defamatory Stories and Tales, or by malicious Insinuations, invidious Circumstances, sinister and covert Reflexions. This Humour springs from an over-sondness of our selves, and a mistaken Conceit, that another's loss is an addition to our own Reputation. This is the basest, and most ungenerous of all our Natural Failures, and ought to be corrected as much as possible.

XXV. * "A

XXV. * "A good Presence, a great deal of Assurance, and a plausible way of Delivery, goes a great way in gaining a Man a Reputation; let Pretensions be never so precarious; but then let him manage Matters so, as never to be put upon a Trial of his Skill; for that may undo all. A certain Person, we all know, was in a fair way of Eclipsing Sir Christopher Wren, in the Opinion of most of the Nobility, but that he unluckily happen'd to build too near the Banqueting-house.

XXVI. * Abundance of Noble Wits are stifled, for want of suspecting what they were able to do, and with how much Facility. Experience shews us, every day, Blockheads, that arrive at a moderate, nay, sometimes, a great Reputation, by their Confidence and brisk Attempts, which they maintain by their Diligence; while great numbers of Men, naturally more Ingenious, lie neglected by, for want of Industry to improve, or Courage to exert themselves.

XXVII. * "'Tis an easie matter to persuade a Man, that we have the same Opinion of him, which he has of himself: Damon is bewitch'd with Poetry, and thinks his *Fustian Plays* as good as the great Performances of *Otway*: Commend his *Tamerlane*, and you will tickle him more than if you should cry up his Pedantick Learning. *Sophron* thinks himself a great States-man; he wonders and complains, at the same time, that he is not employ'd by the Government: Tell him you admire his deep Knowledge in Politics; and the Interests of Princes, and the Fish is in your Net. Young *Floridor* sets up for a *Beau*, and fancies all Women languish and die for him

"him; do but commend his Teeth, soft Hand,
"fair Complexion, fine Wiggs and Cloaths: Talk
"of his Gallantry and Love-Conquests, and you
"will please him ten times more, than if you
"should flatter him about his Natural Parts and
"Literature. Therefore the chief Address to
"make our Compliment well receiv'd, is to
"find out the weak side of the Person it is made
"to.

XXVIII. * Good-Humour goes farther many times in the *Reputation* of the World, than Profound Learning; tho' undoubtedly both together are best. There's a certain knack in the Art of Conversation, that gives a good Grace to many things, by the manner and address of handling 'em, which in the ordinary way of bringing matters about, would give great offence to the common Rules, even of Civility and Discretion. The skill on't lies in the Nicety of distinguishing, *First*, What Liberty is necessary in such and such a Case. And, *Secondly*, how to temper and accommodate that Freedom to a Consistence with good Manners; and this must be done too, without Formality and Affectation; for a studied and a laborious Forecast toward the setting such a Humour abroad, is putrid and nauseous to the highest degree; and better Fifty such Conceits were lost, than that any thing of Contrivance and Premeditation should appear in't. There are a sort of People, that when they have once hit upon a Thought that tickles them, will be still bringing it in by Head and Shoulders, over and over, in several Companies, and upon several occasions; but 'tis below the Dignity of a Man of Weight to value himself upon such a Levity; for

it makes him look as if Trifling were his Master-piece: Now these Turns of Fancy and Entertainment should pass on as they came on, carelessly and easily, without laying any stress upon them; for they are then only happy and agreeable, when they are play'd off at Volly, and *pro re Nata*, and only made use of, in fine, as a Sawce to the Conversation.

XXIX. What an ill *Name* soever a Man has in the World, yet it is almost always in his own Power to recover his *Reputation*.

XXX. The great *Characters* of being Men of Honour and *Justice*, are very often groundd more upon Forms, and a knack of appearing to be such, than any true and solid *Worth*.

XXXI. Those that have the Accomplishments essential to the making a *good Man*, supposing they need no Art, neglect Formalities, act more according to *Nature*, and consequently live more obscure, and in the dark. For those that judge of them, have something else to do than to examine them; and so they pronounce Sentence only according to outward Appearances.

XXXII. *Reputation* would not be so highly valued, if we did but seriously consider, how very unjust the generality of Men are, both in the giving and taking it away. We should content our selves to deserve it by our Good-behaviour; and when that care is taken, not be over-anxious about the Success.

XXXIII. The *Vulgar* value and extol Actions, and other Things, not only for their Excellence, but more generally for the Uncommonness of them: And this gives occasion to all the false Methods

thods Men take to gain the *Approbation* of the World.

XXXIV. A great *Reputation* is a great Charge, very hard for a Man to acquit himself well of; an obscure Life is more natural, and more easie.

XXXV. The first Step that a Man makes in the World, generally determines all the rest, and is the Foundation of his *Reputation*, and best Prefage of his Fortune; and from the first Marches that he makes, those that have had Experience will tell how far he will advance. 'Tis then very necessary to make this first Step with a great deal of Caution, and to signalize ones Entry by something that is Glorious and Great.

XXXVI. A Great Man ought not to suffer the Depth of his Capacity to be sounded, if he will be always esteem'd by the Vulgar: He ought, on the contrary, to behave himself after such a manner, as never to discover his Ability, and that no Man assign Limits to his Learning. For let a Man be never so Learned, the Opinion we have of him when we know him but by halves, goes always farther than the *Idea* we conceive of him, when we are wholly acquainted with him.

XXXVII. *Reputation* is a Noise which strikes nothing but the Ear, and which cannot make a sensible Impression upon a Noble-Soul; it depends less upon our selves than Fortune: But as it is impossible to acquire a general one, so the possession of it would be absolutely unserviceable.

XXXVIII. A Man who is sensible of his Force, and know the Advantages of his Mind, if he aspires to Glory, and will raise his *Reputation*, ought

to dread as a Rock, his being suspected that he is govern'd by others.

XXXIX. Some People lose their *Reputation*, by being too eager in their Endeavours to preserve it. This foolish Deportment is ordinary with those, who being suspected of any ill thing, make use of long passionate Speeches for their Apology; for tho' they may be guiltless, yet the excess of Words they run into, cannot but make us think the contrary.

XL. There is no Passion which makes People more unhappy than this, which almost all Men entertain for a General *Esteem* and *Reputation*; for excepting some Persons of truly Heroical Minds, who act only for the Satisfaction of their Consciences, and perhaps too for the Approbation of good Men, all the rest do that for Noise, which ought to be enchanted with the Shadow and Appearance of a Thing, whose real Body does not so much as affect them.

XLI. Industry holds the Place of the greatest Merit, and the Art of making ones self esteem'd, often gives more *Reputation* than the thing it self.

XLII. * No Man can be said to be truly Great, that depends upon the Opinion of the *Multitude* for his Reputation.

XLIII. A Man who is truly Great, is not so much concerned for his Reputation, as for his *Self*.

Self-Love.

I. **S**elf-Love is the Love of one's self, and of every thing else for one's self; It makes Men Idolaters of themselves, and would make them Tyrants over others, if they could prevail with *Fortune* to get the Power and Opportunities. It never rests out of it self, and never dwells upon other Subjects, but, as Bees do upon Flowers, to suck out what it thinks may be for its advantage. Nothing is so violent, as its Desires; nothing so secret, as its Intrigues; nothing so quick and ingenious, as its Managements. Its Pliantness is past Description; its Transformations exceed the Poetical *Metamorphosis*, and its Niceties the Refinings of Chymistry. One can neither fathom its Depth, nor pierce through the Darkness of its Abyss. Here it is quite out of the view of the most penetrating and sagacious Eyes; here it turns to and fro in a thousand Insensible Shapes; here it is oftentimes invisible to it self; here it hatches and breeds several Affections and Hatreds unknown to it self; and some of these are so strange and monstrous, that when they come to the Birth, either it does not know them, or is ashamed to own them. From this gross *Mist*, with which it is over-cast, spring the ridiculous Opinions it has of it self; hence proceed all its Errors, Mistakes, and Fopperies concerning it self; hence it is, that it thinks its Inclinations to be quite dead, when they are but

lull'd asleep; that it fancies to have done running, when it does but rest; and that it believes to have lost its Appetite, when it has only fill'd its Stomach for the present. And yet this thick and gloomy Darkness, which hinders it from seeing it self, is no Obstruction to its Sight of any thing else; (in which it is like our Eyes, which perceive all, and yet are blind only with regard to themselves;) for, in its greatest *Concerns*, where the Violence of its Desires summon all its Attention, it sees, feels, and hears; it imagines, suspects, penetrates, and guesles every thing, even to that degree, that a Man is apt to think, that each of its Passions has a kind of *Witchcraft* particular to it. Nothing is so strong and close as its Ties, which it strives in vain to break off, at the view of the impending Calamities; nevertheless it effects sometimes, in a Moment, and without Pains, what it could never accomplish with the most powerful and continu'd Endeavours of many Years. From whence we may likely conclude, That its Desires are kindled by its self, rather than by the *Worth* or *Beauty* of its Objects; and that its own Palate gives them both the Value that makes them precious, and the Gloss that sets them off: So that it follows its own self, when it seems to pursue any thing else. *Self-love* is all made up of Contraries; it is Imperious and Dutiful, High-flown and Humble, Sincere and Counterfeit, Merciful and Cruel, Timorous and Bold. It has different Inclinations, after the diversity of Tempers, which turn and devote it sometimes to Riches, sometimes to Glory, sometimes to Pleasure; it alters them according [to the variety of our Age, Fortune and Experience:

Experience: It never matters whether it has many or but one, because it divides it self to many, or gathers and collects it self into one, when either its Interest or Fancy requires it. It is unsteady; and besides the alterations it receives from External Things, there are a Thousand that spring from it self. It is inconstant by Fickleness, by Love, by Novelty, and by Nauseating and Dislike. It is Capricious and Humoursome; Sometimes with incredible Hardships it snatches at Things, not only unprofitable, but even hurtful and offensive, which it hankers after, only because it has a mind to it. It is Unaccountable and Fantastical; it often busies it self about the most vain and frivolous Employments; it delights in the most insipid Things, and keeps its *Loftiness* and *Pride* in the vilest *Drudgery*. It is in all States of Life, as in all sorts of Conditions; it lives every where; it lives upon every thing, sometimes upon nothing. It is contented with the Enjoyment of Things, and the Want of them. It sides with its Foes, follows their Designs, and, which is wonderful, it hates it self, hatches its own Ruin, and pushes on its Overthrow. To sum up all, All its care is to subsist; provided it be, it is content to be its own Enemy. We ought not therefore to think it strange, to see it associated with the roughest Austerity, and severest Mortification, and side with them to destroy it self; for it is no sooners cast down in one place, but it rises up again in another. When it seems to forsake its Pleasure, it does but suspend or alter it; nay, when it is so Conquer'd, that Men would believe themselves to be rid of it, it springs up again, and triumphs

Triumphs in its Overthrow. This is the true Picture of *Self-love*, of which the whole Life is but a strong and long Agitation. The *Sea* is a sensible and lively Image of it; for you may find in the continual *Ebbs* and *Flows* of its Waves, a faithful Representation of the boisterous and turbulent Succession of *Self-Love's* everlasting and endless Movements.

II. No Man has a particular *Fault*, which he does not think he finds in all Mankind.

III. *Self-love* is the greatest *Flatterer* in the World.

IV. *Self-love* bears less patiently the Condemnation of our *Tastes* (or *Inclinations*) than of our *Opinions*.

V. The *Fondness* or *Indifference* that *Philosophers* express'd for Life, was but a particular *Twang* of the *Love* of themselves, for which there is no more reason to be given, than for the variety of *Palates*, or the choice of *Colours* in some People.

VI. The first motion of Joy that we resent at the *Happiness* and *Preferment* of our *Friends*, does seldom proceed either from our *Good-nature*, or the *Kindness* we have for them, but generally from *Self-love*, which flatters us, that our Turn of being happy is coming, or that we shall reap some *Benefit* for their *Prosperity*.

VII. As if the Power of transforming it self were small, *Self-love* does frequently transform its Objects too, and that after a most wonderful manner; for it not only disguises them so artificially, as to deceive it self, but it perfectly alters the Nature and Condition of the Things themselves. Thus when any Person acts in opposition

position to us, when he crosses and persecutes us, *Self-Love* passes Sentence upon his Actions, with the utmost strictness and severity of *Justice*; it aggravates all his Imperfections, so as to make them look monstrous and horrible; and sets his *Good Qualities* in so ill a Light, as to make them appear more disagreeable and nauseous than his very *Failings*. And yet as soon as the same Person ceases to be our Enemy, or that any of our Interests brings him to Reconciliation and Favour, the Satisfaction we receive, presently restores his Merit, and allows it that *Lustre*, our Aversion so lately robb'd it of. His *Ill Qualities* vanish out of sight, and his Perfections appear in a great Splendour; nay, we summon all our Indulgence to excuse and justify the Quarrel he formerly had against us. Tho' this Truth be evidenc'd by every *Passion*, yet none demonstrates it so sensible as *Love*: For we see a *Lover*, full of Rage and Despair, at the Neglect or Infidelity of his *Fondling*, contrive and meditate for his Revenge, whatever his violent Passions suggest to him. Nevertheless, no sooner has a *kind Smile* of his *Darling* calm'd his boisterous Resentments, but his Joy and Rapture pronounces this *Beauty* innocent; he accuses himself alone, and condemns nothing but his own Condemning her before; and by this miraculous Power of *Self-love*, he takes away the Blemish and Odiousness of his *Mistress's* Proceedings; he clears her of the Crime, and lays it upon himself.

VIII. The *Love of our selves* makes our Friends appear more or less deserving, in proportion to the delight we take in them; and the Estimate we make of their Worth, depends upon the manner of their conversing with us.

IX.

IX. 'Tis not always the Justice of the Cause, nor a personal Esteem, that makes us uneasy, when a Friend is spoke against: But his Infamy undervalues our Character, by having so worthless a Friend.

X. One would think, that *Self-love* were over-reach'd by *Good nature* and *Liberality*; and that a Man forgets himself, when he promotes the Advantages of others: Nevertheless, this is the most effectual way to gain our ends; 'tis lending on Usury, under the pretence of giving freely. In a word, 'tis a nice and dexterous Way of winning the Affections of every body.

XI. There is no *Passion* wherein *Self-love* is so predominant, as in that of *Love*: And Men are always more disposed to sacrifice all the Ease of them they love, than to part with their own.

XII. We feel and resent both our *good* and *ill Fortune*, in proportion to our *Self-Love*.

XIII. *Self-Love* makes more Men Cruel than natural Sternness, and a rough Temper.

XIV. *Self-love* is often cheated by its own self; for when it considers its own *Interests*, it so wholly over-looks the *Interests* of others, as thereby to lose all the Advantage that might be made by the exchange of Kindnesses, and good Offices.

XV. A Man is but little the better for liking himself, when no body else likes him; for an immoderate *Love* of one's self, is very often chastised by Contempt from others.

XVI. *Self-Love*, according as it is rightly or otherwise understood and apply'd, is the Cause of all the Moral *Vertues* and *Vices* in the World.

XVII. That *Prudence* which is made use of in the good Management of Men's Affairs, is only

a wise and quick-sighted *Self-love*, whose *Contrary* is *Inconsideration* and *Blindness*.

XVIII. Tho' according to that Position, we may rightly conclude, That Men in all their Actions keep still an Eye to their own *Interest*; yet it does not follow, that there is no such thing left in the World, as *Justice* and *Honesty*. Men may govern themselves by commendable and honest Interests; and 'tis the just Discretion of a well regulated *Self-love*, that makes a *Good* or an *Honest Man*.

XIX. The *Love* of our selves inclines us to look upon all the *Pleasures* and *Happiness* of Life, as things that we have a right to call ours; and upon all the *Evils* and *Calamities*, as things foreign and unnatural, and such as are *Wrongs* and *Hardships* upon us. This gives the occasion to all our *Expostulations* and *Complaints*.

XX. The affected *Pomp* of Men of *Quality*, is only *invidious*, because the want of it is a mark of our *misfortune*, if not a *Suspicion* of our *Slavery*;

Sincerity, Dissimulation.

I. **S**incerity is the disclosing and opening of one's Heart: This is hardly to be found in any body; and what we commonly look upon as to be so, is only a more cunning and shrewd sort of *Dissimulation*, to insinuate our selves into the Confidence of other People.

II. The Vanity of talking of our selves, and the Desire of shewing our *Failings* on that side we are content they should be seen on, make up the greatest part of our *Sincerity*.

III. Half-witted People can never be *sincere*.

IV. To tell a Man plainly you think him a Fool, is not the ready way to make him your Friend.

V. As much as we distrust the *Sincerity* of those we converse with, yet still we think they tell more Truth to us, than any body else.

VI. * The ablest Men that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a Name of *Certainty* and *Veracity*: But then they were like Horses well managed; for they could tell extremely well when to stop, and when to turn; and at such times, when they thought the Case, indeed, requir'd *Dissimulation*, if then they us'd it, it came to pass, that the former Opinion spread abroad, of their Good Faith and Clearness of Dealing, made it almost invisible.

VII. * Nakedness is indecent as well in Mind as Body; and it's no small Reverence to Men's Man-

Manners and Actions, if they be not altogether open.

VIII. * A general Custom of *Disimulation*, is a Vice rising either of a natural Falseness, or Fearfulness, or of a Mind that has some main Faults; which because a Man must needs disguise, it makes him practise *Disimulation* in other things, lest his hand be out of Ure.

IX. Philosophers were not better Men than their Neighbours, they only understood their ends better.

X. The Best Composition and Temperature, is to have *Openness* in Fame and Opinion, *Secresie* in Habit, *Disimulation* in seasonable Use, and a power to *Feign*, if there be no Remedy.

XI. 'Tis the Practice of the World for People in distress to serve God and Man in several Respects, both alike; that is to say, when they lie under any Affliction, or propose to themselves any considerable Advantages, and find they have need of another's help; how do they Beg, Vow, Promise, Solicit, Swear, Sign and Seal; and yet conscious to themselves all this while, that they neither intend, nor are able to make one Article good.

XII. There is no enjoying the Conversation of Mankind, without the Leven of *Hypocrisy* in our most considerable Actions: *Sincerity* is good in nothing but Religion.

Silence,

Silence, Speaking, Eloquence.

I. **H**E that distrusts himself, does best to keep Silence.

II. A Man never forgets things so effectually, as when he has talk'd himself weary of them.

III. Some Men oftentimes chuse to speak *little*, rather than say nothing of themselves.

IV. As it is proper for great *Wits* to speak little, and say much; so, on the contrary, it is the Character of your *Half-witted* Fellows to speak much, and say little.

V. All the World knows well enough, how improper it is for a Man to talk too much of his Wife; but very few consider how ridiculous it is to talk of one's self at all.

VI. What a strange thing is it, that Men should remember the smallest Particulars of their Affairs, when, at the same time, they forget how often they have tir'd others with the tedious *Recital* of them.

VII. The exceeding Delight we take in talking of our selves may well make us suspect that we give but little to our Auditors.

VIII. There is as much *Eloquence* in the *Tone* and *Cadence* of the *Voice*, in the *Eyes*, and in the *Air* of a Man, as in the very Choice of *Words* and *Expressions*.

IX. True *Eloquence* consists in saying all that is fit to be said, and leaving out all that is not.

X. There

X. There is a particular way of *Hearkening* to one's self, very displeasing in Conversation; for it is as ridiculous to hear one's self, in Company, as to talk when a Man is by himself.

XI. *Talking all*, is so great a Fault, both in *Business* and *Conversation*, that any thing that's *Good*, is doubly so, if it be short; and we often gain by Brevity, what we would perhaps have lost by being tedious.

XII. Some People are so blind, and flatter themselves to so great a degree, that they always believe what they wish, and think to make every body believe what they have a Mind to. Tho' the Arguments they would persuade us with, are never so poor and weak, yet their Prepossessions are so strong, that they think they need only talk loud and *big*, and be very positive, to make all the World of their Opinion.

XIII. True *Eloquence* is good *Sense*, deliver'd in a natural and unaffected Way. That which must be set off with the Artificial Ornaments of *Tropes* and *Figures*, is acceptable, only because the generality of Men are easily impos'd upon, and see things but by halves.

XIV. Great things must be deliver'd plainly; an emphatical Tone would spoil all. On the contrary, small things must be said nobly, nothing supports them but the *Expression*, the *Tone* of the Voice, and the *Countenance* of him that speaks.

XV. *Talkative* and noisie Persons, are commonly vain, and credulous withal: For he that talks what he knows, will also talk oftentimes what he does not.

XVI. Some in their *Discourse* desire rather Com-
mendations of Wit, in being able to hold all
Argu-

Arguments, than of Judgment in discerning what is true; as if it were a Praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought.

Taste, Palate.

- I. **A** Good *Taste* and *Relish* of Things is more the Effect of *Judgment* than *Wit*.
 - II. We forsake our Interests sooner than our *Tastes*.
-

Truth, Falshood.

- I. **M**OST Men do not speak *Truth* out of an Aversion to *Lyes*; but generally out of a secret Ambition of making what they say considerable, and their Words respected as *Oracles*.
- II. There is a disguis'd *Falsity*, which is so lively a Representation of *Truth*, that we should injure our Judgments, not to submit to the Cheat.
- III. *Errours* sometimes have as long a run as the greatest *Truths*; because being once receiv'd for *Truth*, Men admit whatever makes for them with an implicit Consent, and reject, or over-

over-look all that is capable of undeceiving them.

IV. The Conversation of Men that are Peremptory and Dogmatical, is the most troublesome thing in the World. The best Temper is, always to be ready to submit to the *Truth*, and receive it, let it come which way it will.

V. * *Truth* is the great Lesson of Reasonable Nature, both in Philosophy and Religion ; but now-a-days Fallacies of Words, Equivocations, Mental Reservations, and Double-Meanings ; In a word , the Knacks of *Fast* and *Loose* pass with a world of foolish People for Turns of Wit : But they are not aware all this while, of the desperate Consequences of an ill Habit, and that the Practice of Falsifying with Men, will lead us on insensibly to a Double-dealing with God Himself.

VI. * *Truth* (as to the Knowledge of our own Nature) may perhaps come to the Price of a Pearl, that shews best by Day ; but it will not rise to the Price of a Diamond, or Carbuncle, that shews best in varied Lights. A mixture of a *Lye* does ever add Pleasure. Does any Man doubt, that if there were taken out of Mens Minds, vain Opinions, flattering Hopes, false Valuations, and ill-grounded Conceits, but it would leave the Minds of most Men poor shrunken things, full of Melancholy and Indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves ? But to pass from Philosophical *Truth*, to the *Truth* of Civil Business, it will be acknowledg'd, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round Dealing is the Honour of Man's Nature ; and that a mixture of *Falshood* is like Alloy in Coin of Gold and Silver, which

may make the Metal work the better, but it embases it. There is no Vice that does so cover a Man with Shame, as to be found false and perfidious: And therefore the Word *Lye* is such a Disgrace, and so odious a Charge; because, to say a Man *lies*, is as much as to say, that he is Brave toward God, and a Coward toward Men; for a *Lye* faces God, and shrinks from Man.

VANITY

I. * *V*anity is only an Ambition of being taken notice of, which shews it self variously, according to the Humour of the Persons. It is the veriest *Proteus* in the World; it can ape *Humility*, and make Men decry themselves on purpose to be flatter'd. It is the *Blessing* of *Fools*, and the *Folly* of *ingenious* Men; for it makes *those* contentedly hug themselves under all the Scorn of the World, and the Indignities that are offer'd them; and *these* restless and dissatisfied with all its Applause. Both think the World *envious*, and that their Merit is injur'd, and it is impossible to right either of them, to their Minds; for *those* have no Title to the Pre-
 tence of Merit, and *these* not so much as they think they have. Yet it is the happiness of the first, that they think themselves capable of moving *Envy*; for tho' they commonly mistake the Derision of Men, for their Applause; yet
 Men

Men are sometimes so ill-natur'd, as to undeceive 'em ; and then it is their Comfort, that these are envious Men, and misrepresent the World's Opinion of 'em.

II. * This Author publishes his Play without putting his Name to it : The next Piece he publishes, is, *By the Author of such a Piece* : pray, is not this more *vain*, than to have set his Name to both ? They wou'd fain persuade the World of their *Modesty*, and yet publickly own their Works.

III. * *Vanity* is a Failing the greatest part of Mankind are tinctur'd with, more or less. For all Men are apt to flatter themselves with a Fancy, that they have some one, or more good Qualities, that raise 'em above the ordinary Level, and therefore hug and cherish what they think valuable and singular in 'em. It is *never commendable* ; sometimes *pardonable*, when the Excellencies are real, and it is *moderate* : So much must be allow'd to humane Frailty. It is *ridiculous* and *intolerable*, when it is extravagant, misplac'd, or groundless. It is always *injudicious*, and makes Men commonly doat on their Defects, and expose their Blemishes ; which makes 'em more remarkable, by the Care and Ornament bestow'd on them. It persuades *hard-favour'd* and *distorted Fellows*, to dress and value their Persons ; *Cowards* to pretend to *Courage*, and promote *Beatings* ; *Blockheads* to set up for *Wit*, and make themselves ridiculous in Print ; and *Upstarts* to brag of their *Families*, and be reminded of the *Garrets* they were born in.

III. * All Humors that are forc'd against the natural Bent of our Tempers, must be *ridiculous*. Nature is our best Guide, and has fitted every Man for some Things more particularly than others; which if they had the Sense to prosecute, they would at least not be *Ridiculous*, if they were not *Extraordinary*. But so prevalent are our *Vanity*, and the apish Humour of Imitation, that we persuade our selves, that we may practise with Applause, whatever we see another succeed in. So some Men, that talk well of serious Matters, are so mov'd at the *Reputation* some merry Drolls gain, that they forget their Gravity; and, aiming to be *Wits*, turn *Buffoons*.

IV. * *Self-Conceit* is none of the smallest *Blessings* we have receiv'd from Heaven: For few of us would have *Courage* enough to dare to live, if our *Vanity* did not draw a Veil over the most considerable of our Failings.

V. * Few Men please us, I grant it: But then we please as few.

VI. * We ought not to presume that we please in all Things, since it would be sufficient if we could please in some.

VII. They that speak without *Vanity*, are contented with saying but little.

VIII. The Pomp and Solemnity of *Funerals*, is not so much to do Honour to the *Dead*, as to gratify the *Vanity* of the *Living*.

IX. If *Vanity* does not quite over-turn *Virtue*, yet it gives it terrible Shocks, and keeps it in a tottering Condition.

X. We cannot bear with other People's *Vanity*, because it is offensive to our own.

XI. Th

XI. The strongest Passions sometimes remit of their Violence; but *Vanity* tosses and hurries Men continually.

XII. A Man is oftner carried home to Dinner to see the Table, than to be made welcome, and is entertain'd as if he were welcome, out of *Profusion* not *Affection*.

XIII. The generality of Men speak ill of other People, rather out of *Vanity* than *Malice*.

XIV. *Vanity* prevails with us to deny our selves, more than Reason can do.

XV. We are all of us desirous to live in the Opinion of others, by a fantastical sort of *Life*: If we are Generous, Honest, Temperate, &c. we presently endeavour to acquaint others with it, to join those *Virtues* to that external and imaginary Being of ours; we would sooner part with our best *Qualities*, than with that *Chimæra*; and could be content to be Cowards, so we might get the Reputation of being *Valiant*.

XVI. We do sometimes, out of *Vanity* or *Decency*, what we could not do out of *Inclination* and *Duty*. How many a Man has catch'd his *Death*, by sitting up with a sick Wife that he did not love.

XVII. *Vanity* makes a Man find his Pleasure and Satisfaction, in speaking either well or ill of himself: A modest Man never speaks of himself at all.

XVIII. Nothing so much betrays, how ridiculous and shameful a Vice *Vanity* is, as its not daring to shew it self, but under the appearance of its Contrary.

XIX. *Vanity*, and the good Opinion we have of our selves, make us often think that other People are proud, and slight us, when there is no such thing. A modest Person is never troubled with those Niceties.

Virtue, Vice.

I. *Virtue* is a Complex Body; he that has not all, cannot be call'd a *Virtuous Man*.

II. *Virtue* is the only Good, whereof the Enjoyment has no Society, and no Loathing.

III. Great *Vices* are disguis'd under the Resemblance of eminent *Virtues*.

IV. What we take for *Virtue*, is frequently nothing else but the Concurrence of several Actions and Interests, gather'd and brought together either by *Fortune*, or our own *Industry*. It is not always from a Principle of Valour, that Men are *Stout*; or from a Principle of Modesty, that Women are *Chast*.

V. Some *Vices* are mingled with *Virtue*, just as poisonous Ingredients are put sometimes into the best *Medicines*. A wise and skilful Hand tempers them together, and makes excellent use of them, against the Misfortunes that attend *Humane Life*.

VI. We generally run *Vice* down, and cry up *Virtue*, according to our *Interests*.

VII. If I am an ill Man, I am to blame; if I am a *Virtuous Man*, and my Parents poor, my *Virtue* is the more Conspicuous.

VIII. No.

VIII. *Nature* seems, at each Man's Birth, to have mark'd out the Bounds of his *Virtue* and *Vices*.

IX. *Vices* may be said to take us one after another, in the course of our Lives, just as *Inn-keepers*, when we lodge upon a Journey, do. And I question whether the Experience of having been ill-us'd, would prevail with us to change our House, if we could travel the same Road over again.

X. When *Vices* leave us, we flatter our selves that we leave them.

XI. There are Relapses in the Distempers of the *Soul*, as well as in the Diseases of the *Body*, and we often take that for a full Recovery, which is only a Relaxation, or an Alteration of the Fit.

XII. The multiplying of *Vices*, often keeps a Man from giving himself over entirely to one.

XII. Some Persons are so extremely trifling and inconsiderable, that they are as far from real *Faults*, as they are from substantial *Virtues*.

XIV. *Virtue* would seldom make such Advances, did not *Vanity* bear it Company.

XV. A very bad Man can never be very easy.

XVI. *Hypocrisie* is a sort of *Homage*, which *Vice* pays to *Virtue*.

XVII. There is no better Proof of a Man's being truly *Good*, than his desiring to be constantly under the Observation of Good Men.

XVIII. Tho' Men be never so *wicked*, yet they have not the Confidence to profess themselves Enemies to *Virtue*; and when they persecute it,

they either pretend not to think it real, or forge some Faults to lay them to its Charge.

XIX. Some *Good Qualities* degenerate into *Vices*, when *Natural*; and others again are never perfect, when acquir'd, as for Instance: A Man should learn *Good-Husbandry* in his *Estate* and his *Confidences*, from *Reason* and *Experience*; and, on the other side, *Courage* and *Good-Nature* must be innate with us, or else we can never have them in a good Degree.

XX. Our *Qualities* are doubtful and uncertain, and apt to be either Good or Evil, according to our *Circumstances*.

XXI. When great Men think to impose upon the World by the shew of *Virtue*, it is of ill consequence to work them out of their Conceit; for by that means we take away that pique of Honour, which prompts them to do those good Actions, that are agreeable to the *Virtues* they pretend to.

XXII. Old Sinners Continency is much like Gamblers forswearing Play when they have lost their Money.

XXIII. Many things that are innocent in themselves, are made criminal and injurious by Misconstruction.

XXIV. General Reformers are, of all Men, the most troublesome to themselves and others.

XXV. A Man in much Business, does generally either make himself a Knave, or else the World makes him a Fool.

XXVI. It is with our *Manners*, as with our *Healths*, 'tis a degree of *Virtue* the abatement of *Vice*, as it is a degree of *Health* the abatement of a *Fit*.

XXVII. It is the Practice of the Multitude to bark at Eminent Men, as little Dogs do at *Strangers*; for they look upon other Men's *Virtues*, as the upbraiding of their own *Wickedness*.

XXVIII. The Complaint of the present Times, is the general Complaint of all Times; it ever has been so, and it ever will be so; not considering that the *Wickedness* of the *World* is always the same, as to the degree of it, tho' it may change Places perhaps, and vary a little in the Matter.

XXIX. *Wickedness* comes on by degrees, as well as *Virtue*; and sudden Leaps from one extreme to another, are unnatural Motions in the course of our Lives and Humours.

XXX. *Virtue* is like Precious Odours, most Fragrant when they are incens'd or crush'd; for *Prosperity* best discovers *Vice*; but *Adversity* best exerts *Virtue*.

XXXI. * Providence has arm'd us with Powers and Faculties, sufficient for the confounding of all the Enemies we have to encounter. We have a Life and Death before us; that is to say, Good and Evil; and we know which too: Beside that, it is our Choice, to take, or refuse. So that we understand what we ought to do, but when we come to deliberate, we play Booty against our selves; and while our Judgments and our Consciences direct us one Way, our Corruptions hurry us another.

XXXII. The Bonds of *Virtue* ought to be closer and nearer than those of *Blood*: For a good Man is more of kin to another, by the Conformity of Manners and Conversation, than a *Son* is to his *Father* by the Resemblance of *Faces*.

XXXIII. There is nothing in the *World* but has some Perfection or other. It is the peculiar Happiness

pinels of a discerning *Palate*, to find out each Thing's particular Excellence. But our innate Malice makes us often discover a Vice among many *Virtues*, that so we may reveal and proclaim that to their Disparagement. Now this is not so much an Argument of nice Judgment, as of an Ill-nature; and that Man has but an ill Life on't, who feeds himself with the *Faults* of other People.

XXXIV. Nothing goes so far in the Knowledge of the general *Depravity* of Mankind, as an exact Enquiry into our own Disorders and Excesses. If we reflect upon our Thoughts, we shall find within our Breasts, the Principles and Seeds of those *Vices* we are apt to cast in other Men's Teeth. If we are not vicious in our Actions, we are so by a natural Proneness to *Vice*; for there is no kind of Ill, but is suggested to us by *Self-love*, to be improv'd as occasion shall serve; and few are so *Virtuous*, as to be above *Temptations*.

XXXV. Men of low Degree are often troubled with many unprofitable *Virtues* and *Qualifications*, which they have not the Opportunities and Means to exert.

XXXVI. Considering how much Men are wont to be taken with any thing that is uncommon, 'tis strange how they are so little affected by *Virtue*.

XXXVII. *Virtue* is an inward *Beauty*, as *Beauty* is an outward *Virtue*.

XXXVIII. *Virtue* is but a slender Reward to itself; yet very rarely has any other.

XXXIX. A fine Woman is amiable in her own Nature; she loses nothing by being in her *Negligence*; she charms us without any other Set off, than that of her *Beauty* and *Youth*, and the Native Grace that sparkles in her Face, and animates all

all her Motions : Nay we could behold her with less Concern , with all the Train of a Modish Dress. It is the same with a *Good Man* ; he challenges Respect and Honour by his own self, independently upon all the Forms and Shews of an affected Gravity. A reformed Countenance, an over-strained Modesty, a supercilious Brow, a singular Dress, do not so much set off, as paint *Virtue*, and make it pass for Counterfeit.

XL. *Virtue* loses nothing, no more than *Nature* : The Seeds of Goodness circulate eternally, and pass without intermission from one Subject to another ; and the Principles which contribute to the Production of the Wise, no more annihilate, than those which concur to the Generation of Men.

XLI. He that is perpetually crying up himself for a *Good and Honest Man* ; that says he does no body hurt, and desires the *Ill* he designs other People may light upon his own Head, and swears too, to make himself to be credited, has not Wit enough to counterfeit a *Good Man*.

XLII. A *Good Man*, for all his Modesty, makes other People say of him, what a *Knave* can say of himself.

Vulgar.

I. **N**othing is so fickle and inconstant , as the *Mobile*, driven hither and thither with every Artificial Declaration of States-men, or Presence of Faction.

II. The Men of Ability cabal, and improve their Interests, whilst the *Vulgar* are easily drawn

drawn into Parties, as their Affections byass them.

III. * The *Mobile* are uneasy without a Ruler ; and they are as restless with one. And the oftner they shift, the worse they are pleas'd. So that, Government, or no Government, a King of God's making, or of the People's, or none at all ; the *Multitude* are never to be satisfied.

IV. * In popular Factions, pragmatical Fools commonly begin the Squabble, and crafty Knaves reap the Benefit of it.

V. * *Scoundrels* are apt to be insolent toward their Superiours ; but it is below the Dignity of a Man of Honour and Wisdom, to entertain Contests with the People, that have neither Qualification, Wit, nor Courage ; beside the Folly of contending with a miserable *Wretch*, where the very Competition is a Scandal. Contempt in such a Case as this, is the only honourable Revenge.

VI. The lowest *Virtues* draw Praise from the *Multitude* ; the middle *Virtues* work in them *Astonishment* or *Admiration* ; but of the highest *Virtues* they have no Sense, or perceiving at all.

Of Publick Walks.

I. * **T**Here's a kind of tacit, but very punctual Assignment, we reciprocally give one another to meet in St. James's Park, or at the Ring, only to stare one another in the Face, and carp and *Momus* at each others Failings.

II. * We cannot live without the sight of those Persons who are indifferent to us, and whom we still laugh at in our Hearts.

III.

III. * In those Places of General Resort, where Ladies flock to shew a fine Stuff, and gather the Fruits of their *Toilet*, People seldom walk with a Companion for Conversation sake, but only to appear with greater Assurance upon the Stage, get into Familiarity with the Publick, and fortifie themselves against Criticks. There is it that People speak when they have nothing to say, or rather speak aloud for the sake of others, and pass and repass, make a Thousand apish Postures, and lean negligently their Head over their Shoulders.

War, Peace.

I. **N**O Body can be healthful without *Exercise*; neither a Natural *Body*, nor a Politick; and certainly to a *Kingdom* or *Estate*, a Just and Honourable War is the true *Exercise*; for in a slothful Peace, both Courages will effeminate, and Manners corrupt.

II. * A Peace that puts People out of Condition of Defence, in case of a War, must expect a War; and such a State as leaves them at the Mercy of an Enemy, is worse than War it self. There is no trusting to the Articles and Formalities of an out-side Peace, upon the pretended Reconciliation of an implacable Enemy. Christian Religion bids us forgive, but Christian Prudence bids us have a care to whom we trust. *Truces* and *Cessations* are both made and broken, for present Convenience; and where the *Allies* find they may be the better for it, we may lay down this for an undoubted Truth, That there can never want a Colour for a Rupture

ure, where there's a Good-will for't. Old Soldiers love War, but hate Fighting.

Weakness.

W *Weakness* is more opposite to *Virtue*, than *Vice* it self.

II. How can we expect another should keep our Secrets, when we had the *Weakness* to trust him with them?

III. *Treachery* is oftner the effect of *Weakness*, than set purpose and design.

IV. *Weakness* is the only *Failing* of the *Mind* that cannot be mended.

V. Nothing is more scarce than true *Goodness*, and *Humanity*; and those that value themselves upon their *Good-nature*, are generally no better than either *Weak* or *Complaisant*.

VI. We are often comforted for those Misfortunes by *Weakness*, which *Reason* could not comfort us under.

VII. To be over-much pleas'd with one's self, is *Foppery*; not to be pleas'd at all, is *Weakness*.

Wisdom, Skill, Folly.

I. **I** *F Wisdom* were to be bought, she wou'd never bring a good Price: For few Men think they have too little for their own Affairs.

II. *Prudence* is of an everlasting Service to a Man: How many are less *Virtuous* than they appear to be.

III. It is as hard to be wise in a Man's own Concern, as it is easie to be so in another's.

IV.

IV. Most Men are *Wise* in the *Accessories*, and *Fools* in the *Main*.

V. The nicest *Folly* proceeds from the nicest *Wisdom*.

VI. *Folly* keeps us company through all the course of our *Lives*; and if any Man seem to be *Wise*, it is only because his *Folly* is suited to his *Age* and *Fortune*.

VII. 'Tis a kind of *Folly* to be wise by one's self.

VIII. Some *Follies* are as catching as any *Infectious Disease*.

IX. Some Remedies may be found to cure a Man of his *Folly*; but a perverse irrational Spirit can never be reform'd.

X. *Briskness* that increases with *Age*, is but one degree remov'd from *Folly*.

XI. There is no *Miscarriage* so unlucky, but what may be beneficial one way or other, to a *wise* Man; nor any *Accident* so fortunate, but what a *Fool* may turn to his own *Prejudice*.

XII. There are Men cut out for *Fools*, that do not only make their *Follies* their Choice, but are forc'd into them by *Fortune*, whether they will or no.

XIII. There are *Mischances* from which *Fools* do best come off clear.

XIV. If the *Folly* of some People did never appear, 'tis because it was never nicely look'd into.

XV. Old *Fools* are always more *Ridiculous* than young ones.

XVI. We should make the *Follies* of others, rather a *Warning* and *Instruction*, than a Subject of *Mirth* and *Mockery*.

XVII. There is a grave composed sort of *Folly*, highly satisfied with it self, and carries an Air of *Wisdom*

Wisdom a thousand times more troublesome and impertinent, than that humourfome and diverting *Folly* which never thinks at all.

XVIII. A Man's greatest *Wisdom* is to be acquainted with his own *Follies*.

XIX. There is no fuch thing as true *Wisdom* in this *World*, except that which instructs us in *Christian Morality*; for this, if we abstract from all the Supports of *Faith*, and Advantages of *Religion*, is of it self the most pure and perfect Rule of Life.

XX. The desire of being thought a *wise Man*, oftentimes hinders a Man to become really such.

XXI. There are a sort of silly *Coxcombs*, who knowing themselves to be such, improve to their own Advantage their Simplicity and Foppery.

XXII. The height of *Skill* and *Wisdom*, is to know the true *Worth* of every thing.

XXIII. 'Tis a great *Wisdom* to be able to conceal, upon occasion, one's being *wise*.

XXIV. 'Tis a degree of *Wisdom* in a mean *Wit*, to follow the Judgment and Conduct of others.

XXV. *Wisdom* has its excess as well as other things, and for the most part a Man makes ill use of his *Reason* with those who have none.

XXVI. The state of *Virtue* is not a state of *Indolence*; we suffer in it a perpetual Conflict, betwixt Duty and Inclination: But that of *Wisdom* is sweet and calm; it reigns peaceably over our *Movements*, being only to govern well as *Subjects*, what *Virtue* combats as *Enemies*.

XXVII. There is in *Humane Nature* more of the *Fool* than of the *wise Man*; and therefore those *Faculties* by which the foolish part of *Mens Minds* is taken, are more potent.

New Characters.

DONNOTOYBONZO,

IS the High Priest of the Island of *Formosa*: He Personates well enough a Man in his Station, his Body being well built, and his Looks Grave and Venerable, not without some Mixture of Humility. But his Parts are much below his Dignity; which, however, is the true Reason of his being Promoted to it. For *Naso*, the late King of *Formosa*, who was a great Politician, being sensible that he himself had been advanc'd to the Throne, chiefly upon the Occasion of the Discontents of Seven *Gustey Tarbadiazos*, or Chief Sacrificators, made it his study to raise dull Men to that Office, that

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he might never receive any Disturbance from them.

MILTIADES,

IS a Man whom *Nature* design'd for a Favourite; whom *Fortune*, and *personal Merit*, have made a General; and his own Observation, a Statesman. His Person is lofty, and well made; his Features manly, yet Beautiful; his Look gracious; his Mien great; his Parts quick; his Memory faithful; his Judgment solid; his Penetration deep; his Courage undaunted. The Favourite is consummate in all the Arts of the Court, being Affable, Sedate, and Cautious as well in his Kindness to his Friends, as in his Animosity towards those that are not so. He is Sober, averse to Luxury, and free from Haughtiness and Ostentation. His Ascent has been so gradual, and so long foreseen, that it appears rather a Growth, than a Flight; and therefore is the less Envi'd, as it seems the more Merited. Neither his Extraction, nor the Fortune he inherited from his Ancestors, answering his Ambition.

Ambition, he resolv'd to advance himself by his Sword, and so spent the Youth and Vigour of his Age, in Military Actions and Commands, both at Home, and Abroad. He is ever a Man of great Honour, punctual in what he undertakes; and altho', in a Luxurious Court, he indulg'd himself great Liberties of Life, and rival'd even Kings in their Amours, yet he still preserv'd a good Reputation with all Men, so that he was thought worthy of all the Grace and Favour his Sovereign shew'd him, in creating him a Grandee of his Kingdom. 'Tis true he has once lain under the Blemish of Want of Fidelity to the Prince that rais'd him; but this he has sufficiently wiped off, both by Protesting, and making good, by all his subsequent Actions, *That he followed nothing but the inviolable Dictates of his Conscience, and a necessary Concern both for Religion, with which nothing ought to come in Competition, and for the Laws and Liberties of his Country.*

He is a Man of great Parts, and manages Variety of Business, either Single, or in Concert with the Prime Minister, with a great Dexterity, Ease and Sufficiency. In Council he is never Supercilious or Assuming, but can bear Contradiction without Passion, and by cool Argumentation bring others over to his own Opinion. No Man

had ever fewer idle Words, and tho' he be not Master of Oratory, yet in Debates of Importance he always expresses himself very pertinently ; and by his Temper and Reservedness in Discourse, he maintains his Reputation of a wise Man. He is constant and Pertinacious in whatsoever he resolves to do, and not to be wearied by any Pains that are necessary to that end. Before *Miltiades* was advanced to the degree of a General, he had a Courage of the most clear and keen Temper, and so far from Fear, that he seem'd not without some Appetite of Danger, and therefore upon any occasion of Action, he always ventured his Person in those Troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the Commanders, to be most like to be farthest Engaged ; and in all such Encounters, he had about him an extraordinary Chearfulness. Now he is rais'd to the supreme Command of the Army, he exposes his Person as far as Necessity requires, and with the same Unconcernment as he did before, having a Mind and Understanding very present in the Article of Danger : The greatest, and most rare Accomplishment in that Profession. In a Day of Battle, he gives his Commands with all the Clearness and Composedness imaginable, leads on his Troops to the Charge, without the least Hurry or Pertur-

Perturbation, and rallies those that are disorder'd, without sharp and sour Reproofs, which rather pall than animate the Soldiers Courage. He is an excellent Discerner and Pursuer of Advantage upon his Enemy ; without at all affecting the Execution and Slaughter that usually attend Victory, in which he takes no greater Delight than to spare the Lives of those he has conquer'd. He is a strict Observer of his Word and Promise ; and a great Lover of Justice, which he practises then most deliberately, when he has Power to do Wrong. He has gain'd the Affections of the Soldiers by his *Good Nature*, and of the Officers by his *Affability*. What Pity it is, That such an uncommon Character is blemish'd by *Miltiades's* inborn Greediness of Riches !

R O L L O,

NEVER did any thing according to the Rules of War. He is fit for a bold and rash Undertaking, but a long-winded and intricate Action, puzzles and distracts him. Being possess'd with an Op-

nion, that a great Severity in Command comprehends all Military Virtues, he has always been careful to distinguish himself by a great Regularity : But his preposterous Exactness and Vigilance do often put the Soldiers upon unnecessary Fatigues, which makes him little beloved in the Army.

G A L L U S,

IS a compleat *General*, and a very able *Statesman*. His Army is his Family, of which he takes the same Care, as an honest Man of his Wife and Children. He has a great Sufficiency, and can lay and execute Designs without the Help of other Generals. He has need only of good Officers and Soldiers. The Troops follow him with Chearfulness, because they Love him for his Justice and Good-Nature ; Esteem him for his clear Courage ; and have an entire Confidence in his consummate Wisdom. He is perhaps the only General that has found out the Way to render Discipline equally agreeable both to the Officer and Soldier. He is entirely void of Interest, Vanity or
Osten-

Ostentation, and appears as great in a Country Retirement, as at the Head of an Army. He has too much Valour not to love War, and wishes too well to the Country he serves, not to desire an honourable Peace. His Designs, whether for a Fight, or a Siege, are always well laid, and consequently seldom miscarry. His Experience in the Field, and his Knowledge of Men, are both so extensive and consummate, that 'tis undecided which prevails in him, the *General* or the *Statesman*. He can govern a whole Kingdom, as well as he has heretofore done a Regiment of Horse. He is just to his Promises, and never keeps People in vain Expectation; but he has the Art of softening a Denial, so that some People think themselves obliged to him, even when he refuses their unreasonable Demands. In Council he is Grave, Sedate and dexterously submissive to other Men's Opinions, by which means his own generally prevails. He is wonderfully Insinuating, and with an Air of Frankness and Plainness, knows how to screw himself into the Intimacy and Confidence of the most Reserved. His Uprightness is entire, and his Character unblemish'd.

CÆSARIO

IS a Person, who makes a great Figure by the Antiquity and Splendor of his Family, his great Fortune and Estate, and his Generosity, which on some Occasions might be better term'd Profuseness. His Parts are but Indifferent: His Understanding easy to be impos'd upon, and his Nature made up of very strong Passions, particularly Love and Ambition. He gains the Affection and Esteem of those who have Dependence on him, by his magnificent Way of living, but is little valued by his Equals. He is of no Party, because no Party will trust him. He speaks, sometimes, frankly of the Oversight of the Court, that he may not be thought a Slave to it; tho' he knows as much as any Man how to fawn upon a Prime Minister. He is a better Soldier than a General, being indeed fearless and undaunted amidst the greatest Dangers; but scarce capable of commanding a Regiment.

V O P I S.

V O P I S C U S

HA S been, without doubt, a very good Officer, has a great Experience; and is still a Man of unquestionable Courage and Integrity; But he is now much decay'd in his Parts; and with the long continu'd Custom of immoderate Drinking, doz'd in his Understanding, which was never quick and vigorous, he being illiterate to the greatest degree imaginable; yet he is a Man of a Haughty and Ambitious Nature, and upon the least Disgust, threatens to lay down his Commission, at which the Government seems not much concern'd.

C A S S I U S,

BY his Undaunted Spirit, had gain'd the Esteem, and by his good Fellowship and great Wit, the Affections of the Officers

ers of the Army; and by his gentle Command was become so popular with the Soldiers, that he had, indeed, a great Interest. But he was positive in all Advices in Council, and bore Contradiction very impatiently; and because he was most Contradicted by the Emperor's Brother, he endeavour'd to render them both unacceptable to the Officers of the Army: Where is the Wonder now, if *Cassius's* Disgrace soon attended his Indiscretion?

T R O L L O,

Would have made a good Country Farmer, but why he should be a General of Horse, no Man can tell.

T U R B U L O,

HAS been bred, from his Cradle, in the Court, and has that Perfection of a Courtier, that as he is not wary enough
in

in Offending Men, so he is forward in acknowledging it, even to his Inferiors, and to impute it to his Passion, and ask pardon for it ; which makes him be thought a good-natur'd Man. There are very few great Persons, who have not frequently been Offended by him, by sharp and scandalous Discourses and Invectives against them behind their Backs, for which they found it best to receive Satisfaction by Submissions and Protestations, which is a Coin he is plentifully stored with, for the Payment of all those Debts. He is a Man of Parts, but his Judgment cannot keep pace with the Quickness of his Imagination ; and his Volubility of Tongue shews he little reflects on what he speaks. He has Courage, but wants Experience ; and tho' he is trusted with a great Command, yet 'tis a great Question whether he understands War. This I am satisfy'd in, that they are not perswaded of it at Court ; and that the Sovereign shews him some Kindness, without having much Esteem for him. However, if he succeeds, he'll be accounted a great Man.

C L A.

CLARUS

IS an honest, brave, plain Man, as good an Officer as ever serv'd the Empire, and as generally Esteem'd: Very discerning, and prompt in giving and receiving Orders, and most chearful and present in any Action. In Council he uses but few, but very pertinent Words.

AGRICOLA.

IS a Man Superior to any Temptations, and abhors the Licence and the Levities, with which he sees too many Corrupted. He has a good Understanding, a clear Courage and Industry, not to be tired, and a Generosity not to be exhausted. But on Debates concerning the War, he is apt to change his Mind, after he has resolv'd, which renders him rather fit for the second, than for

for the supreme Command, in any Undertaking.

TRANQUILLUS

HAS no Ambition of Title or Office, but only to be kindly look'd upon, and kindly spoken to, and quietly to enjoy his own Fortune. His Pride supplies his Want of Ambition, and he is angry to see any Man more respected than himself, because he thinks he deserves it more, and does better requite it: For he is in his Friendships Just and Constant.

LORDANUS

IS of a Proud, Morose, Sullen and Impetuous Nature, and Pedantical Spirit, being much Conversant with Books, tho' he understands them but little. No Man values himself more upon his Title, or has more

more Ambition to make it Greater, or to raise his Fortune, which is but moderate for his Title: But his Petulancy is so intolerable, even when he is in no Office, that his own Party, tho' now prevailing, will take care he shall never be advanc'd to any.

POLYCRATES,

IS justly acknowledged, and praised as the very best of Men: He is superior to all those Passions and Affections which attend vulgar Minds, and is guilty of no other Ambition than of Knowledge, and to be reputed a Lover of his Country, and of all good Men, and an Enemy to Injustice and Oppression. Tho' he is a Contemner of those Arts which make Men popular, yet he is Courted by all Parties, and maintains his Reputation and Esteem with them, without striking in with any. He is so rigid an Observer of Establish'd Laws, that he cannot endure the least Deviation from them: And thinks no mischief so intolerable as the Presumption of Ministers, to break

break positive Rules for Reasons of State. He has been in several Eminent Places, and fill'd all with great Sufficiency, being a Man of excellent Natural Parts, most solid Judgment, universal Learning, and well vers'd in Languages. To speak of his Integrity and his high Disdain of any Bait that might seem to look towards Corruption, would rather be an Injury, than a Commendation: for he is so perfectly Disinterested, that upon many Occasions he has refus'd Gratuities from his Sovereign, which might rather be accounted Rewards than Presents. When *Plenipotentiary Legate*, *Polyrates* makes his Penetration, Dexterity and Calmness of Reasoning to be admired; when *Archithalasses*, his comprehensive Care, Vigilance and Exactness; when President of the Council, his Gravity, Sobriety and Moderation: In all Stations, his Consummate Wisdom. The Age we live in is not worthy of such a Man.

PLAN-

P L A N T I U S

IS a Slave to Fortune to such a Degree, as to be Courteous, and shew respect to the meanest Servant of a Minister of State. He is humble and cringing to his Superiors, whom he always admires; perplex'd and constrain'd with his Equals and Friends, and haughty with his Inferiors. He is of a Grave Serious Nature, yet he ever laughs when Great Men speak, that he may seem to applaud them; nay, he laughs sometimes before he knows what they are going to say. He is naturally Covetous, but is often profuse and extravagant, that he may be thought Liberal: Yet, such is the Strangeness of his Character, he is generally more mindful of his Fortune, than his Reputation. His best Quality is, that he talks little, because he fears the Attention of Nice Observers.

VOLPOLINO

IS a sagacious Ambidexter. By the great Experience he has in Business of all kinds, and by his natural Temper, which is not liable to any Transport of Anger, or any other Passion, but can bear Contradiction without being mov'd, or put out of his way; he is very steady in pursuing what he proposes to himself, and has a Courage not to be frighted with any Opposition. Dissimulation is his Master-piece, which he uses so dextrously, that for seven Years together he strikes in with the Party, which, from the Beginning, he designs to betray. He is of an excellent Humour, very easy to live with: And under a plain smiling Countenance, covers most profound Deceit. Before *Volpolino* was in Place, no Man louder than he, in the Senate-house, against the Court; No Man more industrious in making the Government uneasy: Now *Volpolino* fills an eminent Post, no Man more obsequious than he to the *Prime Minister*; No Man more cringing to the Favourite. And now the Court designing to shake off the Party they have, for some time, cherish'd, and for whom *Volpolino* has all along stickled, who but *Volpolino* puts them upon wrong Measures, that they may destroy themselves? He loves Money exceedingly; and does not warily enough consider the Means and Circumstances of getting it. He seldom uses any Body very ill, but uses very few well: Tho' 'tis chiefly

ly to the Pains, Industry and Parts of those, who give him secret Advice and Intelligence, he owes the Reputation he has gain'd in his Place.

MECENAS

HAS been a great Cherisher of Wit and Fancy, and good Parts, in any Man; and if he found them clouded with Poverty, a most bountiful Patron towards them. He had himself a great deal of Wit, a most luxuriant Fancy, and which is seldom found with that, a most solid Judgment: But his licentious way of Living has so impair'd his Faculties, that he has now more of the Natural than of the Wise or Ingenious Man.

POPPLICOLA

HA S embrac'd a Condition and Employment so contrary to his Humour, Nature and Education, that 'tis a great Wonder he has sustain'd the Vexation and Fatigue of it so long. He is a fine Gentleman, full of Courage, and most accomplish'd in those Qualities that accompany a good Breeding: Besides that, he is amorous in Poetry and Musick: What could tempt him to court the Command of a Legion, when he could enjoy a plentiful Fortune in Ease and Pleasure?

VALE.

VALERIUS

IS, in the Main, a good General: He loves Debauchery, but shuts it out from his Business; never neglects that, and rarely miscarries in it. His Courage is not staunch, but he discerns Danger a great way off; and because he cannot behave himself so well in it, he commonly prevents, or warily declines it. His greatest Fault is, that he little values his Promises, Professions or Friendships, according to any Rules of Honour, tho' he never violates them, but for some great Benefit to himself. His Ambition is unlimited, and so incapable of being contented; and, in truth, he wants nothing but Industry, to be as eminent and successful in the highest Attempt of Wickedness, as any Man in the Age he lives in. Of all his Qualifications, Dissimulation is his Master-piece, in which he so much excels, that 'tis no shame for a Man to be deceiv'd but Twice by him.

COPERNICUS

IS a Lawyer of excellent Parts; a ready, pregnant Wit; a most happy Memory; a solid Judgment; a manly Elocution, with the Superstructure of much Knowledge in his Profession. His Countenance is Graceful; his Conversation Polite, and his way of Address easy and engaging. As for his Principles, they are agreeable to those of the *Prime Minister*.

EUGENIUS,

IS a down-right honest Man, who has some time been made a Tool by *Knaves*, and is now like to be displac'd by *Fools*.

VALERIO

IS a *Patrician*, of a proud, haughty, supercilious Nature; very Turbulent; very Noisy, and very Empty.

BATTUS,

IS a Priest well skill'd in the Canon and Civil Law; and moderately in Divinity. He has an excellent Stile in his Mother-Tongue, and understands the *Latin* and *Greek* tolerably well; but his Strength lies in a Quickness of Apprehension, a great Prospect of Affairs, a deep Dissimulation, a close and artificial way of Concealing his true Designs, and a wonderful Industry in insinuating himself into the Affections and Confidences of weak Princes, and Great Men: And by these Intrigues, he has made a shift to keep himself at Court for four
suc-

successive Reigns. His Confederacy with the Ministers of an Arbitrary Prince, has laid some Blemish on his Character; but he has since expiated his Fault by a prudent Deportment.

CARPUS

IS the nicest Observer of other People's Faults, of any Man living, tho', at bottom, he does not want Good-nature; but he has indulg'd so far the ungenteel Humour of Carping and Censuring, that those who wish him best, are, at the same time, very careful to avoid him. He has a handsome Wife, which, alone, draws some Company to his House.

BURRHUS

IS a haughty, insolent Patrician, born to contradict two Emperors, and bully an Empress. His Ill-nature supplies his Want of Parts, and his Pride sets him above all the Rules of Good-breeding. He is one that never speaks to any of his Domesticks; no, not to the very *Flamen*, who officiates in his Family; yet he is contented to be seen, in his Carr, with a *Slavish Parasite*, and to walk in the *Circus*, with a *Gregarian Courtizan*. If you want his Inte-

rest or Assistance in any Thing, you must submit to be his Vassal for that Time, and undergo any Injury, which he does only in a vain and ridiculous Ostentation of his Power. He snaps you up superciliously, because he will be offended, and tells you, you are sawcy and troublesome, even when he receives a considerable *Bribe* from you. His very Favours are intolerable, they are done with such Arrogance: So that one may account it a Calamity to be beholden to him; tho', on the other hand, one may hate him, after a good Turn, without being accounted ungrateful.

P A M P H I L U S

IS a Friend to every Body in Profession, but a Friend to no body in Reality: For his Favours never exceed his Compliments, of which only he is very liberal. His Offers of Service are Universal and General, with Exceptions against all Particulars. *He will do any Thing for you*; but if you urge him to this, he *cannot*; or to that, *he is Engag'd*: Yet, *he will do any Thing*. Promises he accounts but a kind of Civil Expressions, and in the Expectation of your Manners, not to exact them; if you do, he wonders at your Ill-breeding, that cannot distinguish between what is spoken, and what is meant.

SAGUS

IS a Senator of great Parts, a ready Wit, a deep Penetration, and a Fluency of Tongue; which, if he had well employ'd when he first enter'd the Stage of the World, he would by this time, have arriv'd to great Preferment: But he has been a Contriver of Mischief from the beginning, which is come home to him at last.

BROMIUS

IS somewhat more than the Shape of a Man; for he has his Length, Breadth and Colour. When you have seen his Out-side, you have look'd thorough him, and need employ your search no further. His Reason is meerly Example; for his Actions are not guided by his own Understanding, but he sees other Men do thus, and he follows them. The chief Burden of his Brain, is the Carriage of his Body, and the setting of his Face in a good Frame; which he performs the better, because his Mind is not distracted with other Speculations. He apprehends a Jest by seeing other Men smile, and laughs orderly himself when it comes to his turn. He seems to have come into the World only to fill a Number; so that when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an End.

BARDUS

IS the most self-conceited; jealous; peevish Coxcomb living. He imagines, that wherever he comes, he commands the Attention of all the Company. His Eyes are most fixt upon his own Person, and only on others with Reflexion to himself. If he has read any of his Composures that have pass'd with Applause, he is always rehearsing them alone, and conceits the Extasie his Hearers were in at every Period. His Discourse is all *Definitions, Positions and Decisions*, with *thus it must be*, and *thus it is*. His Reservedness is always ill-timed, and awkwardly manag'd: For he is a Fool with a great deal of Discretion; and taking his Acquaintance to be more Designing than they are, he puts himself to a great deal of trouble to hinder their Plots, which are only laid in his own Imagination. He overdoes all things with great Solemnity; and whereas with a negligent Air, he might sometimes pass for a Man of Sense, he makes himself a Fool, with abundance of Trouble and Caution.

TULLIUS

IS a narrow-soul'd Man, and of as poor a Genius, yet is wonderfully conceited, and withal Ambitious: But his Folly has hitherto been an Obstacle to his *Preferment*; tho' he does not want for powerful Recommendations.

LUP.

LUPINUS.

IS an able and sufficient wicked Man, wholly determin'd in himself, and his own Ends. His *Friends* are only his *Fools*; and as they serve his Turn, used, or laid by. He is generally successful in his Undertakings, because he passes smoothly over those Rubs, which others stumble at; as Conscience, Honesty, Gratitude, and such like *Trifles*.

THRASILLUS.

IS a *Patrician* with the Sentiments of a *Plebeian*: His only Merit is, that he was his Father's Son, and has begot another to preserve the Memory of his Illustrious Ancestors. He relates their Noble Acts with more Ostentation, than if he had done 'em himself. His Studies are his Sports, and those Vices that are the Darlings of Great Men. Every Vanity of his has its proper Officer, and is to them a serious Employment. He talks loud and bawdy, and swears with a great deal of Majesty, because his Servants and Parasites Reverence his Oaths Oracles. All good Qualities are below him, and especially *Learning*, except his Pedigree, and the Scribbling of his Name.

POLLIO

IS a Man of extraordinary Parts, who yet minds nothing but *Trifles*.

CORIOLANUS

IS a Man of good Extraction, and of a Sweet, Affable, Judicious Nature; but has the Misfortune to have married into a Family, which is like to spoil his good Principles.

LITOBORUS

IS a Man of Parts, and great Vigour of Mind, luxuriant Fancy, deep Penetration, and undaunted Courage; but of a restless, turbulent Nature. He has exceeded the World's Expectation, in the discharge of the high Command he is entrusted with; and has made it appear, that a strong Resolution of a bold courageous Man can bring to pass that, which appears, and is, indeed, *Miraculous*.

BALANUS

IS a foolish Citizen turn'd Courtier, which has finish'd him a *Coxcomb*: For he uses the Dress and Language of the Court so awkwardly, that he's

he's so much the more ridiculous. His Cloaths are rather fine than fashionable, and he has still something to distinguish him from a Gentleman, tho' it costs him double to appear one. He loves to hear Discourses out of his Element, and the less he understands, the better he's pleas'd; which he expresses in a Smile, that People may not perceive his Ignorance.

VERSIPELLIS

HIS Character is not to be defin'd: For sometimes he appears to be of a free, open, affable Temper; and sometimes he puts on saturnine, grave, splenetick Air. This minute he is of an easy, calm, sociable Conversation; and the next, he is turbulent, passionate and captious. At the bottom, he is a harmless Man, and a sincere Friend.

ROSANUS

IS a *Patrician* that promis'd much, and whose natural Parts have been somewhat improv'd by Travel: But as it happens with most Men of Great Birth, who enter too soon upon the Stage of the World, the Seeds of Virtue that were in him, were soon choack'd by the Vices of those *Parasites* and *Sycophants* that beset his unwary Youth. The ill Company he has kept, has not only impair'd his Estate, but likewise brought the Scandal upon him

him, of Degenerating from the *Free Principles* of his *Illustrious Family*.

S A M I U S

IS of a *Morose*, *Proud*, *supercilious Nature*, and tho' he has liv'd near forty Years in, or near the *Court*, more unpolish'd than a *Laplander*; which has lately made him lose a considerable *Post*.

H A L L A

IS a Man of *steady Wit*, but little *Judgment*, and boundless *Ambition*: By siding with a *Faction* and being *Clamorous* in the *Senate-house*, he has made a *shift* to get into *Place*; but he is like to be *turn'd out*, which, if it happens, he will fall *unpitied*, for having been *ungrateful* to a *Gracious Master*.

G A Z O P H I L A C U S

IS a Man of *wonderful Gravity* and *Wisdom*, and understands not only all the *Branches* of the *Fiscus*, and the *true Management* of them, as well, if not better, than any Man who ever was in his *Place*; but has a *clear Conception* of the whole *Policy* of the *Government*, both of *Church* and *State*, which, by the *Unskillfulness* of some, both *Well* and *Ill meaning Men*, have, of late, jostled

each

each other too much. He knows the Temper, Genius and Disposition of the Nation most exactly, and tho' he has not only a *firm Gravity*, but ever too severe an Out-side; yet his steady and Impartial Justice recommends him, almost, to every Body. And all are forc'd to own, that the Empress cannot have a better *Servant*. He has a very sound Judgment and Understanding; and, as he is without any great Talent of *Rhetorick*, so he is very well able to defend himself from it. He is seldom or never weary of hearing; and tho' he may omit the saying somewhat he has occasion to say, yet he never says any thing he has occasion to Repent. 'Tis no great Wonder if an *Ill-designing Faction*, rais'd against him, have experienc'd the *Impotency* of their *Efforts*.

The CHARACTER of an Honest Man.

AN Honest Man is only and properly a Man; all others are *Changelings*, *Monsters*, *Beasts*, or *Devils*. He is the best *Musician*; For his *Tongue*, *Thoughts*, and *Actions* Constitute one just *Harmony*. He is the best *Grammarian*; for he commits no *Solacisms* in *Morality*. He is the best *Divine*; for he *Lives*, what others *Teach*. He is the *Wiseest* Man; For by his *Policy* he *Obliges Heaven*, *Secures* himself, and *Profits* those, that deal with him; Beside he hates all *Vice*, as being the highest *Folly*. He is the *Richest* Man; For a *Good Conscience*, which he always keeps, is the *Choicest Treasure*. The *Strong-*

of Man; For true *Honesty* can never be Conquerd with *Threats*, or *Promises*.

He is a *True Friend*, and a *Charitable Enemy*, a *Loyal Subject*, a *Good Husband*, a *Tender Father*, and a *Kind Master*. His *Body* is *Diaphanous*; for his *Soul* is *Visible*; nor is his *Heart* Confin'd to his *Breast* alone, but is *Apparent* in his *Tongue* and *Visage* also. He is never *Deceived*; but by too charitably *Mistaking others* for himself. He scorns to take *Advantage* of another's *Weakness*, and had rather be *Accounted* a *Fool*, than *Prov'd* a *Knave*; because he reckons *Honest Simplicity* to make nearer approaches to *Wisdom*, than a *Subtle Fraud*. He not only avoids *Evil*, but the very *Suspicion* of it, if it may be; and tho' he has really more *Credit* than all the *World* beside, yet he is hardly ever *Indebted* to any: However he *Pays*, as soon as he can, without the *Importunity* of a *Dun*, or the *Charm* of a *Bond*, or *Obligation*; especially, the *Poor* he *Pays*, if not beforehand, yet be sure, as soon as his *Work* is done. He is a *Son* of the *Church*, except it be *Erroneous*; and a *Servant* of the *Law*, except where *Iniquity* is *Established* by a *Law*.

He may be accus'd by *Malice*, *Mistake*, or *Ignorance*, but he *Pardons* his *Accuser*, nor will *Recriminalize*, however truly he may; being in the mean time *Content* with the present *Attestation* of *Conscience* and the future *Proof* of *Time*. What is *Bad*, he *Condemns*, as well in himself, as others. What he *Condemns*, he *Loaths* to *Hear*; what he *Loaths* to *Hear*, he will not *Talk* of, he *Dares* not *Think* of.

He *speaketh Ill* of no *Body*: Not of the *Good* out of *Equity*; not of the *Bad*, out of *Cherity*: But where he hears any one *Discommended*, he *Remembers* what is *Commendable* in him; and if he knows nothing of that *Kind*, *Pities*, not *Insults* over him:

For

For he Reckons it his own Shame, to Discover his Brother's *Infirmity*; notwithstanding, in Secret he can both *Advise* and *Reprove*, as a *Friend*; yet, if slighted, bears *patiently*, as a *Christian*: Nor his *Prayers* deny'd them, who deny to admit of his *Counsel*, or *Hate* him for it.

He may *Receive* an *Injury*; but he cannot *Revenge* it: He may *Repent* a *Promise*; but he cannot *Break* it, tho' he *Loses* by it.

He is *in* the *World*, and yet *Lives without* the *World*; He is counted *below* the *World*, and yet is *above* the *World*: He is not of the *World*, and yet is a *World* to himself. He is *Pure* and *Defecated*, as *Fire*: He is *Calm* and *Serene*, as *Air*: He is *Supple* and *Smooth* as *Water*; as *Humble* and *Fruitful*, as *Earth*. When he seems to be in *Hell*, *Heaven* is in him; and the *Lower* he is *Laid*, the *Higher* he *Rises*. His *Losses* *Enrich* him: His *Afflictions* *Rejoyce* him: His *Torments* *Comfort* him.

What he *Gives* to others, *Redounds* to his own *Profit*. He had rather *suffer* much *Evil*, than do *any*; for he *Counts* no *Evil*, small or little, because the *Least* is against *Truth* and *Goodness*. He *Espouses* *Naked Virtue*, without *Enquiring* into her *Portion*, and *Loves Honesty* without *Interest*; and as his *Life* is *Innocent* and *Profitable*, his *Death* is *Easy* and *Comfortable*.

No *Harm* can *Reach* him: No *Fear* can *Dismay* him: No *Flattery Abuse* him: No *Pleasures Entice* him: No *Condition Afflict* him: No *Enemy* can *Hurt* him. He is the *Gift* of *God*, the *Treasure* of the *Common-Wealth*: The *Joy* of *Poor Men*; the *Love* of *Good Men*, the *Flower* of *Paradise* and the *Devil's Poison*.

Grd is his *Father*; *Religion* his *Mother*; *Truth* is his *Fiend*; *Chastity* his *Companions*; *Justice* his *Practice*;
| *Honour*

Honour his Reward; Sincerity his Wife, which he Loves above all Others: His Children are Complacency, Good Humour, Love and Confidence: His Brethren and Kinsfolk, Angels and Good Men: Hypocrites are his Antipodes; the whole Creation is his Servant; Sin and Devils his Slaves.

His Diet is Temperance and Sobriety; His Apparel is made of Necessity and Decency: His Trade is Peacemaking, and Plain-dealing: His Study is Forgiveness and Contentment: His Estate and Patrimony, Eternal Felicity.

He is as Firm, as a Rock; as Bold, as a Lion; as Mild as a Lamb; as Wise, as a Serpent; as Harmless, as a Dove; as Constant, as a Turtle; as Rare as a Phoenix.

Rara Avis in Terris, Nigroque simillima Cygnus



FINIS.

218